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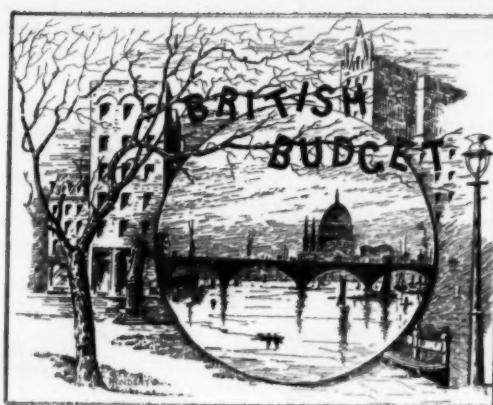
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BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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LONDON, W., April 17, 1897.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN will compose a cantata for the Leeds Festival next year if he can procure a suitable libretto. For the Golden Legend he chose Longfellow's setting of that story, and probably Sir Arthur could find other suitable works if he were to explore the writings of our American authors.

The directors of the Scottish Orchestra, which, under the conductorship first of Mr. Henschel and afterward of Herr Willem Kes, has given symphony concerts in Glasgow, Edinburgh and other towns in the North during the past few years, have issued a circular announcing that, owing to the heavy losses sustained, the concerts will not be resumed next winter without a further guarantee of £8,000.

The Scottish Orchestra was started principally by a certain wealthy music lover of Glasgow, who contributed, I understand, £24,000 to establish this orchestra. One of the objects was to give high class music, principally the works of Wagner, and it was thought that if the concerts could run three years, they would become self-sustaining. It appears from the above circular that it would require more than can probably be realized to continue, so the concerts will possibly be discontinued. The amount already lost by these concerts is thought to be about £20,000.

Dr. John Taylor, who has been organist for York Minster for the past fourteen years, has resigned and will go to Australia.

Mr. Robert Newman has issued a highly interesting series of programs for his Saturday afternoon orchestral concerts in Queen's Hall, which will be given under Mr. Wood from April 24 to May 29.

Signor Puccini arrived in England on Tuesday with Signor Ricordi, and after spending several days in London went up to Manchester, where his opera, *La Bohème*, will be produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company for the first time in England. It will be done in English, and is entitled *The Bohemian*.

Among the callers at this office this week were Miss Ida Branth, the violinist, of New York, and Mr. Raines, the basso, also from Gotham. Both are looking after engagements here. Madame Burmester-Petersen plays at Mr. August Mann's benefit concert next Saturday.

Dr. George Mursell Garrett, organist of the University of Cambridge, died on the 9th inst. at the age of sixty-two. He was a composer of some note, a well-known organist, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Mons. E. Jaques-Dalcroze, the well-known Swiss composer and editor of the *Gazette Musicale* in Geneva, will give three concerts—two in Steinway Hall, on May 14 and 28, and the third at St. James' Hall, with orchestra and chorus, on June 10, the programs consisting entirely of his own compositions.

A large number of Americans residing in Great Britain have expressed a desire to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign, and a committee has been formed to direct the American offerings toward a common object. Full particulars may be obtained from the members of the executive committee: Mrs. Ralph Vivian, Mrs. Walter Burns, Lady Randolph Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. George Curzon, Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Playfair, Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Mrs. F. C. Van Duzer, Mr. Walter H. Burns (hon. treasurer), and Mr. R. Newton Crane (hon. secretary), 1 Essex Court, Temple, London, E. C.

CONCERTS.

The third Mottl concert on the 18th inst. was undeniably a great success, and the Leeds chorus covered themselves with glory for their splendid performance in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The extreme difficulties of the choral part of this great work usually prevents real enjoyment, but these were surmounted with apparent ease by the singers from the North.

The Leeds chorus must not be confused with the Festival chorus, which is a specially picked body, but is more properly the singers from the Leeds Philharmonic Society, which, although somewhat inferior to the Festival chorus,

is a tower of strength. The altos in particular were a splendid force, and the tenors had the true tenor quality. At the end of the symphony the applause was tremendous, and the Yorkshire singers, at a signal from Herr Beyschlag, their trainer, had to rise in response. The soloists were Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Rosa Green, Mr. Fisher Sobell and Mr. Andrew Black. The instrumental movements, with the exception of the first allegro, were played with strong contrasts, and in a most impressive manner. The adagio molto was taken far slower than usual. The performance of the Bridal Chorus, from *Lohengrin*, was also very fine, but there were traces of fatigue in the Freud-Begrüssen Wir, from *Tannhäuser*. The forest scene from *Siegfried* and the opening of the second act of *Tannhäuser* completed the program.

The Philharmonic concert opened with Händel's Dead March in *Samuel* as a tribute to the memory of Johannes Brahms. Dvorák's symphony in D, op. 90, his first composition of this genre, is a work full of interest, but it must be heard more than once to be fully appreciated. Frederic Cliffe's concerto in D minor was the item to which particular interest was attached. This concerto was played at the Norwich Festival last autumn and has since been heard at the Crystal Palace. It was therefore not a novelty to everyone. M. Nachez was the exponent of the solo part on this as on the two previous occasions, and did the composition full justice. The concerto contains many beautiful melodic phrases, which appear to have their origin in Swiss or Bavarian folksong. They are not commonplace and are not simple imitations, but the influence is there in most beautiful form, though possibly the composer himself was not conscious of it. The long and dry cadenza, however difficult it may be to play, is out of place in this pleasing flow of musical ideas. Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* and Schubert's *Rosamunde* overtures respectively formed the beginning and close of the concert. Mr. Lloyd sang Walter's *Preislied* from *Die Meistersingers* and *Come, Margarita, Come* (Martyr of Antioch, Sullivan).

Last Saturday at the Crystal Palace Edward German was invited to open the program with the suite arranged from the music written for Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre. Four out of five numbers were played on the occasion, the *Pastoral*, No. 1, and the *Pavane*, No. 3, being best liked. The suite was capitally given under the very able conductorship of the composer, who conveyed his intentions clearly and directly to the orchestra. Herr Balling next engaged the attention of the meagre audience with a concert fantaisie by H. Ritter, written for the viola-alta and orchestra. Singularly uninteresting as was this composition, it supplied the soloist with an opportunity of showing his sterling qualities as a player, and the greater sonority of his instrument (known on the Continent as the "Ritter Bratsche") over the ordinary sized violas.

Miss Hilda Wilson found more favor for her songs by Schubert and Kjerulff than for her selection from Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, although she sang well from first to last. Mr. Manns carefully conducted the accompaniments of the various items mentioned, and also Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, bringing the concert to a close with the overture to *Fingal's Cave*, by Mendelssohn.

The Joachim Quartet earned most enthusiastic applause at the last Monday popular concert for their superb interpretation of Beethoven's quartet in G major and Brahms' quintet in G (with the assistance of Mr. Hobday), and Schumann's quintet in E flat, in which they were joined by Miss Fanny Davies. Although the pianist modestly declined to appropriate to herself any of the thanks of the audience, her work in the ensemble was simply perfect. Miss Ada Crossley was the vocalist.

Miss Elsie Hall, who gave her first piano recital in Steinway Hall on the 7th inst., is sure to make her mark. There was no flourishing announcement beforehand. In a very quiet manner this young artist asserted herself as being one of the foremost of the young generation. After having studied in London with Mr. Farmer she finished this good beginning at the Hochschule in Berlin. Her playing is refined and strictly within the limits of good taste.

APRIL 24, 1897.

"*La Bohème*," an opera in four acts, by Puccini, was produced on Thursday night for the first time in England by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Manchester. Our correspondent reports a brilliant success. The composer conducted and was the recipient at the end of an ovation.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., an impressive performance of Bach's *Passion Music According to St. Matthew* was given in St. Paul's Cathedral. Nothing could be finer or more intensely dramatic than the parts of the *Evangelist* and of *Jesus*, the recitatives being declaimed alike with deep feeling and fervor, and the choruses were sung with wonderful expression. The surroundings heightened the effect to a marvelous degree, and proved how much more grand such music is in religious environment.

On this evening the last performance of His Majesty will take place at the Savoy. Sir A. C. Mackenzie will, later on, write the music for another Savoy opera.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert is superintending the rehearsals of *The Yeoman of the Guard*, which Mr. D'Oyly Carte has arranged to reproduce in a fortnight. Sir Arthur Sullivan is returning to England for the final rehearsals and opening performance.

Mrs. Katherine Fisk is engaged for the Hallé concert on December 2.

Sir Henry Irving has arranged six matinées of *Madame Sans Gène* at the Lyceum during the month of May, and there will be four evening performances of *The Bells* during this time.

Mrs. George Ellsworth Holmes gave a musical on Sunday evening in honor of Miss Krout, the London correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, when a number of her friends were present. Among those who contributed to an enjoyable program were Miss Regina de Sales, Miss Bella de Sales, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, Mr. Ernest Sharp and Mr. Ernst Gamble. Mrs. Holmes possesses the exceptional faculty of making everybody happy about her and she certainly succeeded on this occasion.

The first concert of the International Union of Musicians will be given under the direction of the principal, Mr. E. Vander Straeten, at the rooms of Messrs. Rud. Ibach Sohn, Wigmore street, on April 30. The program will include a quartet in C minor for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, op. 90, by Algernon Ashton; Brahms' quartet in A major, op. 26, and a suite for piano duet, in memory of the composer, Waldemar Bargié.

Madame Moriani, the eminent vocal teacher of Brussels, is especially engaged to give a *causerie* on the singing art, May 17, at Birmingham; on the following day she will speak on *A Sense of Technic*, both being illustrated by her pupils and herself. She then comes to London, and will be at the First Avenue Hotel from May 20 to May 31 for consultations and lessons. Owing to the large class that Madame Moriani has at her studio in Brussels she was unable to leave twice, and so arranged her coming to London to coincide with her visit to Birmingham.

Mr. Clarence Lucas, who wrote occasional letters from London in 1893, has now gained considerable of a reputation in London as a composer. Several of his orchestral selections have been played by our leading orchestras with success, and now Mr. Lucas has made a successful effort as the composer of a comic opera. Last Monday night this work, called *The Money Spider*, was produced at the Matinée Theatre, formerly St. George's Hall, when the public and press alike recognized in Mr. Lucas' music a melodious charm and appropriateness of treatment which establish his claim to be a master of the lighter forms as well as the more serious in music. His treatment of the amateur orchestra was full of humor; his patters songs and coon song are models in their way, while the choral writing, minuet and other dance movements were particularly good. *The Money Spider* is an adventurer, who as a detective and provider of entertainments tries to extort money from his victims. Their implicit trust and occasional revolt causes very funny complications.

The list of leading tenors has been officially announced for the forthcoming season at Bayreuth. They are M. Van Dyck, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and of Covent Garden; Herr Vogl, the doyen of Bayreuth tenors; Herr Wilhelm Grüning, of Hamburg, and Herr Alois Burgstaller, the young singer of Bayreuth training, who showed such great promise last year.

Our eminent English contralto, Miss Clara Butt, is about to return from her year of rest and study in Paris. She will make her re-entry on the 28th inst., when she will sing *God Save the Queen* at the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre. She comes especially from the French capital for this, returning for her concert there at the Salle Erard on May 5.

Mme. Bergliot Ibsen, daughter of Björnson and daughter-in-law of the dramatist, has just made her public début as a vocalist at Christiania. Our readers will remember our Paris correspondent's report of her singing there with the other students of Mme. Marchesi. At her début Björnson also appeared, and recited translations made by himself of Rathert and other poems by Victor Hugo.

The last of the series of grand concerts at the Crystal Palace was given last Saturday, when for once the program was made up without a symphony, the principal item being Tschaikowsky's magnificent piano concerto. The Russian pianist, Mr. Siloti, performed the solo part, and displayed a rugged strength, precise judgment and great delicacy of touch in the handling of the various movements, calling forth the heartiest applause of every delighted listener. Later on he was heard with equal appreciation in a prelude and serenade by Rachmaninoff, the latter a little gem, and in Arensky's étude, op. 25, further playing as encore Rubinstein's barcarolle in G minor.

The orchestra was heard in Brahms' *Tragic* overture, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, and the seldom played *Zanetta* overture, by Auber, while vocal duets brought forward the Misses Salter. To-day Mr. Manns' benefit concert takes place, when Madame Burmester-Petersen will be one of the soloists.

The performance by the Queen's Hall Choral Society on

Good Friday afternoon, in Queen's Hall, of Gounod's *Redemption* was appreciated by a large audience. The choruses were finely sung, the grand *Unfold, Ye Portals Everlasting* making a deep impression. The principal soloists, with the exception of Mr. Andrew Black, who replaced Mr. Bispham in the music of the *Saviour*, were the same as last year. Mme. Marie Duma won much applause for the beautiful *From Thy Love as a Father*; Miss Margaret Hoare and Miss Hilda Wilson took part in the trio; Mr. Iver McKay and Mr. Lempiere Pringle doubled the parts for the tenor and bass narrators and the penitent and impudent thieves. Mr. H. W. Richards presided at the organ and Mr. Alberto Randegger conducted.

Under the conductorship of Professor Bridge the Royal Choral Society gave an impressive reading of the reduced version of *The Messiah* on Good Friday evening to a very large audience, the soloists being Miss Esther Palliser, Mme. Belle Cole Mr. Lloyd Chandos and Mr. Santley. The choir was as usual powerful and well balanced. Mr. H. L. Balfour played the organ accompaniments.

Mr. Ambrose Austin gave his annual performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* in St. James's Hall on the same evening, the solos being sung by Mme. Amy Sherwin, Miss Greta Williams, Mr. Philip Brozel and Mr. Foli. Mr. L. C. Venables conducted the South London Choral Association, numbering 160 voices, whose singing, under his direction, of *O, Great Is the Depth*, from St. Paul, and other excerpts from the oratorios, was much appreciated. Miss Stanley Lucas, Miss Mary Newlands, Mr. Edward Iles and Mr. Brozel sang in the second part. Mr. Henry Bird played the piano accompaniments and Mr. Fountain Meen was at the organ.

On Good Friday evening Queen's Hall was crowded for the sacred concert under the management of Mr. Vert, Miss Lucile Hill, Mme. Clara Samuell, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mme. Alice Gomez, Miss Grace Woodward, Mr. Bright Jones, and Mr. Andrew Black contributed vocal pieces. Mr. John Dunn played violin solos, and Mr. Stevenson Hoyte presided at the organ.

At the Crystal Palace there was a succession of concerts throughout Good Friday. The first was at 12:30, when the orchestra of the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns played the symphonic movements from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Händel's *Occasional Overture* and other favorite works. Then came a performance by the Crystal Palace military band until the time arrived for the principal concert, which itself was followed by a series of performances by Lieut. Dan Godfrey's band and an organ recital by Mr. Hedcock, the ten hours' entertainment closing soon after 10 o'clock at night with a promenade concert given by the massed military bands. There was a very large attendance in the afternoon, a fine effect being obtained by the performance of the Old Hundredth, *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, *Abide with Me* and *God Save the Queen*, by the choir, united bands and organ, a considerable number of the audience taking part as well. Enthusiasm was rife and recalls frequent. Miss Esther Palliser was successful in her interpretation of *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth*; Mme. Belle Cole was recalled twice for Beethoven's *Creation's Hymn*, and Mr. Edward Lloyd came forward five times to acknowledge the applause after his singing of the *Cujus Animam*, from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The sixth time he granted the encore. Mr. Santley won much applause for his singing of Gounod's *There Is a Green Hill*. Mme. Clara Samuell also took part. Mr. Manns conducted.

F. V. ATWATER.

F. W. Wodell.—Mr. F. W. Wodell, baritone and vocal teacher, Pierce Building, Boston, sails early in May for London, to spend the summer there and in Paris. Mr. Wodell is a busy man. He has a large class of vocal pupils, conducts an orchestra and two choral organizations, and occasionally publishes a song or an anthem. Yet his notion of a vacation is to go a second time to London for special study with Wm. Shakespeare and to visit leading studios in Paris. Mr. Wodell will resume teaching in the fall.

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Adolph Neuendorff.

ONE of the most prominent and versatile musical directors and conductors of this country, Mr. Adolph Neuendorff, has lately been engaged by the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra as its conductor in place of Mr. Anton Seidl, and has proven by his conducting of the first concert given by the orchestra under his direction on Sunday, March 14, in Carnegie Hall, that the orchestra has made no mistake in having chosen him for the important position which he now holds. The music critics speak in terms of the highest praise about Mr. Neuendorff in relation to his work in this concert, while the audience present showed its appreciation in the most enthusiastic manner.

Mr. Adolph Neuendorff has for so many years worked so faithfully in the interest of music in this country that a glance at the career of this artist should prove interesting to our readers.

He was born at Hamburg, in Germany, June 13, 1843, and came to New York in 1855, where he studied violin with George Matzka, and piano with Dr. Gustav Schilling. In 1859 he made his first appearance as a pianist in a concert in Dodworth Hall. In 1860 he accompanied his father to Brazil, traveling through nearly every part of that country, fiddle in hand.

In 1862 he returned to New York as orchestral player, and in 1863 became musical director of the German theatre in Milwaukee, again returning to New York in 1864, where he studied under Carl Anschutz and was trained to become a chorusmaster and operatic conductor. In the fall of this year Neuendorff became conductor of the then permanently established German opera, continuing until 1867. From 1867 to 1871 he was musical director and conductor of the Stadt Theatre, of New York, during which time he made the first production of *Lohengrin* in this country.

In the fall of this year he brought the tenor Wachtel to the United States, and in 1872 conducted opera at the Academy of Music, when Parepa-Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, Wachtel and Santley sang together. From 1872 to 1883 he managed the German theatre in New York, during this time again bringing Wachtel over, in 1875, and introducing Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim to New York. In 1876 he conducted the Beethoven festival performances at the Academy of Music, and then went to the first Wagner festival at Bayreuth as correspondent of the New York *Staats Zeitung*. In 1877 he was musical director and conductor of the Wagner festival in New York, producing the *Walküre* for the first time. In 1878 Neuendorff was elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, and in 1880 he conducted the Materna concerts. From 1884 to 1889 he carried on successfully popular and promenade concerts in Boston, with the exception of 1886, when he conducted the concerts at the Central Park Garden in New York, and also the concerts of the boy pianist Hofmann. From 1889 to 1891 he was conductor of the Juch English Opera Company, traveling through the United States and Mexico and creating a Wagner craze in the City of Mexico. In 1891 he went on a starring tour with his wife to Europe, returning to New York in 1892 for a season of English grand opera at the opening of the Manhattan Opera House.

From 1893 to 1895 he was in Vienna, where his wife was prima donna at the Imperial Opera House, and returned from there in the fall of 1895. Since that time he has conducted a great number of concerts, festivals and opera performances throughout the United States, and is, since about a year, the director of the music at the Temple Emanuel in this city. His engagement as conductor of the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra was commented upon most favorably from all sides, because Neuendorff is known to be one of the most versatile musicians of this country, who has acquired a great deal of positive knowledge in his art and who, although a pretty staunch Wagnerian, has always lived up to the saying that music is universal and always beautiful; in other words, that besides Wagner, other composers have existed and do exist whose works must be treated with the same reverence.

As a composer Neuendorff has written a number of works.

among which the most prominent are two symphonies, several overtures and cantatas, five operas and a great many songs and quartets for male and female voices.

Mr. Tivadar Nachez.

THE Hungarian violinist Mr. Tivadar Nachez had a brilliant success at the last concert of the London Philharmonic Society, when he played for the first time in London Mr. Frederick Cliffe's violin concerto in D minor, composed for the last Norwich Festival. The secretary of the society wrote Mr. Nachez, congratulating him upon his magnificent success.

The following comments on his performance are taken from the leading London papers:

As at Norwich and the Crystal Palace, Mr. Cliffe's concerto was played by Mr. Tivadar Nachez, who surmounted all difficulties with ease, giving especially brilliant and at the same time expressive rendering of a work which demands high qualities. The composition has already been fully discussed in these columns, but it must be said that it made a most favorable impression upon its new audience. Both composer and soloist were loudly applauded.—*Daily Telegraph*.

M. Tivadar Nachez, who introduced the concerto at Norwich, was again the leading executant last night, and the Hungarian artist played exceedingly well.—*The Standard*.

Of course the interpreter of the solo part was again Mr. Tivadar Nachez, to whose style and brilliant execution it is so thoroughly adapted. The finish marking his performance was duly noted at Norwich, but further acquaintance with the work has had the effect of making clearer passages the meaning of which may previously have been doubtful to a few hearers. Last night his reading of the concerto was irreproachable; it was characterized by such depth, feeling and impulse that the composer (who conducted) could not have received more justice.—*Daily Chronicle*.

The solo part was rendered by M. Tivadar Nachez, and in his hands the work certainly improves on acquaintance, and the beautiful second subject of the first movement and the poetical charm which pervades the adagio linger pleasantly in the memory.—*Morning Post*.

The violinist of the evening, M. Tivadar Nachez, by his highly refined and deeply expressive playing, brought out admirably the elegance and distinction which are marked characteristics of the work. Besides playing particularly well, M. Nachez seemed yesterday to have in hand a particularly fine instrument. Mr. Cliffe's concerto was fortunate in the circumstances of its first presentation to a London audience.—*St. James' Gazette*.

The solo instrument was played in brilliant fashion by Mr. Tivadar Nachez—to whom, indeed, Mr. Cliffe acknowledges his indebtedness for valuable help in the composition of the work.—*Westminster Gazette*.

M. Tivadar Nachez was the soloist, as at the previous performances of the work, and his interpretation was characterized as usual by brilliance and intensity of expression.—*Yorkshire Post*.

Blauvelt.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT, the eminent soprano, leaves for Europe on the St. Louis on June 2. She will appear in a series of concerts in London, and will then proceed to Bayreuth to participate in the performances there, probably when Anton Seidl directs. It is the firm conviction of this paper that Blauvelt will produce a sensation with her voice on the Bayreuth stage.

Rachel Hoffmann.—The Belgian pianist, Mlle. Hoffmann, has been engaged by Messrs. R. E. Johnston & Co. for the season of 1897-8. This distinguished artist, who was the preferred pupil of the celebrated August Dupont, won at the Royal Conservatory of Brussels the first prize of piano in 1889, at the early age of sixteen, obtaining later on five more first prizes and the great *Diplôme de Capacité* with the gold medal of the King, Leopold II. She is the only artist who has been distinguished in this manner.

When Mlle. Hoffmann completed her studies she was appointed teacher at the same conservatory, and during the last five years she appeared at many concerts in Brussels, Paris, Antwerp and other cities of the Continent, always with the most flattering success.

The eminent musician F. A. Gevaert, director of the Conservatory of Brussels, says: "Mlle. Rachael Hoffmann is a pianist of a great talent and of a high musical culture."

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THE MUSICAL COURIER, 8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, PARIS, April 12, 1907.

STANDARD.

"Grandpa, at what age will I be big enough so I won't have to obey anybody, mamma, papa, anybody—to do just what I want to?"

"My dear little girl, you do not realize that that time *never* comes to anybody in this world. On the contrary, this is your most free time right now, when you have but people to obey. By-and-by, when that is no longer so, then your trouble begins. Then you come to have to obey *conditions*—personal conditions relating to yourself, general conditions regarding your relations to people about you, and other conditions more difficult still relating to the universe and life, which are not only exacting in obedience but most cruel in punishment. Ah, indeed, I should say now was your free time when you have but people to obey."—Governor Wm. Sprague, of Rhode Island, to his little granddaughter.

HOW did you like X's playing?

Well, you know he always exaggerates.

How exaggerates?

Well, for instance, this andante should go—this—way, and he plays it this—way, about twice as slow, making it an adagio. Then this measure, which is but so fast, he plays—so, about twice the natural speed; and here he makes accents thus, like bumps all over the measures; it is all affectation, you know, like the affectations of a coquettish woman.

Mighty pretty things those are, my boy. Don't you go disdaining them, even en artiste.

I know, but it must not appear as affectation, it—

Depends altogether on the woman. I have seen it before; more astonishing yet, I have seen men who seem to admire it. How about X's audience? I'll wager they listened to him.

Perfectly wild; went perfectly wild, but just because it's X, you know—

But what made him, X? He was once, I believe, a poor beginner, much worse off than our friendly, who always tries how homely he can make everything in order to keep it "good and true."

Yes, and it is just because Y is good and true that they won't have him. He is a real artist.

But, man, is it not the part of an artist to create an appreciation of that which he loves? Truth does not have to be homely, you know, in order to be truthful. Because beauty *may* be superficial is no reason why homeliness *must* be perfection.



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But people don't know beauty when they see it, they—Oh-h-h, there's where you make your mistake! What makes immortality but the worship of the masses? You can't deceive the people on beauty, although they may not recognize what is admirable or difficult. Place beauty of any sort before people and see them! It is the pleasure that has fallen over from a work which makes an idol of the worker. The man who can unite worth with this pleasure is the immortal idol. For the life of me I cannot see the advantage of making a piece stupid and monotonous, when by making it attractive people could be made to love it.

That spoils the public you know. They lose their taste. It becomes perverted; it—

I notice X has sustained it now some five years; has made a fortune. Taste is not debased; on the contrary, it is elevated much, and the interest in piano composition unquestionably quickened since his appearance.

Well, I know, but—you would not catch Y playing those things that way if he were to become the greatest idol in the world.

Why would he not?

Because he does not *feel* those things that way, and he never would play them so if he did not feel them that way.

Well, I know that is all right for him, but what is there to put his taste above that of another man of equal enlightenment? Is it not a lack in his blood that makes him see it monotonous—gray, if you will? My heavens! man, I like red and you like blue; must I look at your blue or you at my red? I should say one man was born "thick" and the other "brilliant." But that the brilliant man should make himself seem thick, in order to appear honest, is something I don't believe. There are brown robins of women in perfect taste, and dashing creatures in perfect taste also. We offer both to the public and let them take their choice, and taste has never suffered for that.

There are the traditions you know. Certain things must be observed.

Do you mean that there are certain rules and directions by which a man may be proved true or false in his readings?

N-n-n-o-o-o-o!

Then why charge X with being superficial and destined to lead the public to perdition, and why extol a man who does nothing simply because his absences of something are proof of integrity? On what do you base that integrity? Many a fine man has wrecked his happiness on just such grounds in choice of a wife. He takes some chump of a woman to be safe and finds in her the worst pill man ever had, whereas the bright and piquant little flirt settles down and makes him a charming as well as an honest wife.

No; you see, my dear friend, you are just like many another—judging by stereotyped doctrines, instead of by vital thought, and, alas, that is what marks so much of our musical criticism of the day.

To my mind the very worst feature of all musical movement to-day is musical criticism, and the manner of it. It is paralyzing to the artist; puts the audience at sea and reduces individual opinion to indifference, laziness, incapacity. It is misleading, unmusical, for the most part dishonest, prejudiced, and chiefly good for nothing whatever as an educational basis.

Two critics came to blows recently over discussion as to relative values of andante and andantino. A man played recently with one of our city orchestras. One critic described him as an absolute and second Rubinstein; another insisted that only in his playing of wrong notes did he resemble the great master. A player was said by one to have such power of union with the orchestra that both pulsated as one. That same player was elsewhere described as running away from the orchestra, and by saying that the first violins simply traced the notation with their bows in vain efforts to follow him. A critic described a lady pianist as playing a certain concerto in a marvelous fashion, with masterly control of her instrument, and great intellectual quality of interpretation. Another said that her playing was like

"dusting the piano with a damp dishcloth!" A man was said to dig his Schumann also to play in the most flowing and melodic manner.

A tenor was made by two critics to sing "throaty and nasal," by another to be "clear and bell-like, with distinct enunciation outside of the mouth." A lady was said to sing with excellent intention, well-poised voice and intelligent phrasing. Others graphically described the concert as having plenty of flowers, dress and audience, but no singer.

One might understand this sort of jargon among a lot of society women going home from a performance, between jealous professionals, or as bought and paid for opinion. But the above is culled from honest utterances of men of supposedly superior training, intelligence and experience, and with reputations at stake. Not either from France alone (the country the least liable to be dishonest and with the most regard for reputation), but from statements made in France, Germany, England and America.

This sort of thing is much worse than useless. One of two things is necessary—either to find a standard from which to talk or else keep still. Research and study and exchange of opinion are all right, but this sort of thing is neither one nor the other. Meantime the poor public is completely bulldozed by this, and gives up the whole thing. People do not go to hear music to enjoy it, but to find fault with it. They are made to feel stupid and ignorant if they really seem to like something, and composers, following suit, write things for them not to like, and so there we are.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

Mrs. Louise Gerard Thiérs, now studying with Delle Sedie in Paris, was recently the recipient of the master's photograph, in large panel form, with the following dedication:

Ma chère enfant, vous êtes mon espérance et celui du vrai Art de Chant. Je vous salue affectueusement. E. DELLE SEDIE.

A flattering testimonial certainly, inasmuch as Mrs. Thiérs is making a careful and thorough study of the Delle Sedie school of singing.

A Lenten service surely, inasmuch as it sent thought heavenward, was the exquisite morning musical given in mid-Lent by Emma Nevada-Palmer for the refreshment of a few grateful friends. The close of the occasion was the presence of the Count and Countess de Fontenailles. These are very charming French people, who add to many other qualities of mind and heart a passionate love of music and exceptional talent in it, he as composer, she as possessor of a very rich, well-poised dramatic voice, which is being carefully trained by Madame Marchesi, en amateur, of course.

The count's songs are very well known and loved in Paris; in fact his music is quite la mode at present. Mignon Palmer, Emma Nevada's talented little daughter (who, by the way, Madame Marchesi declares is going to be one of the vocal lights of the age, requiring little or no training), sang in a most bewitching manner le Chant de Nourrice, by the count, who accompanied her; also Ninon, by Tosti; Purdicesti, by Lotti. No description can do justice to the power of natural conception, the justness of thought and tone, the power of natural facial expression and the delicacy of the thing called art in this little Lord Fauntleroy form and face. A veritable prima donna in miniature. Madame Nevada herself sang La Fleur du Foyer, by Gounod, and two exquisite Russian songs, Travonschka, by Tschaikowski, and Solover, a song of the people; also three songs by the Count Fontenailles—Le Temps des Roses, Les Deux Coeurs and Amours Posthumes—accompanied by the composer and by a young Italian, Carboni, who was at one time chef d'orchestre in Berlin. The charming singer was in excellent voice, although her successful Russian tour had been interrupted by illness. Her voice, a pure lyric soprano, is high, clear and fresh as a bird's. Absence of forcing and strain adds to this effect, and her intensely dramatic nature does the rest. There are musicians in Paris who say that Nevada is the only Anglo-Saxon singer with the Latin



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temperament. A charming breakfast and chat in this most ideal of musical homes followed.

Mr. W. Legrand-Howland, the young American organist-composer, stationed at Paris, is to give another ambitious concert this year—namely, the first act of an opera just finished by him, entitled *Nita*, with a chorus of forty voices, ballet, costumes, &c., all complete. It is to be given, if you please, not in an ordinary Paris hall, but in one of the regular city theatres, the Nouveau. The patronage is most distinguished, including Lady Monson, Lady Blount, Baroness de Hirsch, the Princess Bebesco, Madame Ayer among the number. A chef d'orchestre of the Opéra Comique, M. Emile Bourgeois, has consented to direct, and the whole is in serious rehearsal. The act of opera will be but the latter part of the performance, and will be preceded by a few choice selections, instrumental and vocal, among them a Grieg concerto, a new composition by M. Bourgeois and one by M. Howland. Miss Minnie Tracey, M. Georges Devoll, M. Nicolau, of the Lamoureux concerts, and Ivanowsky, the pianist, will be among the performers.

Mr. Arthur Reginald Little gave a concert in the Salle Erard on April 3. His program was an excellent one, including Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Bach-Tausig (the toccata and fugue, which thus opened for the sixth time concerts in Paris this season), Paderewski and Liszt. The young man made a most excellent impression, being recalled several times after the Liszt polonaise in E major.

Mention has already been made of Mr. F. Fox's playing of MacDowell's Sonata Tragica in the Salle Pleyel before the Société d'Art. The piece was conscientiously played, although being rather heavy for the young man. To follow the sledgehammer architecture of the composition it would seem as if an Indian chief of giant size would be the proper performer. The style was evidently new to the audience. Widor led the applause. Mr. Fox also played Widor's Marche Americaine, arranged for two pianos by M. Philipp, and a toccata by M. Philipp.

An extremely swell affair was the annual concert of M. Planel, given at the Hotel Continental as usual. Members of the Garde formed the service d'ordre and many officers and members of the Garde Républicaine were in the audience, which filled the elegant reception salon to the doors. A Weber duo concertant, andante and finale of Godard, Concerto No. 2 and a violin transcription arranged by Mr. Planel were among the violin numbers played by him. Many members of the Opéra, Opéra Comique and Odéon lent their talents, and many brilliant selections, dramatic, humorous and musical, enriched the entertainment. Mme. Tekley Planel declaimed poetry written by herself and played a rôle in a charming little comedy, *Ballottage*.

Miss Ida Branth, a well-known girl violinist of New York, played at a reception this week a number of pieces by Ernst Joachim and Sarasate, and the praise and applause she received were most enthusiastic. "She plays most admirably," was the general remark, and her strong bowing and skill were commented upon. The reception was at the house of Madame Lautmann. Among those present were Mr. Joseph Joachim, of Berlin, who played her accompaniments; Dr. Halban, of Vienna and Mr. Hartogs, of London.

Friends of the Ribollas, of Cincinnati, will be pleased to learn that the young singers are doing remarkably well in London, giving concerts, song recitals and "at homes." Their duets as a special feature attract much attention. Both being first-class soloists, with extensive repertoires in English, French, Italian and German, their services are in demand. They have appeared under distinguished patronage. In May they sing at the Duchess of Sutherland's, at Stafford House, a big affair, where their work will be associated with that of several prominent English artists. They have also made tours in the provinces as soloists, and with Miss Janotta, the pianist.

In connection with the opening of the Trocadéro concerts this season it may be remembered that Mlle. Roudé, the American singer, who has already created two rôles in France, sang at one of these concerts last year. On that occasion she received among others a very flattering notice from the distinguished critic, M. Joncières, who spoke of the pure tones and moving quality of her voice, and the

sincere expression of calm and serenity with which she rendered the Cantilene of M. Bachelet, *Chère Nuit*. Mlle. Rondé is now in the provinces singing *Charlotte* in Werther.

Among Mr. Bouhy's pupils this year are Miss Clara Butt, the London contralto; the Baroness von Reibnitz, the distinguished daughter of M. Schlesinger, of whom so much has been heard this season; Miss Cavendish, a mezzo soprano, who has sung in opéra comique and in concerts in England, and is preparing to be a teacher of vocal music; Miss Butler, dramatic soprano; Mrs. G. Cook, a dramatic soprano, here but a short time; Mrs. C. Bruce, mezzo soprano; Mr. Earl, bass chantant, studying for opera; Mr. Léon Rains, splendid basso profundo, a pupil of Mr. Oscar Saenger, of New York; Mr. Atherton Smith, baritone of rare quality and sympathy, sings already at musicals, &c.; Miss Bernadine Sargent, soprano; Mr. Percy Jackson, basso profundo, rich, deep low voice; Mr. Philip Delmas, possesses not only a baritone voice of great flexibility and range, singing from low F sharp to high C, but is also composer and pianist of merit, and has just finished a symphony; Miss Sarah C. Anderson, Miss Downs, Mr. Hamm, baritone, and Mr. Martin Beal, a talented artist as well as tenor, whose walls are hung with his sketches, among them one of M. Bouhy as *Don Juan*. His trill on high B is clear as a soprano.

Mlle. Eugénie Myer, a gifted member of this school, who prepared herself here specially for teaching, is now established for herself and is having the success to be expected from her earnest purpose, talent and superior training.

This Mr. Rains of whom mention is made is destined, if he should remain long enough in Paris, to become a "light" in the American student colony. Forceful, intelligent, fearless, full of go and enterprise, he is extremely kind to less qualified young people, giving freely of his valuable counsel and aid. He has recently, it seems, established a French-American "smoker" in his stopping place, where a few of the boys meet once a week, chat over their music and smoke a good cigar. French is the order of the evening, fines being established for offenders who drop back on the mother tongue.

Among the visitors to the Mangeot Conversation Salon this week was Madame Mercour, the accomplished French actress, who was a confrère of Rachel. The gentle lady's anecdotes of her day, and about the great tragedienne with whom she played for so many years, told in her exquisite French, were a precious privilege to the young Americans assembled.

Mme. Marie Brema, the well-known American, now of the Royal Italian Opera, has reached Paris after a successful season in Italy. She is looking and feeling remarkably well and is going on to London in a short time.

Miss Marie Garden, of Philadelphia, late of Chicago, is a young American from whom something really good may be expected. Blonde, slight, nervous, imaginative, if she only knows how to make art dramatism take the place of American excitability she will become an actress. Her voice, high, pure, clear, suave, without any of the screaming or forcing qualities of ambitious young women, is unusual. She is already a typical *Manon*, and is studying *Marguerite, Juliette, Elsa, Elizabeth, &c.*, with Trabadelo. In the same studio is a fine bass chantant, Mr. Preisch, of Buffalo, who has but just come to Paris and commences vocal study here, something unusual. He has a fine, flexible tone and easy, unaffected manner, and will no doubt become a valuable member of the profession. (We do so much need a school for acting in Paris as in America, where it is not half so possible. It seems such a pity that no one takes hold of this most important part of operatic work).

Miss Mac Kinstry, a very young violinist from New York, is stopping at the American Club while pursuing her studies with a professor of the Conservatoire. This wise little lady, who in Brussels was a pupil of Ysaye, is in no hurry to make a débüt. "It requires much to be ready and little to fail," she says. For practice in playing before people, however, she with an earnest young pianist, also of New York, Miss Mary Smyth, who is here pupil of M. Pugno, have

planned a little "concert" which they are to give at the American Club the early part of May. More later.

The work done by the Sutro girls in ensemble piano playing here recently has been the best exposition of art standard in musical work yet given in Paris by American talent. That sort of work is the real, sincere, refined sort which requires neither apology, prevarication, bombast nor forcing to place it beside the very highest European standard. Art gains by such work, no matter the nationality.

Miss Minnie Tracey is singing in Sigurd and other operas in the South of France.

A most charming and valuable American musical spirit in Paris is Miss Fanny Reed, a member of the New York élite whom fate has established in Paris. Herself a trained musician, a woman of large heart, intelligence and a philosopher as to causes and effects, her sympathy naturally goes out to the student element in the capital. While full of active benevolence flowing from a kindly heart, the wise head of Miss Reed is by no means stereotyped in its activity. No one better than she, after several years' residence in Paris, knows the faults and weaknesses of the foreign study idea. If students, instead of insisting on help to pursue their wayward ways, would listen to the advice and experience of this amiable and clever woman, how much better off they would be in the end. But, as a French professor remarked seriously in discussing the subject: "Americans, more than any other women, think they know everything, and God knows there are few who have so much to learn."

In a capital little reminiscence sketch made by Miss Reed she speaks enthusiastically of her visit to Rome and meeting with Liszt at a time when the world flocked around the Vatican and life there was a perpetual Papal feast. Liszt was then, she says, about sixty, tall and erect, with a smile like "the flash of a dagger in the sun." Having already heard of Miss Reed's vocal successes in the capital the great pianist invited her to sing for him, amiably seating himself to play the accompaniment of the *Prophète* aria. Tenderness and beauty of tone dropped from his expressive fingers, and she sang as if inspired. He seemed to her "like a god stepped down from Olympus." On his piano rested always a cast of Chopin's hand, long, delicate, nervous, expressive, and his own portrait hung over that of the nocturne poet in his salon. She finds in Madame Wagner the remarkable eyes, clear, bright, piercing and full of intelligence, of the pianist, and from his great, almost paradoxical love for sacred composition she infers that he made Rome his residence expressly to have access to the musical archives. "The composer of fantasias is a great, faultless liturgist," says Saint-Saëns.

He wrote many songs that are not known and taught Miss Reed several, among them *Mignon*, *Lorelei* and *Comment Disaient-ils*.

Once in remarking a certain indifference toward Saint-Saëns, then a young unknown in Leipsic, Liszt had him published as "a distinguished artist, virtuoso and composer." His last visit to Paris was to the home of Munkaczy, where a fine portrait of him had been made by the great painter. This visit was a triumphal one, people rising en masse in salons which he entered as if in the presence of royalty.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Miss Brooks, of Denver.—Miss Madeline Vance Brooks, of Denver, Col., made her débüt in New York on Thursday evening, April 22, in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. Her skillful and artistic singing won for her the enthusiastic applause of the audience and most favorable comment from musical critics.

Miss Brooks has a dramatic mezzo soprano voice. Her range is from G below to C above the staff, and each tone is excellent in quality. Her technic is remarkable for such a heavy voice, and her trill is as liquid as that which belongs to the lyric soprano. Miss Brooks is a young woman of intelligence and unusual musical attainments.

She is a pupil of Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton, with whom she will continue her studies during the summer preparatory to entering on her professional work in the autumn.

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GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKESTRASSE 17, April 18, 1897.

In my budget of last week I had occasion to speak of the striking fact that the United States is the country from which almost exclusively good high soprano coloratura voices nowadays come. Italy, which formerly boasted of the most extended productiveness of this sort, has few great coloratura singers at present, and Germany has none, and really never had any, for neither Gerster nor Sembrich, nor the dead di Murska, nor Frau Herzog, of the Berlin opera, are Germans. In America, however, the woods are full of them. I don't need to mention their well-known names; but besides these acknowledged favorites I have lately come across new and young American singers, such as Miss Muenchhoff, Miss Poddie Ross, Miss Newmann, from San Francisco; Miss Beatrice Davidson, of New York, and last but not least, Miss Rose Ettinger. I don't know whether to attribute this prodigality in high soprano voices to climatic, ethnographical, geographical or whatever circumstances, and I should be interested, probably as a good many others would, to hear explanations of this subject on the part of the various vocal experts who, year in and year out, wage wordy war in the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

In the meantime I can only testify to the further and quite pronounced success Miss Rose Ettinger has made here at a concert of her own, which she gave in the Singakademie a week ago to-day with the assistance of the highly talented young American violinist, Miss Leonora Jackson. The hall was filled to overflowing, even the podium seats being rather ostentatiously occupied, and a furore of applause, not of the fake kind, followed each number of the program. I had missed the *Jo t'amer* aria, with violin obligato, from Mozart's *Re Pastore*, which Miss Ettinger is said to have sung particularly well. Another preliminary concert also deprived me of the treat of hearing Miss Jackson perform the *Händel* A major violin sonata. I was in time, however, for the Bell aria from *Lakmé*, in which our fair and sympathetic young countrywoman touched the dreigestrichenes high F sharp with the utmost ease and purity of tone, and the high F she held resonantly for a good long quarter of a minute in the tiresome Proch variations, which closed the program. These of course were the *pièces de résistance*, but sandwiched in between them was a group of songs, of which the Mozart Violet was sung with charming naïveté of style, but in which someone had made an alteration in Mozart's music which did violence to the violet and was horribly out of style and in very bad taste.

Such things cannot be done here, and the sin of commission was duly punished in the press. What was worse, however, was the singing of 'Twas April, by Ethelbert Nevin. I had previously boasted to some of my Berlin confrères of the talent of the two gifted brothers, Ethelbert and Arthur Nevin, of whom I designated the former as one of America's greatest and most popular song writers; and then came this 'Twas April, and it was not even on April Fool's Day. Of course I had not seen the song before I heard it

from Miss Rose Ettinger's rosy lips. I was simply dumbfounded by its vulgarity, at which even Oscar Eichberg, of the *Boersen Courier*, one of the kindest of music critics in the world, took offense and called it a *Schmarren*. The bad impression the song made upon the critics was intensified through Miss Ettinger's blunder of repeating this song when she was recalled by the audience. Why did she not choose a better one by the same composer? I know of more than twenty beautiful Lieder, and only this one objectionable. Brahms' *Wiegenlied*, however, she sang charmingly, and she found the right nuances also for Saint-Saëns' suggestive song, *Pourquoi Rester Seulette*. Altogether Miss Ettinger made a renewed favorable impression upon the audience, and most of the critics are in her favor, though I am sorry to say not all of them. She has besides a fine technic a beautiful, clear voice in the upper and highest register, but, like most all other voices of this genre, it is lacking in warmth; and her delivery, pretty, charming, coquettish and fetching though it be, is lacking in soul. These very necessary elements in the singing of a truly great artist may come to her, however, when time and experience ripen her feelings and broaden her musical horizon.

Miss Leonora Jackson played in the most exquisitely finished style and with sweet, enticing tone the *Adagietto*, from Bizet's *L'Arlesienne*, a pretty Madrigal by Simonetti and Wieniawski's *Sielanka la Champêtre*, after which of course she was encored.

Mr. Ernest H. Jackson accompanied his sister admirably, while the piano accompaniments for Miss Ettinger, especially that of the Bell song, from *Lakmé*, left much to be desired.

A concert by Miss Marguerite Dongrie, from Brussels, which took place in Bechstein Hall the same evening, I can pass over with a very few words. The young lady, through the medium of her accompanist (Miss Marie Schoeller, whom she had brought on specially from Brussels, but who is a very poor accompanist nevertheless), passed the word to the critics that she (Miss Dongrie) was the favorite pupil of Ysaye. Well, if this be the truth, then I surely don't envy the great Belgian violinist his clientèle. Miss Dongrie played the Saint-Saëns B minor concerto for the violin so badly that the performance really became ludicrous, and it is impossible to consider it seriously from a critical standpoint.

Miss Alma Johanna Schmidt, an alto who assisted at this concert, could not do much toward holding me in Bechstein Saal, for Miss Dongrie's second number, Max Bruch's *Scotch Fantaisie*.

One day last week I was visited by a very good looking young lady from the United States, Miss Maude Peck, as her card says, Miss Madeleine Peck, as she is called on the program of a piano recital she gave next night. She told me that she had taught at Dr. Ziegfeld's College, in Chicago, that she had many successes as a pianist in the United States, and that she had been in Germany studying the piano for six years, with interruptions of a more or less extended period, which she spent in the United States. I asked her with whom she had studied in Germany, and she told me the names of two of the best known teachers in Dresden, and supplemented them by two names who carry no less prestige here in Berlin.

Instead of influencing me in her favor by this array of big names Miss Peck made me feel convinced that she was one of the many Americans who have that same specifically American restless system, or rather grave fault, of rushing from one teacher to another and never learning much from anybody, and surely nothing thoroughly. My misgivings were strengthened when I received a little note the next day from Mrs. Steinmann, Prof. Heinrich Barth's kind foster-mother, in which that good old lady says:

LIEBER VERBHRTER HERR—Elliige soll ich Ihnen mittheilen, dass Miss Peck heute gegen den Willen von Barth sich ins Con-

cert gestürzt hat. Sie ist weder befähigt, noch hat sie Ruhe dazu.

No truer judgment could have been passed by anyone than by this great pedagogue. Miss Peck is neither capable nor has she the repose to give a concert. It was truly pitiful to hear her wade through the Beethoven *Les Adieux* sonata and lose her head in the andante, and both her head and her fingers in the Vivacissimeti. Those who heard her in the other numbers of her short program say she was even worse in the Chopin *Fantaisie*, op. 49. I believe it, but I did not care to stay in Bechstein Hall long enough to verify the fact.

A rather uninteresting but not an absolutely bad vocalist is Miss Amélie Ott, whom I heard the next day, and who sang *Hear Ye, Israel*, from *Elijah*, and *Lieder* by Schubert and Schumann.

The pianist who appeared on the same program, Miss Fanni Merten, vainly tried to overcome the technical difficulties in the *Waldstein* sonata. Why do such people appear in public? Nobody derives any benefit from it except Hermann Wolff, who rents them his pretty Bechstein Hall and gets his fee for managing the concert. The newspapers get a little advertising out of it, but no one else has any advantage out of these second-rate concerts.

That not all English speaking and English singing sopranos, even high coloratura sopranos, are good, I was taught at the concert of Miss Florence Fraser, a pupil of Frau Nicklass-Kempner. But then Miss Fraser is not an American, for she hails from Bloemfontein in South Africa. She has that worst of all faults, one that ought not to be pardoned even in Darkest Africa, viz., that of singing beastly flat—destoniken, as Hans von Bülow wittily described it. Her colorature is likewise far from flawless, and thus I don't see why Miss Fraser ventured upon a concert at all.

Possibly it was in order to give Auguste Goetz-Lehmann a chance to be heard as pianist; but this would have been an uncalled for kindness and a useless one to boot. For Miss Goetz-Lehmann has likewise no particularly good technic. Her "rendering" of the Beethoven F major variations was dry and uninteresting, and that of the A flat ballad of Chopin inadequate in every way. Two of a kind do not always make a couple, but they do make a pair, and not only in poker playing but sometimes in concert giving.

A young violinist of the French school, one about whom Mr. Abell wrote a good deal, and in a most generous sort of praise before he left Berlin for Liège, Miss Sophie Jaffé, I had a chance to hear for the first time last week. I must say I agree with our violin expert most fully. This girl, or rather young lady, has something original in her style and conception. She does not play "conservatory made," and whoever had the teaching of her was wise enough to teach her the technics and leave her the flavor of her own individuality, a very marked and interesting one, by the bye. That her technic and bowing are all that could be desired was plainly noticeable in the swift but safe reproduction of the last movement of the Mendelssohn concerto, of which I had missed the two previous movements. Grace and suavity were the principal characteristics of her playing of the Tschaiikowsky G minor canzonetta; virtuosity and fire she displayed in both the Brahms-Joachim G minor Hungarian Dance and in Ernst's Hungarian Airs, but superior to all this was her interpretation of the Bach Chaconne, that noblest touchstone for all good violinists. In breadth, style and purity this was one of the finest readings of the work I ever heard from any violinist, let alone from a female one.

Miss Louise Schmidt, a local pianist, who appeared, or rather disappeared, at this concert, is a little hausbacken, but not disparagingly bad. She performed the Chopin C sharp minor nocturne from op. 27, the tried and trite little

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Albumblatt, by Kirchner, in a decent, governess-like manner, but the Schumann Aufschwung she should leave severely alone for the future.

Pachmann gave his second and last piano recital the next evening in the Singakademie. There was a good sized audience present, but on the whole he does not seem to be gaining ground in Berlin; certainly not in his newly chosen field of teacher of the piano.

His performances last week were rather uneven, and as usual he was least satisfactory in the bigger works, the A flat ballad and the B flat minor sonata of Chopin; the latter especially I don't care for in Pachmann's reproduction, which is so full of mannerisms. Of the smaller Chopin numbers I liked particularly the G flat study from op. 25, and the A flat waltz, op. 34. But Pachmann did not confine himself to Chopin this time, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Liszt forming the final portion of the program. Of the Waldscenen, the Vogel als Prophet was simply inimitable, but the Schumann E major novelle (No. 7), which curiously enough was redemande, he hurried and blurred considerably. Of the two Lieder, Ohne Worte, the G major one, was prettily sung, but the F major one (which Paderewski likes to play as an encore) was so drawn out in tempo that one lost all sense of the rhythm. I also did not like the phrasing in the Liszt concert study in D flat, but the Mephisto waltz he played with creditable refraining from all outré effects, and with great cleanliness of execution as well as verve and brilliancy. After its close the encore fiends had their inning and held the fort long after I was gone.

A very dignified and impressive Trauer Feier for the late Johannes Brahms was held in the Stern Conservatory hall on Sunday at noon.

Prof. Gustav Hollaender and Albert Eibenschütz performed the Third Sonata for violin and piano by Brahms (op. 108, in D minor). Ludwig Bussler summed up Brahms' life work in a comprehensive and touching obituary. Adolf Schulze sang O Tod and Auf dem Kirchhof. Prof. Heinrich Ehrlich played the D major piano ballad. Frau Nicklass-Kempner sang five Lieder and Messrs. Gernsheim, Hollaender and Hekking performed the B minor piano trio, op. 8, in Brahms' newly revised edition.

Last night we had at the Royal Opera a newly studied performance of Tristan, which was sold out to the very last available seat. Tristan as a drawing card is something wonderful, but it is true nevertheless; and it won't be many years, I predict, before the general public will wake up to the fact that it is Wagner's greatest work, after all. Some may, and probably always will, prefer Die Meistersinger, and they are right from their standpoint that it is Wagner's richest as well as ripest work. His most inspired, his most individual work, and the one that has been created in one Guss, is unquestionably Tristan.

The hero was represented by Gerhäuser, of Carlsruhe, who made with it his Berlin guesting début. He succeeded only moderately well. It is one thing to sing in Carlsruhe, or at the little Bayreuth model opera house, unsurpassed in its acoustic excellence, and with a covered orchestra, and it is quite another affair to sing in the Berlin Royal Opera House. And this other affair killed Herr Gerhäuser. He had not voice enough left to die with in the last act, let alone to proclaim his love frenzy in the second act; and oh, his acting! Even in Lohengrin, when the young tenor had little else to do but to look and act in a dignified manner, he could not suffice at Bayreuth next to our own sweet Elsa, Nordica. But now, as Tristan, cowed by the majestic and partially infuriated poses and acting of Frau Sucher as Isolde, he was literally nowhere, and certainly anything but a hero. Sucher, however, had a grand day. She was dreadfully bad the other day as Venus in Tannhäuser, but she seemed as though transformed, like a different human being last night. She can sing only such rôles in which she still takes a strong personal interest, which keeps her vocal muscles and her nervous system at so fierce a tension that for the nonce they will obey the dictates of her artistic mind. Thus her Isolde last night was grand, and as good as in years gone by.

The other parts are cast as usual. I should like, however, to have Moedlinger sing Kurwenal and Betz King

Marke instead of vice versa, for little man Moedlinger is vocally too robust for the part of der müde Koenig and Betz is getting too old and tame for the character of the faithful warrior Kurwenal. Frau Goetz is always excellent as Brangae and Lieban sang his little solo well, though he seemed to be placed too far back upon the stage.

Beyond all cavil and deserving of the utmost praise was the work of the orchestra under Dr. Muck's careful guidance. A better performance of Tristan in the way of general ensemble and the work done by the orchestra I have never witnessed, not either in Bayreuth, New York or Berlin.

I give you verbatim et literatim the letter of a young American girl who was deluded into the belief that she would eventually become a great pianist. She went to Leschetizky and he placed her (probably, for I don't know for sure) with one of his Vorbereiter. Afterward she came to Berlin, gave a piano recital here, and of course made a dead failure. Disappointed, sore and sick she trod the pavement of the German capital, then returned to Vienna, and now seems to be on the point of doing what I first advised her to do, viz., return to the United States. I feel sorry for this child-girl who, Leschetizky or no Leschetizky, has no chance of ever becoming a pianist.

VIENNA, Austria, April 9, 1897.

Mr. Floersheim:

DEAR SIR—I thought before I returned to America I would visit Vienna, as I have a great many friends here, and as I will never return to Europe, it would be a pity not to see them again.

While here I called on Leschetizky, he thought I came to study with him, and put on all his dignity and backbone; he told me he never remembered seeing me at all, which amused me very much as I had never heard he was blind, and then I took his breath away by asking him if he wouldn't give me some of his pupils to teach, then he told me when I was there before I was a bit impudent. I wondered how he knew that, when he told me first he didn't know me—strange wasn't it? I wonder if these people think they hurt my feelings, whereas I am not at all depressed by the opinion of any being either human or divine, so they only waste their breath. I left him to recover and climbed over a lot of back alleys to interview Gabrilowitch. He told me before I began to talk that he didn't know anything—which I thought for once was the truth—so I fell to thinking which eye it was he was looking at me with, as they both go in different directions. I hope you will never tell anyone that, or I am afraid I would have an enemy for life and that would be to bad, but I really don't think that these people over here know how funny they are, as I nearly strangle myself to keep from laughing when I am talking to them. But when I get back to America, the people over there have some idea of humor, and then I can entertain them with the account of my experiences over here. I sail on the 24th of this month for N. Y. and if you should want to hear from me again I will write—my address at present is Adelaide Kellogg, bei U. S. Consul Gen., I. Reichsrathsstr. 27, Wien.

Well, contrary to my expectations, as expressed in my last week's budget, Eugen d'Albert's new opera, Gernot, proved a big success at Sunday night's première at the Mannheim Court Opera.

Mr. Moritz Mayer-Mahr, the excellent pianist and pedagogue, who was present at the first production, writes to me as follows: Gernot, Eugen d'Albert's three act opera (text by Gustav Kastrop), had a surprisingly big success, a fact which must count all the more strongly when it is taken into consideration that the composer was not throughout supported to the very best by the librettist. Not that the story of King Gernot's wooing, marriage and death does not offer sufficient dramatic material, but Kastrop is not particularly skillful in its adaptation. He is very clever in the art of versification, but his characters are lacking in logical psychological development and some of them are quite unnatural and untrue. The entire elfin spook introduction is all the more superfluous, as on the one hand elfin romanticism is at the period of the action of the drama (viz., before the Roman wars with Germany) an aesthetic anachronism, and as on the other hand King Gernot is anyhow doomed to perdition by the very curse which his murderer King Wulf brings down upon him, and which might be made to operate without that special knockout he receives at the hand of an Elfin Queen, whose love advances he had rejected.

Eugen d'Albert's music to this libretto is indeed wonderful and signifies the enormous progress of this genial heavenstorming artist. I have followed up the development of d'Albert with the greatest of interest from the appearance of his suite, op. 1, on. His A minor string quartet was first performed by Joachim, despite the fact that it sprang from the Weimar Sündenpfuhl (abyss of sin) so much

despised by the great violinist. His largely conceived piano concerto in B and his important piano sonata in F sharp minor gave expectations for big things to come. Fragments from his first two operas, Der Rubin and Ghismonda, however, were disappointing and diminished special hopes for eminence in the dramatic field. It is with all the greater joy, therefore, that I can now state that with his latest opera d'Albert has entered the very first ranks of our young dramatic writers.

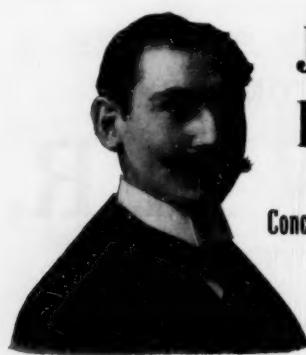
The music of Gernot is frequently of overpowering beauty, the mastery of style is admirable, the treatment of the human voice and of the orchestra is ideal. Especially prominent portions of the score are the three Vorspiel, one for each act, and of these again the one to the third act, built upon an organ point on the fifth F C, is the most notable. Likewise an Elfin dance, the love scene of the first act and the two Waltraudis scenes. Much praise may be bestowed upon the first performance, in which Frau d'Albert-Finck, who, as guest, created the part of Waltraudis, and the orchestra were excellent under the composer's direction. Intendant Bassermann proved himself a stage manager of taste and fine perception. Only in the closing scene he seems to have mistaken the composer's meaning. Gernot disappears toward misty Nifheim in a musically gloomy D minor finale. This scene should have been presented in a gray, cloudy mistiness, instead of which it appeared in most brilliant light effects and gay colors, like an apotheosis in a circus. At any rate it is a valiant deed of the Mannheim Court Opera to have helped to a great success one of the most important music dramas which have been created since Wagner. I am convinced of the fact that d'Albert's work will conquer quickly all prominent opera house stages and will gain a decisive success.

An orchestral composition, a symphonic poem, entitled Life a Dream (after a poem by Grillparzer), by the American composer James K. Pleasants, was performed for the first time yesterday afternoon at an invitation concert. I did not hear the work, but it was highly spoken of by some good connoisseurs, and one of the critics praised its piquant harmonies and orchestration.

Paderewski will go from London to Paris toward the end of this month to take part in a matinée at the Gaieté Théâtre, the proceeds of which are to go toward a fund for the erection of a monument to the celebrated composer-pianist Litolf. Sara Bernhardt has tendered her services for the same praiseworthy object.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which only just now has selected a new conductor for its popular concerts, may possibly have to look out also for a new concertmaster. Witek, who is much beloved and who is one of the best concertmasters one could find, being also a violin virtuoso of the very first rank, has an offer to go to Leipsic as new concertmaster for the Gewandhaus Orchestra. Prill, who held this position until now, is going to Vienna. Olik, the present second concertmaster of the Philharmoniker, and likewise an excellent musician, is a very sick man, and it is doubtful whether he will ever recover his full mental faculties. Thus, if Witek should decide to accept the offer from Leipsic, one of the most flattering for any young musician, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra would wait for a new, good concertmaster, and they are almost, if not quite, as difficult to find as good conductors.

That there is a dearth in the market in the latter article Vienna has also found out, and has at last been forced to engage Gustav Mahler, of Hamburg, for the post of conductor at the Imperial Opera, despite the fact that that gifted composer is of Jewish origin and the anti-Semitic element is at present ruling Vienna. A successor to Jahn, however, should he definitely abdicate his post as director of the opera (so far he has taken only a furlough), is probably even more difficult to find. The names of Schubert, of Prague, and Schuch, of Dresden, have been mentioned as the ones most likely to fill the important position. In the case of Schubert, however, the nationality and race prejudices seem to preclude him, and Schuch is held at Dresden by too many and too strong private ties to allow him to depart



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from the Saxonian capital. Who then could be found as a worthy successor to Otto Jahn? Muck's name has been brought forward prominently in this connection, but then he is tied by a long term contract to the Berlin Royal Opera and the intendant would surely not want to lose his most valuable services.

Emperor William II., however, who is a great admirer and personal friend of Dr. Muck, could surely remove the obstacle of the contract by cancelling it; and I doubt not that he would do so should Dr. Muck desire to leave his Berlin position. The latter is a very burdensome one, and Dr. Muck, who is not one of the strongest men in the world, has of late been overworked. He has had to conduct nearly every night, as Weingartner has been traveling a good deal and Sucher is frequently ill, and besides that Dr. Muck has had to rehearse and bring out all the novelties and newly studied older works that were given at the Royal Opera House during the entire season, with the sole exception of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. Under the circumstances it would not seem so strange if Dr. Muck were actually willing to negotiate a change for a position in which he would find some of the glory as well as higher financial remuneration for faithful work done.

* * *

The Drenker Theatrical Agency, through Mr. Carl Harder, informs me that Director Grau is about to close a contract for the engagement of Signora Franceschina Prevosti for next season for the United States, so that you are liable to hear and see one of the greatest operatic sopranos of Italy and of modern times.

O. F.

Communicated.

IT is well known that Anton Seidl's ambition had aimed for a number of years at Bayreuth, but he proposed to go there with free hands or not at all. He told the writer that but one obstacle stood between himself and the "mysterious abyss" of the Wagner theatre, and that was Siegfried Wagner, the composer's son and the especial pet of an adoring mother.

The widow Cosima had invited the unflinching Hungarian to conduct at the festival on condition that he should act as sponsor for Siegfried as a conductor before the American public. For a long time Cosima has nursed the project of sending the young man to this country to appear in the principal cities as the leader of a concert orchestra performing music of Wagner and Liszt, but the scheme seemed impracticable to her unless she could secure Seidl's alliance and aid. This he steadfastly refused to give, insisting that Siegfried must first earn a reputation for merit in Europe. So the scheme was never carried out.

Now that Seidl has been engaged for the forthcoming festival it will be interesting to observe whether chaperonage of Siegfried in this country is the outcome. He is not a man to be driven or imposed upon, and having held out against the widow so long on this point, it is probable that he will not surrender, and that no Siegfried Wagner junketing plan is attached as a rider to his contract. Notwithstanding the very friendly relations always existing between himself and Cosima, he refused to be coerced or cajoled into any countenance of such a scheme to introduce her son to America, maintaining that the approval of Europe must first be won.

After the London season Mr. Seidl will go to Bayreuth for the festival rehearsals.

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Mr. Plowe in New York.—Mr. Eugene Plowe, the conductor of the Peoria Chorus, was here on a visit last week for the first time in twenty years. The last concert Mr. Plowe directed this season at Peoria was on April 29, when Clementine de Vere was soloist. Her success and that of the chorus made the concert a memorable one for that active city.

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BOSTON, Mass., May 2, 1897.

EMMA CALVÉ, assisted by Barron Berthald, tenor; Giuseppe Campanari, baritone, and the Boston Festival Orchestra, led by Emil Mollenhauer, gave a concert in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was crowded. The program was as follows:

Overture, Carnaval Romain.....	Berlioz
Benedictus	Mackenzie
Bird Song, from La Perle du Brésil.....	David
.....	Emma Calvé.
Flute obligato by Chas. K. North.	
Monologue, from Falstaff.....	Verdi
.....	Mr. Campanari.
Les Preludes.....	Liszt
Entire Fourth Act of (opera) Hamlet.....	Ambroise Thomas
.....	Emma Calvé.
(Sung and acted in costume.)	
Ballet music from Samson and Delilah. I.....	Saint-Saëns
Marche Héroïque.....	
Trio, from Faust (Fifth Act).....	Gounod
.....	Emma Calvé, Mr. Berthald, Mr. Campanari.

"Entire Fourth Act Ambroise Thomas' Opera Hamlet, sung and acted in costume." Now do you know what happened?

After the performance of Liszt's Preludes the players, who had been sitting on the stage, took their place in the narrow aisle close to and below the stage; they moved with difficulty, confusion, handing down of music stands and chairs. A bare, bleak, empty stage, with Beethoven melancholy, sour. Enter Calvé as *Ophelia*, with a pretty dress, white boots, flowers, and a tendency toward insanity. Beethoven looked sourer than ever, but when she sprawled on the dusty boards and tossed flowers into the air, an expression of wonderment drove away the constitutional gloom from his face.

After she had finished the mad scene there were recalls—for the applause was tempestuous—and, lo! and behold, *Marguerite* entered. She wore *Ophelia's* dress, provided for her by the kindly jailer. She was accompanied by Mr. Berthald, who had a severe cold and was unable to sing a solo announced by the program, and Mr. Campanari. *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* were clad in Prince Albert coats and irreproachable trousers. The trio, was turned into a soprano solo, for poor Mr. Berthald could hardly be heard and Mr. Campanari was the shyest *Mephistopheles* that ever visited Boston. We had heard his noble voice in *Ford's* monologue, and we knew that he had it with him; we had applauded him furiously, and he sang with breadth and passion *Tonio's* prologue (Pagliacci). But as *Mephistopheles* Mr. Campanari was immersed apparently in abstruse speculation. The trio thus absurdly sung, and hurried till it was a mere jig tune, threw the audience into hysteria. Genteel young ladies with red hat trimmings waved handkerchiefs; men beat their fists together; and I noticed suburbanites pounding the floor deliriously with umbrellas of the Sarah Gamp species. Calvé trotted on and off the stage repeatedly. She kissed the audience, she said "Merci! Au revoir!" so distinctly that even a pupil of a school of modern languages might have understood her. The singer was in such joyous—or was it ironical?—mood, that I expected her to add "Et ta soeur?"

The seats were sold at these rates: \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50. I do not know whether the right to stand was sold for \$1.50 or \$10. The hall was packed. The enthusiasm, as I have said, was at the last hysterical. After the concert many women stood in the corridor and in the open waiting to see

the prima donna achieve her carriage. I am unable to tell you whether they unharnessed the horses, put them in Music Hall for safe keeping, and then drew the carriage to the inn or station.

I am a warm admirer of the wit of Emma Calvé. To me as singer and actress she is remarkable. Yesterday her ability as a singer, pure and simple, was shown in full, clear light by her performance of the air from *The Pearl of Brazil*, and there was much that was vocally delightful in the Mad Scene No. 1. On the other hand, her intonation was not always pure, and at times in her endeavor to make coloratura dramatic she accentuated emotion to the injury of song. But I deplore and bewail the fact that such a woman—one who has serious views about art, one who has brains as well as temperament—should for the sake of exorbitant money take barnstorming.

The concert of yesterday was incident to the chromo-civilization of the United States. No truly civilized community would tolerate such a gross absurdity as a performance "in costume" of a mad scene pitched at random into a miscellaneous concert. That Calvé does not realize the absurdity is impossible; that she is unable to throw herself suddenly and without previous preparation of incident or growth of emotion into a tragic scene is not to be wondered at; it is surprising that she does not guy openly the audience that applauds such artistic immorality.

The orchestral accompaniments were precise and sympathetic. In this difficult art Mr. Emil Paur might with profit to himself take lessons of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer.

* * *

The twenty-fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra closed last night the sixteenth season of the organization and the fourth year of Mr. Paur's conductorship. The program was exclusively Wagnerian. These were the pieces: Prelude to *Parsifal*; a *Faust* overture; Preludes to Act I. and Act III. of *Lohengrin*; a *Siegfried Idyl*; overture to *Rienzi*; Forest Sounds from *Siegfried*; Ride of the Valkyries. There was a very large audience and there was much enthusiasm. That vile and obscene thing, the *Rienzi* overture, was applauded frenetically. Mr. Paur and the orchestra received what is known in newspaper land as an ovation

* * *

The following pieces were played by the Symphony Orchestra for the first time in Boston:

Symphonies—E minor, Gaelic, op. 32 (MS.), Mrs. Beach, October 31; C major, Dittersdorf (tinkered by Hermann Kretschmar), January 16; F minor, No. 4, Tchaikowsky, entire, November 24 (two movements were played October 18, 1890). The program book stated February 18, 1897, that Tchaikowsky's Second Symphony was played that night for the first time; but the symphony was played here by Damrosch's orchestra December 9, 1891. Symphonic Poems—Lenore, Duparc, December 5; Wallenstein's Lager, Smetana, January 2; Death and Transfiguration, Richard Strauss, February 6. Suites—Jules d'Enfants, Bizet, December 26; Scheherazade, Rimsky-Korsakoff, April 17. Overtures, Preludes, &c.—Overture *Gwendoline*, Chabrier, October 24; overture in D major, Händel, December 25; overture *Othello*, Dvorák, February 6; prelude to Act II. *Ingweide*, Schillings, November 7; preludes to Act II. and Act III. of *Königskinder*, Humperdinck, December 26; intermezzo from *Cricket on the Hearth*, Goldmark, November 21. Miscellaneous—Burial of *Ophelia*, Bourgault-Ducoudray, October 17; Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 3, Dvorák, October 24; Invitation to the Dance, Weingartner, March 13; ballet music from *Don Juan*, Gluck, December 28. Concertos, &c.—Cello concerto, Dvorák (Mr. Schroeder), December 19; piano concerto, No. 2, Schubert (Mr. Proctor), January 2; fantasia for piano and orchestra, Arthur Whiting, March 6 (Mr. Whiting); rondo for cello, op. 94, Dvorák, April 3 (Mr. Schulz); *Seviliana* from *Don Cesar de Bazan*, Massenet, November 7 (Melba); four Serious Songs by Brahms, April 10 (Max Heinrich).

The composers of these previously unknown pieces are Mrs. Beach, Bizet, Bourgault-Ducoudray, Brahms, Chabrier, Dittersdorf, Duparc, Dvorák (three), Gluck, Goldmark, Händel, Humperdinck, Massenet, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Schillings, Schütt, Smetana, Richard Strauss, Tschaikowsky.

Twelve are Germans, reckoning Händel and the Bohemians as German; five are French, two are Russian and two are American.

The program book of May 1 states in the summing up of the season's work that Saint-Saëns' suite in D major, op. 49, was played October 17 for the first time in Boston. This

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statement is not true. The suite was played here first by Thomas' Orchestra, December 15, 1877.

Here is a list of all the works performed at the Symphony concerts during the season of 1896-7:

Bargiel—Adagio for violoncello and orchestra, op. 28 (Leo Schulz). Beach, Mrs. H. H. A.—Symphony in E minor, Gaelic, op. 32.

Beethoven—
Symphony No. 8, in F major, op. 93.
Concerto for violin, in D major, op. 61 (Halir).
Overture to Coriolan, op. 62.
Overture to Fidelio, in E major, op. 72.
Symphony No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60.
Overture to Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus, op. 43.
Symphony No. 1, in C major, op. 21.
Three orchestral movements from Symphony No. 9, in D minor, op. 125.
Overture to Leonore, No. 3, op. 72.

Berlioz—
Overture to Benvenuto Cellini, op. 23.
Overture to Le Carnaval Romain, op. 9.

Bizet—Suite, Jeux d'Enfants, op. 22.

Entr'actes and ballet music from Carmen.

Bourgault-Ducoudray—L'Enterrement d'Opéphie.

Brahms—Variations on a Theme by Haydn, in B flat major, op. 56A.

Symphony No. 3, in F major, op. 90.

Concerto for violin in D major, op. 77 (Kneisel).

Akademische Fest Ouverture, op. 80.

Tragische Ouverture, op. 81.

Concerto for violin and violoncello in A minor, op. 102 (Kneisel and Schroeder).

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

Chabrier—Overture to Gwendoline (twice).

Cherubini—Overture to Anacréon, op. 241.

Chopin—Concerto for piano, No. 2, in F minor, op. 21 (Burmeister).

Cornelius—Overture to Der Barbier von Bagdad.

Cowen—Symphony No. 3, in C minor, Scandinavian.

Dittersdorf—Symphony in C major, arranged by Kretzschmar.

Duparc—Symphonic poem, Lenore.

Dvorák—Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 3, in A flat major, op. 45.

Symphony No. 5, in E minor, From the New World, op. 95.

Concerto for violoncello, in B minor, op. 104 (Schroeder).

Overture to Othello, op. 93.

Rondo for violoncello and orchestra, op. 94 (Leo Schulz).

Gluck—Selections from the ballet Don Juan, arranged by Kretzschmar.

Overture to Iphigénie en Aulide, arranged by Wagner.

Goetz—Scène, Die Kraft Versagt, from Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung (Little).

Goldmark—Prelude to Part III. of Heimchen am Herd.

Overture to Sakuntala, op. 13.

Grieg—Suite No. 1, from Peer Gynt, op. 46.

Händel—Overture No. 1, in D major, arranged by Willner.

Recitation, Deeper and Deeper Still, and air, Waft Her, Angels, from Jephthah (Ben Davies).

Haydn—Air, Behold Along the Dewy Grass, from The Seasons (Plançon).

Symphony in C minor (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 9).

Symphony in D major (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 2).

Humperdinck—Selections from music to Königskinder.

Lalo—Symphonie Espagnole, for violin and orchestra, op. 21 (T. Adamowski).

Leoncavallo—Tono's Prologue, from Pagliacci (Campanari).

Liszt—Concerto for piano, No. 1, in E flat major (Aus der Ohe).

Scene in the Tavern (Mephisto Waltz), from Lenau's Faust.

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, Pester Carneval.

Loeffler—Divertimento for violin and orchestra, in A minor, op. 9 (Loeffler).

Massenet—Air, Vision Fugitive, from Hérodiade (Campanari).

Servillana in D major, from Don César de Bazan (Melba).

Mendelssohn—Symphony No. 4, in A major, Italian, op. 90.

Overture, op. 21, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from Midsummer Night's Dream, op. 61.

Symphony No. 3, in A minor, Scotch, op. 56.

Mozart—Symphony No. 41, in C major, Jupiter.

Aria L'Améro, from Il ré Pastore (Melba, Kneisel).

Symphony No. 30, in E flat major.

Overture to Don Giovanni.

Symphony No. 40, in G minor.

Rimsky-Korsakoff—Symphonic suite, Scheherazade, op. 35.

Rubinstein—Symphony No. 2, in C major, Océan, op. 42 (second version).

Ballet music from Feramors.

Concerto for piano, No. 4, in D minor, op. 70 (Cartefio).

Saint-Saëns—Suite for orchestra, in D major, op. 49.

Schillings—Prelude to Act II of Ingwile.

Schubert—Unfinished symphony in B minor.

Symphony No. 9, in C major.

Overture to Rosamunde, op. 36.

Schumann—Symphony No. 2, in C major, op. 61.

Overture to Manfred, op. 115.

Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.

Concerto for piano, in A minor, op. 54 (Joseffy).

Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Rhenish, op. 97.

Schütt—Concerto for piano, No. 2, in F minor, op. 47 (Proctor).

Smetana—Symphonic poem, Valdystyn Tábor.

Strauss, R.—Tone poem, Tod und Verklärung, op. 31.

Tschaijkowsky—Concerto for piano, No. 1, in B flat minor, op. 35 (Sieveking).

Symphony No. 4, in F minor, op. 36.

Symphony No. 3, in C minor, op. 17.

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Pathétique, op. 74.

Volkmann—Overture to Shakespeare's Richard III., op. 68.

Wagner—Wotan's Farewell, from Die Walküre (Plançon).
Overture to Tannhäuser.
Prelude to Parsifal.
Eine Faust Ouverture.
Prelude to Lohengrin.
Introduction to Act III. of Lohengrin.
Ein Siegfried Idyll.
Overture to Rienzi.
Waldweiben, from Siegfried.
The Ride of the Valkyries, from Die Walküre.
Weber—Overture to Euryanthe.
Overture to Der Freischütz.
Aufforderung zum Tanz, op. 65, arranged by Weingartner.
Overture to Oberon.
Whiting, Arthur B.—Fantasia for piano and orchestra in B flat minor, op. 11 (Whiting).

SUMMARY.

Bargiel.....	1	Lalo.....	1
Beach, Mrs. H. H. A.....	1	Leoncavallo.....	1
Beethoven.....	9	Liszt.....	1
Berlioz.....	2	Loeffler.....	1
Bizet.....	2	Massenet.....	2
Bourgault-Ducoudray.....	1	Mendelssohn.....	1
Brahms.....	7	Mozart.....	1
Chabrier.....	1	Rimsky-Korsakoff.....	1
Cherubini.....	1	Rubinstein.....	1
Chopin.....	1	Saint-Saëns.....	1
Cornelius.....	1	Schillings.....	1
Cowen.....	1	Schubert.....	5
Dittersdorf.....	1	Schumann.....	5
Duparc.....	1	Schütz.....	1
Dvorák.....	5	Smetana.....	1
Gluck.....	2	Strauss, R.....	4
Goetz.....	1	Tschaijkowsky.....	4
Goldmark.....	2	Volkmann.....	1
Grieg.....	1	Wagner.....	10
Händel.....	2	Weber.....	4
Haydn.....	3	Whiting, A. B.....	1
Humperdinck.....	1	Total.....	100

The nationality of the composers is as follows: 25 are German, reckoning among them Dvorák, Smetana and Liszt; 8 are French, 3 are Russian, 2 are Italian, 2 are American, 1 is Polish, 1 is Scandinavian, 1 is English; and I confess I do not know to what nation Mr. Loeffler wishes to be assigned; he would honor America by calling himself an American.

* * *

Allow me to quote from a statistical review prepared by me for the Boston *Journal*, and published this morning. I have verified dates carefully, but I do not flatter myself with the belief that the lists are without error.

* * *

The Kneisel chamber concerts of the twelfth seasons were as follows:

October 26—Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5, Haydn; quartet, A flat major, op. 105, Dvorák; octet, op. 20, Mendelssohn. Messrs. Kraft, Ondricek, Zach, Schulz assisted.

November 20—Quartet, C sharp minor, Sgambati; Padewski's violin sonata in A minor; quartet, G major, op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven. Mrs. Szumowska assisted.

December 21—Trumpet septet, Saint-Saëns; quartet, E minor, No. 4, Chadwick; quartet, A minor, op. 41, No. 1, Schumann. Messrs. Burmeister, Mueller and Goldie assisted.

January 4—Quartet, op. 59, No. 2; sonata for violin and piano, Mrs. Beach; quartet, E flat major, Mozart. Mrs. Beach assisted.

February 1—Quartet, E flat major, Henschel; piano trio, B major, Brahms; quartet, D minor (posth.), Schubert. Mr. Harold Randolph assisted.

February 15—Quartet, E flat major, Dittersdorf; octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, two clarinets, harp, double-bass, Loeffler; quartet, C sharp minor, op. 131, Beethoven. Messrs. Pourtau, Metzger, Schuecker and Golde assisted.

March 8—Trio, F major, op. 50, Schumann; songs, Jung Werner, Brueckler; quartet, G minor, Grieg. Mrs. Melanie de Wenzkowska was the pianist, Mr. Max Heinrich the singer, Mr. Proctor the accompanist.

April 5—In memory of Brahms: quartet, A minor, op. 51, No. 2 adagio from clarinet quintet, op. 115; piano quintet, F minor, op. 34. Mr. Joseffy was the pianist, Mr. Pourtau the clarinetist.

The works produced here for the first time were Dvorák's A flat major quartet (October 26), Chadwick's E minor quartet (October 21), Mrs. Beach's violin sonata (January 4), Henschel's E flat major quartet (February 1), Loeffler's octet (February 15), Brueckler's songs (March 8). All of these, with the exception of the songs, were played for the first time in public.

The pianists were Mrs. Szumowska, Mrs. de Wenzkowska, Mrs. Beach, Joseffy, Randolph, Burmeister.

* * *

The Boston String Quartet gave three concerts November 24, January 12 and March 17. The pianists in order of date were Mr. Stasny, Miss Little and Mrs. Paur.

A concert was given by the Adamowski Quartet, assisted by Mrs. Szumowska, March 16. The concert was devoted to works of Polish composers. Noskoski's quartet in D

minor was played for the first time in Boston. Chopin's trio, op. 8, was also played.

* * *

The Handel and Haydn performed no new work. The Messiah was sung December 20 (Emma Juch, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, T. E. Johnson, David Bispham), and December 21 (Albani, Mrs. Alves, Charles Kaiser, David Bispham). Mr. Lang was sick, and Mr. Chadwick conducted both performances. Elijah was sung February 7 (Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Damian, Evan Williams, Ffrangcon-Davies). The program April 18 included the overture to St. Paul, Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer (Ella Russell), J. C. D. Parker's Redemption Hymn (Gertrude May Stein), and H. W. Parker's Hora Novissima (Ella Russell, Gertrude May Stein, G. J. Parker, Watkin Mills). Mr. Parker in each case conducted his own work.

* * *

The Cecilia has given three concerts and will give one this week. December 4 The Spectre's Bride was sung. The soloists were Mrs. Bradbury, G. J. Parker and Max Heinrich. The concert February 4 was miscellaneous. Mrs. Beach's Rose of Avon Town was sung for the first time in Boston. Helen B. Wright sang the solo part and Mrs. Beach was the pianist. Beethoven's impossible Missa Solemnis was sung for the first time in Boston, March 12. The soloists were Helen B. Wright, Lena Little, Frederick Smith, Arthur Beresford.

* * *

There were three short seasons of grand opera. The Imperial Opera Company, managed by the gallant Col. J. H. Mapleson, came to grief at the Boston Theatre. Aida was given November 30, when Mrs. Bonnoplata-Bau (*Aida*), Mrs. Parsi (*Amneris*), Mr. Durot (*Radames*) made their first appearance in Boston. The other chief parts were taken by Messrs. de Anna, Pinto and Dado. Mr. Bimboni conducted at the performance of Lucia December 1. Josephine Huguet sang here for the first time, as did Mr. Randaccio as *Edgardo*.

Andrea Chenier, by Giordano, was performed here for the first time December 5, and Darclée and De Marchi sang that same night for the first time in Boston in the fourth act of *The Huguenots*.

The Damrosch Opera Company—Walter Damrosch conductor—was at the Boston Theatre for two weeks, beginning February 1. These were the operas given: *Tristan*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Die Meistersinger*, *The Ring of the Nibelungen*, *Fidelio*, *Carmen*, *Lili Lehmann*, Mrs. Gadski, Paul Kalisch, Riza Eibenschütz, Lange, Fischer, Stehmann Mertens reappeared. Carl Somer, the baritone, made his début here as *Karneval*, February 1. Camille Seygard made her début here as *Carmen* February 3, when Salignac, as *Don José*, also made his début in this city. Ernst Krauss, tenor, made his début here as *Tannhäuser* February 4. Susan Strong made her début here as *Elsa* February 5.

The Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company was at the Mechanics' Institute the week beginning April 5. The operas were Siegfried, Faust two, Lohengrin, Carmen, Martha, Felia Litvinne sang for the first time in Boston, April 5, as *Brünhilde*. Mr. Von Hubben and Mr. Bispham appeared here also for the first time that night, as *Mime* and *Alberich*. First appearances here in parts were Jean de Reszé as *Siegfried*, April 5; Calvé as *Marguerite*, April 6-10; Bispham as *Frederick*, April 7; Ed. de Reszé as *Wotan*, April 5, and *Plunket*, April 9; Marie Engle as *Lady Harriet*, April 9; Mantelli as *Nancy*, April 9; Clemence Devere as *Micaela*, April 8.

* * *

Au Clair de la Lune, a dramatic episode in a prologue and two acts, by Max Hirschfeld, was produced for the first time on any stage April 19 at the Castle Square. The chief singers were Clara Lane, Hattie Belle Ladd, Martin Pache, J. K. Murray, W. H. Clarke.

Balfe's Santanella was revived at the Castle Square, March 29, when Carrie Roma sang the part of *Santanella* for the first time since 1872.

Brian Boru, by Julian Edwards, was performed for the first time in Boston January 11. The chief singers were Amanda Fabris, Grace Golden, Max Eugene, S. I. Slade, Jefferson de Angelis.

Half a King, founded on Le Roi de Carreau, music by Ludwig Englander, was performed for the first time in Boston January 4, at the Tremont. Lulu Glaser, Christie MacDonald, John Brand, Clinton Elder, Francis Wilson were in the company.

Simpie Simon, by R. A. Barnet, music by Messrs. Sloan and Tracy, was produced for the first time on any stage by the First Corps of Cadets, February 8, at the Tremont. The chief parts were taken by Messrs. N. H. White, Stutson, Hawkins, Fox, Lane, Barrows, Drew, Cole, Perkins, Foss, Hersome, Hansen, Chase.

The Lady Slavey and The Geisha were given for the first time in Boston September 5 and February 1, at the Hollis.

El Capitan and The Wizard of the Nile were performed here during the season.

* * *

A series of "vocal chamber concerts" was given under the management of Miss Terry and Wilhelm Heinrich. Se-

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lections from Grell's Mass for sixteen voices were sung for the first time in Boston March 31.

* * * MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

Aus der Ohe, Adele, piano recitals, February 9, 16. Burmeister, Richard, piano recital, December 19. Carreño, Teresa, piano recitals, March 13, 20. Cole, Zella, piano recital, February 6. Crawford, Archie, song recital, January 20. Doane, Suza, pianist, with Mr. Gérard-Thiers, tenor, January 6. Gregorowitsch, Charles, with Xaver Scharwenka, pianist, February 27. Greene, Plunket, song recitals, April 20, 21. Hall, Marguerite, contralto, and Juanito Manen, violinist, March 1. Hartmann, Florence, song recital, assisted by Max Heinrich and G. W. Proctor, January 21. Heinrich, Max, song recitals, January 5, January 18 (when Miss Julia Heinrich made her débüt, assisted by Mrs. Heinrich); January 25, when he sang new songs by Chadwick; April 13, assisted by Mr. Proctor. Hubbard, Eliot, tenor, assisted by Mr. Blaess, cellist, November 30. Huberman, Bronislaw, violinist, assisted by Miss K. R. Heyman, pianist, December 11; assisted by Mrs. Szumowska, December 19. Kronberg, Mr. and Mrs., song recital, assisted by Mr. Fiedler and others, March 9. Lunde, Agot, assisted by Miss Webster, cellist, song recital, January 14. May, Miss L. C., piano recital, February 18. Mead, Olive, violinist, assisted by Lena Little, February 16. Miller, Gertrude, soprano, first performance here of Liza Lehmann's in a Persian Garden (Mrs. Atherton, G. T. Parker, S. Townsend assisting), April 20. Nowell, George M., pianist, assisted by the Kneisel Quartet, March 16. Rotoli, Augusto, performance of his Roman Mass, Salve Regina, and songs, at Tremont Temple, November 17. Schendel, Julius, child pianist, assisted by Mr. Van Raalte, violinist, and Miss Pray, cellist, March 4. Sherwood, Mrs. W. H., pianist, December 15, when Miss Gerda Nelson, pianist, made her débüt; January 5. Sieveking, Martinus, piano recital, January 9. Sprague, Inez, soprano, assisted by the Boston Festival Orchestra, November 17. Stults, Mrs. Grace F., a concert of her compositions, March 22. Szumowska, Mrs., piano recital, January 27. Townsend, Stephen, baritone, assisted by Mr. Fiedler, violinist, and the Verdi Male Quartet, December 14. Winternitz, Felix, violinist, assisted by Miss Corea, soprano, December 12. Wood, Mrs. Lillian Lord, pianist, February 10.

* * * And here is a list of the more important first appearances in Boston:

David Bispham, The Messiah, December 29. Mrs. Bonnati, piano recital, November 30. Albert Chevalier at the Hollis, October 12. Durot, tenor, Radames, November 30. Darclée, as Valentine (fourth act), December 5. Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist, February 27. Mr. Von Hubbenet, tenor, as Mme. April 5. Josephine Huguet, as Lucia, December 1. Carl Halir, violinist, Apollo Club, November 24. Bronislaw Hubermann, violinist, December 11. Ernst Krauss, tenor, as Tannhäuser, February 4. Felia Litvinne, Brünnhilde, April 5. DeMarchi, tenor, Raoul (fourth act), December 5. Juanito Manen, violinist, March 1. Parsi, contralto, Amneris, November 3. Randaccio, tenor, Edgar, December 1. Ella Russell, Händel and Haydn April 18. Inez Sprague, soprano, November 17. Carl Somer, baritone, Kurnival, February 1. Camille Segard, Carmen, February 3. Susan Strong, Elsa, February 5. Julius Schendel, boy pianist, March 4. Salignac, tenor, Don José, February 3.

Alice Verlet, soprano, Apollo Club, March 31. Clemence de Vere (in opera), Micaela, April 8. Melanie de Wenzkowska, pianist, March 8. Evan Williams, tenor, Apollo Club, February 2.

* * * Bach's Passion Music According to John was performed for the first time in Boston April 16, under the direction of H. G. Tucker.

* * * The new Steinert Hall was opened December 16 by a concert given by the Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Baermann.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

MAY 1, 1897.

Mme. Gertrude Franklin has decided not to give a pupils' recital this spring. Owing to the fact that so many of her pupils are crowded with professional engagements they have no time for a pupils' concert. Mrs. Titus has been very busy, all her time being taken up with engagements; Miss Gertrude Miller, whose successful concert recently still lingers in the memory, is in much demand; Miss Grace Chase is singing in private affairs every week; Mrs. P. O. Brewster goes West to fill concert engagements, while Mrs. Atherton Loring and Mrs. Brooks, contraltos, are full of work and only longing for the summer rest. They will all be heard in recitals in the autumn and are arranging programs already. Madame Franklin expects to bring out two very talented pupils in the fall.

Miss Mary A. Stowell went over to New York recently to hear the production of Scharwenka's opera and was a guest at his house. The opera, in spite of many obstacles, was a great success and quite a society event as well.

After the opera a supper was partaken of at a well-known restaurant. Among those present were a number of the opera singers, critics and many celebrated musicians from New York and elsewhere. Of course Mr. Scharwenka was the lion of the hour, and all united to do honor to his great genius.

On May 17 Miss Elizabeth Driver, Miss Laura Webster, Mr. Stephen Townsend and Miss Mary Stowell give a concert at Wellesley College.

The MacDowell Club, of which Prof. E. A. MacDowell is the honorary president, and which is composed entirely of his pupils, meets every fortnight in the Mason & Hamlin warerooms. On April 28 Miss Edith Rowena, the founder and originator of the club, gave a Schumann afternoon. It was a most delightful program. Miss Whittier, soprano, and Mrs. Jeannette Noyes-Rice, contralto, assisted most charmingly. The club is a very successful one, although only organized last fall. After two more meetings it will adjourn until next season.

The second of the musical afternoons under the direction of Prof. James W. Hill, at Haverhill, was as enjoyable as these musicals always are. Miss Helen Webster, Miss Edith Eaton, pupils of Professor Hill; Mr. Schulz, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Miss Grace Bullock, pupil of Mr. Warren Davenport, were the soloists. Miss Bullock took the place of Mrs. Margie Brickett Davis, whose brother, Hon. B. F. Brickett, Mayor of Haverhill, died very suddenly. At the third musical afternoon on Thursday Miss Agot Lunde, contralto; Miss Mabel Sharrock, violin; Miss Gertrude Nichols, Miss Elliot and Miss Lizzie Little were the soloists. The concert was a great success and the audience were delighted with Miss Lunde's singing. Her national songs by Grieg, Lassen, Kjerulf and a Swedish folksong were especially delightful. The Grieg sonata by Miss Nichols and Miss Sharrock was finely rendered, and the piano playing by Miss Elliot and Miss Little (who is only twelve years old) was creditable to them both.

The new Faelten Pianoforte School, which will open in Steinert Hall, Boston, in September, will evidently represent a decided departure from the usual musical school or conservatory. Its prospectus is unique in its conciseness. The author apparently intends to reserve his lectures until after the opening of the school. Among other original ideas the prospectus announces that the school year, instead of being divided into terms as in most music schools, will be continuous from September till June, thus rendering the classification much less complicated. All pupils will be graduated under the personal instruction of Mr. Carl Faelten, and must have attained a certain degree of proficiency before entering Mr. Faelten's classes. The number of pupils admitted to the school, therefore, will be limited. Mr. Faelten will make the education of music teachers one of the most important features of the school.

The *Morning Dispatch*, of New Britain, Conn., gives a fine account of the recent concert by the Boston Festival Orchestra. Massenet's Eve was the first part of the program, Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, Mr. J. H. McKinley and Campanari in the respective parts. The music of Eve was exactly suited to Mrs. Wood's voice, which is a high lyric soprano, and she made an immediate success with the audience, who admired her technic and exquisite phrasing, as well as the power and sweetness of her voice. Mrs. Wood goes on tour with the Boston Festival Orchestra, leaving on Monday next, and will be heard in concerts in many of the places visited by this organization.

The Melba Ladies' Quartet—Marie Marchington, soprano; S. Elizabeth Austin, second soprano; Grace Munroe, alto; and May French, second alto—gave a concert at Association Hall Friday evening.

M. John C. Manning gave a recital of his pupils on Friday afternoon, which was an enjoyable one. The pupils who played were most musical, and the program was selections from the works of Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Westerhout, Chaminade and Lach.

Mr. Walter Douglas Macdonald announces a song recital at Chickering Hall on Monday evening. He will be assisted by Miss Gertrude Nye, pianist, and Mr. Leon Van Vliet, cellist. The program is an interesting one.

The White-Smith Music Publishing Company was incorporated April 16 under the laws of the State of Massachusetts: D. L. White, president; W. M. Bacon, treasurer; J. J. Maguire, superintendent; B. M. Davison, manager of publications. The directors of the company are the above officers, with the addition of L. P. Maguire, manager of the New York branch. The capital stock is \$100,000. The officers of the company are men who have been in the

employ of the old firm for years, and there will be no change in the policy or the conduct of the business.

At the concert of the Worcester Congregational Club, which took place on Patriots' Day at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, the music was furnished by the choir of the Union Church, under the direction of Mr. Everett E. Truette. Mrs. A. Sophia Markee, Miss Agot Lunde, Mr. F. W. Jameson, Mr. Thomas Daniel were heard in a program of great interest, and were heartily congratulated upon their success by many friends in the audience after the close of the concert.

At the twelfth concert of the Lynn Musical Association Mr. Everett E. Truette presided at the organ, Costa's oratorio Eli being given.

The music festival of the Hampden County Musical Association, G. W. Chadwick conductor, will be given in the City Hall, Springfield, on May 4, 5, 6, 7.

A recital was given in Steinert Hall Tuesday evening by Leopold Morse Goulston, cello, assisted by Mrs. Ada May Benzing, Miss Carlotta K. Morse, Miss Aimée T. Goulston and Mr. B. L. Whelpley.

The last concert of the season by the Apollo Club will be given in Music Hall Wednesday evening, May 5. The program will consist largely of "request" numbers, and the club will have the assistance of Myron W. Whitney and George J. Parker.

Ruth the Moabitess, a dramatic cantata, was given in Union Hall, Cambridge, Tuesday evening, by a chorus and principals consisting of 200 pupils of the English High School, the Latin School and the Manual Training School. The Cambridge Festival Orchestra assisted. The hall was crowded by an appreciative audience.

A concert in aid of the organ fund was given by the Union Church chorus in the Union Church chapel Wednesday evening, under the leadership of Willis Clark. The soloists were Miss Jeanne Bradford, soprano; Mr. Alton Faunce, tenor; Mr. C. B. Ashenden, bass; Miss Caroline B. Howe, reader, and Miss Alice I. Whitney, pianist and accompanist.

The Boston Christian Endeavor Chorus, numbering some hundreds of members from Boston and vicinity, announces its fourth concert of the winter for Wednesday evening, May 12, at Tremont Temple. The chorus has in preparation some of the best musical selections yet presented, and will have the assistance of the Albion Male Quartet, composed of Thos. E. Johnson, G. H. Remele, J. C. Bartlett, G. R. Clark. The Day sisters will be heard in duets and solos, and S. Homer Eaton will give his characteristic impersonations. Mr. E. B. Rice and Mr. F. L. Stone will play the large organ, and Mr. George K. Somerby will be the director for the evening.

A dispatch from London announces that Miss Lillian Gordon Pym, of Boston, was among the successful students who passed the recent examination of the Royal College of Music, in London, and received the degree of associate. Miss Pym was born in Boston sixteen years ago, and has been studying abroad five years, since which she has been awarded a medal for proficiency as a pianist by the associated board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, and also the degree of licentiate from the Royal Academy of Music. She is a daughter of Mr. James Pym, of the *Herald*.

Mr. H. G. Tucker has in view a public performance of several interesting works for chorus and orchestra next season, including a repetition of the Bach St. John's Passion Music given by him on Good Friday last.

The well-known cantata by Gaul, The Holy City, was given at Bulfinch Place Church, corner of Bulfinch place and Bulfinch street. In addition to the chorus of twenty-five voices, Mrs. Eleanor Fox Allen, soprano; Mrs. Edith MacGregor Woods, alto; Mr. J. Warren Turner, tenor; Miss Susie Wells, violinist; Miss Sarah E. MacDonald, harpist; Mrs. Anna Clifford Breed, director; Mr. George Mendall Taylor, organist, took part.

A recital of chamber music was given by students of the advanced classes of the New England Conservatory of Music, in Sleeper Hall, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Leo Schulz assisted.

Mrs. Mary Wilkinson, at one time a well-known opera singer, who starred under the title of "The Scotch Nightingale," was found dead in bed at her home in Saco, Me., Tuesday.

The Boston Transcript says:

With the closing of the series of free organ recitals which for some months have been given under the auspices of the art section of the Twentieth Century Club, it may be interesting to know a few facts connected with the

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course, which throughout has been a most satisfactory one. To-day's concert, at the Harvard Congregational Church, Brookline, the second extra one, and the final one of the series, makes the total number of the recitals twenty-two. At these 138 organ selections have been performed. Of this number only seven have been arrangements for organ made without the authority of the composer who originally wrote the composition for some other instrument. Thus the playing of more than 130 numbers arranged for the organ has afforded students of that instrument and of harmony, as well as all other lovers of music of this character, an unusual opportunity to hear some of the finest music which has been written for such performance. Two concertos in B flat, by Händel, and Rheinberger's second concerto, have been given without orchestra, as originally intended by the composers. In the performance of some works other instruments have been brought into use, the violin and cello having had a share on several occasions.

Fifty-seven composers have been represented. Of these Germany has furnished twenty-two, France fourteen, America eight, England seven, Belgium two, Holland two, Italy two. Of the 138 organ numbers German composers furnished sixty-two, French forty-one, American sixteen, English eleven, Belgian three, Dutch three, Italian two. The composers who have been represented by more than three program numbers are as follows: Rheinberger fifteen, Guilmant fourteen, Bach thirteen, Dubois seven, Merkel five, Händel four, Mendelssohn four, H. W. Parker four.

Eleven works have been twice played, and one, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, has been given three times. These repetitions were in line with a suggestion of the committee, who would have welcomed even more general repetition of important standard compositions. At eleven of the recitals there has been no assisting vocalist. At the remaining eleven, seventeen singers have assisted, performing in all twenty-three numbers. These singers have included soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass voices, as well as boys with soprano voices. Some have had the additional assistance of an instrument playing an obligato to the organ accompaniment. Twenty-one organists have played at the various concerts, and in two instances organists have twice given their services, while at three of the recitals there have been two organists to carry out the program.

The total attendance at the recitals has been approximately from 22,000 to 23,000, making the average attendance more than 1,000. The audience at the first recital, of which only three days' notice had been given, was the smallest, numbering 375. That at the twelfth recital in Trinity Church numbered 2,200. Stormy weather affected the attendance at the ninth, thirteenth and eighteenth recitals, the audiences numbering respectively 800, 600 and 850. An estimate of the number unable to gain admission at some of the earlier recitals is as follows: Second, 500; fourth, 300; sixth, 300; seventh, 400; eighth, 200. In all cases, after the concerts became well established, the different churches were taxed to their full seating capacity.

In view of the fact that many kind expressions of thanks have been received by the Twentieth Century Club from persons who have attended these recitals, it seems desirable to state publicly that in each case the church authorities have given the use of their auditoriums and organs, and the organists and soloists have given their services wholly without expense to the club. But for this generous co-operation the series could not have been given.

Plans have been partly formed for having a like course of recitals during next winter.

Katherine Kautz.—Here is another tribute to this successful artist:

The début of a young artist is always an interesting event, and when it is an Albany girl, trained from childhood in her art in this city by her father, our most eminent professor, the interest is redoubled. Miss Kautz's début at Odd Fellows' Hall last evening was a gratifying success. In addition to unerring execution, which made light work of all technical difficulties, she gave evidence of a brilliancy of style fairly scintillating at times. Despite the natural nervousness which the occasion called forth, and the ambitious character of the program, the young pianist surmounted her task in a manner to fulfill the high expectations formed of her. The impromptu by Schubert, with which the recital began, was a favorable augury in its interpretation of the success of the rest of the evening. The favorable impression it made was deepened by the faultless precision with which Miss Kautz presented the Beethoven sonata, op. 109, in which more experienced fingers have frequently come to grief. The principal success of the evening was the young pianist's brilliant execution of Chopin's dainty and sparkling Study in Thirds. It was like a coruscation beneath her fleet fingers, and was demanded with great vehemence by the audience. The impetuous presto by Mendelssohn, an idyl by MacDowell and an exquisite morceau in waltz tempo by Chabrier, one of the modern French school representatives, served to develop the most attractive points of Miss Kautz's playing. The recital closed with an energetic and effective interpretation of Liszt's tribute to Strauss, waltz king, known as *Les Soirées de Vienna*. The débutante's talents as a composer were shown in a favorable light in a little gem of her own, entitled *In Arcady*. It was to be regretted that the inclement weather and the rival attraction at the hall on Washington avenue curtailed the attendance at the recital to a marked extent. Miss Kautz's artistic success was assured, however, in her début, and experience will undoubtedly develop her exceptional ability that she may make an enviable name for herself in the world of art.—*Albany Times-Union*.

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Melody the Sign of Genius.

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I AM frequently at a complete loss to know how to write about the majority of modern compositions. Am I to look at them from my standpoint or the composers'? Were I to criticise them according to my doctrines I fear that I would not be very encouraging to many modern composers. You cannot take a musician who has been raised upon Wagner and who has had his little brain, poor, miserable little thing, strained to the limit by the slavish study of harmony, counterpoint, canon and fugue, orchestration, and impress him with the beauties of any music which does not bristle with scholastic pedanticism.

How sick, sick, sick I am of this *stuff*—music without melody, inspiration, and based upon a complete misconception of what music as an *art*, not science, is! They would imitate Wagner. What they see is his wonderful and original treatment of his ideas. His *ideas* themselves impress them last, and then they imitate him, copy his gorgeous orchestral chiaroscuro, and absolutely forget the melodious inspiration upon which Wagner lavished his genius for orchestral coloring. As a rule, we hear orchestras playing pieces which are absolutely perfect pieces of musical science and beautiful in the same sense that a Euclidian problem is beautiful.

This is not music. Music is melody. Melody is genius. The men who were able to write rich, spontaneous melodies have been rare; you can easily number them. The men who can give to the world melodies in songs, piano pieces, operas, how many of them are there? I do not mean a tune by the word melody; tunes are about all we get in much music, especially songs. Anybody can master the science of music; nobody can teach themselves into the ability to produce what is the highest form of the highest art, a melody. These poor, feeble imitators of Wagner, who see the master's maulstick but never his picture, what do they consider music to be? Is music a sort of phonograph to imitate bird-cries, cat-calls, wind sighing through the trees, the roar of the ocean or a lion? or is it the God-given medium through which the emotions of the soul, the inner life of men of genius is made articulate? There is nothing as base as an imitation and nothing as noble as a lofty creation.

This is all talk and worse than useless. If these composers could they wouldn't wish to understand me, for if they did they would, were they honest with themselves, acknowledge that as carpenters they would benefit mankind, but that as musicians they are an impudent curse. Poem symphoniques, four notes in the theme, theme repeated a third higher, then in the minor, all the resources of the various instruments exhausted to cover up the lack of invention, a perfect technical work, an imitation of Wagner's theories, same old climaxes, same old dreary andantes spun out for hours, same old rot. It seems as though a blind man could follow and understand the motions of a star better than these people understand Wagner. Yet they study him, work and toil over him, invest his works with meanings occult and difficult which probably never entered into his head, fight over the significance of every note, and end a little worse off than when they started. However, let them continue their way—thank fortune their works won't live; but what if no great man should come to administer to our needs? Well, it wouldn't matter to the majority of these musicians, who would rather have a perfect mathematical musical production than a melody—the truthful expression

of a true musician's soul. How many people who read this will exclaim, "sentimental drivel, absurd!" To them I give the advice that they forsake music and learn to paint barn doors, for for them the inner life does not and cannot exist, and it is a dangerous thing to play with a Titan's tool. Woe be unto these musical Darwins when we once again have a man of genius born to us!

* * *

If THE RACONTEUR lived in Milwaukee he would be slow to prophesy the advent of a good day coming for the American composer. I did this in one of my articles, and a commercial editor, who gives a stray link of unoccupied brain with which to knock out musical criticisms for a leading morning American paper, jeered wittily in this wise: "In the meanwhile let the American composer prepare for the birth of the new—the sweetest—art epoch, which the correspondent promises—an obstetrical event, at which," &c.

* * *

On the 20th the Arion Society gave the final concert of an unsuccessful year. The artists were Miss Ella Russell, Miss Jessie Ringen, George Hamlin, Bicknell Young. The program was made up of Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* and A. G. Thomas' *Swan* and *Skylark*. They say that it was fearfully long. Miss Russell made a most favorable impression, although she was very much fatigued and hardly recovered from fit of sickness. The young contralto came in for her share of the honors also. I did not attend, being prevented by illness. I am told that the conductor kept up his customary habit of singing with the chorus, and that once he started the sopranos too soon and out of tune.

It is a mystery to me. For years the Arions gave five or six concerts annually; they seemed to give them fairly well too (under a different director); they gave yearly *The Messiah*, one or two other works of importance and one or two part songs; now they experience difficulty in preparing three concerts. The director knows just how much and what work lies before him, yet at each of the two most important concerts the choir has shown a painful lack of sufficient rehearsing—at the concert given before this one it would have taken at least two months to jerk the chorus into shape. Only a few weeks before this concert was given an extra rehearsal was called for the feminine portion of the machine; they were gently led into two rooms, the altos in one, the sopranos in the other, there they were held in durance vile for two hours, while two local musicians whanged the notes and time for once into their heads. Where was the director? that is the work he draws his salary for, not for relating anecdotes, amusing, entertaining, and endearing himself to the members of the society. The only concert given this year where he felt sure of his choruses was *The Messiah* concert, and this received a sharp criticism for poor attack and other things. The Arions, the one American society in this whole town, the one American society supported by Americans, again faces the usual deficit and begs the public to come to its benefit concert to be given extra in May. *Tra-la-la Wie ist Milwaukee ein Kunst centrum! Aber ni(ch)t!*

* * *

On the 22d I attended the last Thomas concert, at which was played the symphony in D minor, op. 48, *An Mein Vaterland*, by Hugo Kaun, one of Milwaukee's most justly celebrated and thorough musicians. Mr. Kaun's work is Wagnerian; it took about thirty minutes for its reading. Mr. Kaun certainly understands the art of writing for the orchestra and he gives the musicians plenty to do. He was presented with a huge bouquet of flowers and a wreath

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when he responded to the urgent calls of the audience. After the concert Mr. Kaun expressed himself as being delighted with the interpretation given his music by Mr. Thomas. I do not feel like writing a very minute article on this concert. The program was as follows:

Overture, *Euryanthe*.....Weber
Symphony, D minor, op. 43, *An Mein Vaterland*.....Hugo Kaun
Symphonic poem, *Phaeton*.....Saint-Saëns
Theme and variations, op. 26.....Goldmark
Enterling of the Gods into Walhalla, *Rheingold*.....Wagner

Milwaukee's music loving citizens were out in desultory, straggling, lonely squads, not enough in numbers to fill the house by one-half. It seems to me that Mr. Thomas has a quantity of poor material in his orchestra, especially among the violins. His concertmeister particularly irritated me; he seems to be an awfully affected youth, and his tone is not large; it is sweet, however; it seems to me that he has not calibre enough for such a position, and he won't grow into it either. Then again the discipline is altogether too conspicuous by its absence; the two first violinists were extremely undignified last evening. The orchestra is an essentially dignified body of men, or should be, and any deviation from strict discipline is not pleasant; it jars on the nerves of the audience. The 'cellos were a little harsh in the *Phaeton*-*Saint-Saëns* number, and the woodwind instruments were fine throughout the evening; they produced such a clear, sweet, even, smooth tone. It was a bad night for strings, and I am surprised that the violinists got along as well as they did.

On the 17th I went to the closing concert of the season of Prof. Bach's orchestra in Turn Halle. I really enjoyed it more than I did the Thomas concert. Here is the program:

Madison University March.....F. Mayr
Overture, *Meeresstille und Gluckliche Fahrt*.....Mendelssohn
Fantaisie for violin.....Leonard
Mr. Theo. Kelbe.
March, *Everybody's Favorite*.....Alf Karge
Overture, *Iphigenia in Aulis*.....Gluck
Arranged by Richard Wagner.
Largo.....Händel
Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, op. 115.....Reissiger
Messrs. Max Winné, Theo. Kelbe, Hugo Bach.
Second Hungarian Rhapsodie.....Liszt
Overture, *The Marriage of Figaro*.....Mozart
Prelude and tarantelle.....Heller
Arranged for orchestra by Chr. Bach.
March, *Bethesda Spring*.....Kelbe

See the personnel of our new Trio Club. Max Winné is a fine pianist, pupil of Von Bülow. Theo. Kelbe is concertmeister of Bach's orchestra, and a violinist of whom we may be proud. Hugo Bach is the son of Chr. Bach, and one of the best, if not the best, 'cello player here. It is a new club and has had but little rehearsing, but already it is sky high above the other Trio Club, which has had unlimited practice, support and praise which was fulsome. The Reissiger composition was beautiful.

In response to a hearty encore Theo. Kelbe played a Cradle Song, by Hauser; in this he had a chance to show considerable delicacy, which he did so well that the audience recalled him. Kelbe gets a firm, sweet tone from his violin; it isn't a large tone, but maybe that is the fault of his instrument. I expect great things from this trio this coming winter. They are three fine looking men and fine musicians, besides they show great originality in their selections, all of which augurs well for their future.

The rhapsodie was played splendidly. Professor Bach gets a speed and power out of his men which is surprising. His method of conducting is very quiet, but he is like steel and has his men under perfect control. Some of the material in his orchestra is wretched, which makes all he accomplishes doubly remarkable. I like to think of the absolutely satisfactory orchestra he could have if any of our wealthy men would have brains enough to endow it.

Here are some passages from an article published in the *Journal* on April 10. You see I am not the only one who sees that there is an invisible screw loose here. Ordinarily I have no use for any of the criticisms coming from this paper, but this is the rare exception:

DISCORD AMONG MUSICIANS.

Has Milwaukee any claims to being a musical or music loving city? If the answer be in the affirmative, what is the reason that musicians, musical societies and orchestras languish? If this answer be in the negative, why has she the "fair fame" without the fair name? What is needed to bring about a better and more perfect and prosperous state of things? These are some of the questions which have suggested themselves during the past season.

The whole question of music in our municipality has become a vexed one. Each of the three larger singing societies is at variance with the other, while the fourth and most recently organized club is following in the wake of the three older organizations. We have two most estimable orchestral organizations, yet they do not agree and have nothing good to say of each other. With the professional musicians there is much the same brotherly (?) regard; and, although it has not quite come to pulling hair, yet the sentiments of each for the rest of the particular school of thought are far from flattering.

Much the same feeling has crept into the choirs of the various churches, until it is a rare thing for any member of one choir to have anything good to say of a fellow choir. It was said of old that "a city divided against itself, falleth," and truly if ever that was true of any city it is true of Milwaukee as regards matters musical.

This same lamentable state of things exists among the professional musicians, and each is afraid the other will receive more attention and engagements than the other, while in truth, there is plenty of room for all to work, and no reason why all should not receive a good living from their efforts.

Some of the older residents among the musicians have apparently forgotten that the day is long past when Milwaukee outgrew, because of her boundaries and population, the day of being a small city or an overgrown town. In either of these former states professional jealousy, or that between organizations, may have been excusable, although there is considerable room for doubt.

I want to ask a few questions. The press is conceded to be an enormous power for good or evil in a community; it can encourage good works or condemn evil; it can foster good enterprises both in the art and mercantile world. Every department has an enormous responsibility. Why then do we tolerate so many incompetent people at the head of these departments, music critics who know nothing about music, art critics who hold their position through a "pull," literary critics who can't tell the difference between an epic poem and headcheese, and the whole lot of these filled to the brim with prejudice, and an insane sycophantic desire to cater to society, writing glowingly of the successful one and ignoring the unsuccessful, all afraid to suggest a reform, all afraid of incurring someone's displeasure? Every incapable person on the editorial staff is just so much of a block in the way of progress and the acquirement of better things.

Ask yourselves, Milwaukeeans, about your musical critics—how long have they held the position, what have they advocated, how many reforms have they suggested and accomplished, what do they know about music, are they capable writers, and have they any cultivation, are they broad-minded, large-hearted people, or waiting to satisfy their spleen whenever it is safe for them to do so, or stab anyone in the back? If you can answer these questions satisfactorily then indeed is Milwaukee blest in her critics; if you cannot, then why tolerate them, why take the paper which supports an ignoramus or a malicious fool? Because so-and-so has a pull upon such-and-such a bought-up paper you need not help make it a successful publication by taking it. If you haven't good critics get good critics, and you will do the musicians of your city an inestimable amount of good. Then why under the sun do you patronize Thomas concerts when you can have as good and better an orchestra of your own? What is the use, or sense, of helping to support Chicago's musicians? Chicago can do that, and laboriously tries to, which you can see by the amount of money Thomas has had for backing in the last five years. How do you support your musicians? You have just as good a leader, just as good a musical library, and a better outlook for a symphony orchestra than has Chicago. It is a strange coincidence that Bach and Thomas are of the same age. The difference is that Chicago has some local patriotism and Milwaukee hasn't a particle. If it has it might prove it by raising \$50,000 for our orchestra.

We have enormously wealthy men here. Why don't they do something that would be a real benefit to Milwaukee, to her artists, her reputation, her whole mental life? Do you think they do this when they erect theatres with saloon attachments for the purpose of advertising and selling more beer? If it is such hard times, why do you spend so much money at vaudeville shows; why, in these hard times, was the Alhambra erected, with its saloon so much in evidence, for these vaudeville entertainments, especially when we already had one theatre devoted to that class of performance? These performances are good neither for the mental health of a community nor for its reputation. Why wasn't half the money given to Professor Bach? This would have given us a magnificent orchestra, steady, sufficient support to about sixty men, musical education to every student here, incalculable culture, pleasure to the whole town; also for once it would have given us the right to pose as an art centre where there are some successful musicians.

Then why do you so furiously rage when anybody espouses the cause of anything meritorious? Because you feel it to be a rebuke and a much needed one? What will survive us when we go the way of other nations, down into the depth of oblivion, our beer, big buildings of wild and terrible admixture of various kinds of architecture? All that survived Greece, Rome, Phoenicia, Egypt was their art. What if Greece had systematically encouraged every other nation's art save her own, and suppose she had driven Phidias away from Greece?

One last word. I may as well answer a question I have been asked repeatedly lately: "Aren't you afraid that

you will make an enemy, or that some day some of the people you criticize will be in power and hurt you?" Now this makes me tired! Why should I fear making enemies? The more the merrier; what do I care about it or them anyway? If they can and wish to hurt me, let 'em, that's all. People that sit around and wonder what people will say about them don't accomplish a vast amount in this world, besides, they show a very feeble, cowardly spirit.

Schiller says about Kant and his commentators:

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish.

When monarchs build the rubbish carriers flourish.

You can apply this to suit yourselves.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

Notes from Paris.

MADAME PREINSLER DA SILVA continues to increase the attention she has attracted in France by her piano playing, and also by her skillful playing of the clavichord, which is becoming with her a specialty. The *Progrès Artistique*, *Voltaire*, *Le Messager*, *Le Figaro*, *Journal de St. Denis*, *Gazette des Concerts*, *Gaulois*, all have words of praise for the work of this interesting artist during the past month.

The flute is becoming quite recherché here as a solo instrument, and in connection with other instruments in works of the masters. One of the best flutists in the city is a M. Eugene Aigre, who plays beautifully the real good music, not those insignificant bravura pieces usually affected by flutists. A gentleman of birth and education, his playing is specially soulful, and he is in much demand for soirées, &c. He is one of M. Lamoureux's artists.

At a concert given by M. and Mme. Panzer at their studios, 40 Rue de l'Université, M. Panzer, who is a first-class pianist, played Schumann's Kreisleriana. A Scène de Danse, Scharwenka; a Liszt tarantelle, and in Brahms' trio in E flat major with MM. Hammer and Magnus, violin and 'cello. This pianist's interpretations of Brahms, Schumann and Beethoven are worthy of attention, especially in a country where they are none too well conceived very often.

Mr. M. R. Hammer, who played the superb Bach chanson, is a real musician by soul and birth and education, of whom more later. Mme. Teresa Tosti sang Brahms' Lieder, Chaminate songs, and two songs of Piccini and Carissimi.

Miss Duff (Mlle. Dayrold), of Boston, is thus spoken of by a Cannes paper:

Mlle. Dayrold made a successful débüt as an artist of authority and conviction. She is a good comedienne as well as possessing a very agreeable voice. The superb basket of flowers with the applause rendered after the Faust garden scene was a tribute to a pretty woman as well as an artist.

Lestovitchy, the Russian pianist, was unable to give his first concert at Berlin on account of illness. The second, however, was a successful one according to the *Reichsanzeiger* which speaks of it in eloquent terms. Especially was his playing of the Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques praised. A few days later he played at the Russian Ambassador's and at the Baroness Kinderberg-Benkendorf's, both times with great success. He goes next to St. Petersburg, where he is invited to play before the Imperial Musical Society. A waltz of M. Lestovitchy's own composition attracts much attention by the critics wherever played.

A very attractive professor's concert was given this week by Mme. Renée Richard, the popular singing teacher, in her studio, Rue de Prony, where a theatre is installed for the constant use of her pupils and for their concerts. This year was an unusually successful audition, and one who has had the privilege of following the work done could not but be impressed by the visible progress of the pupils.

Unfortunately, one of the most promising of them, a young Australian, Miss Lalla Miranda, being ill, could not appear. The rest went marvelously well. Mles. Hunger, Chevalier, Desportes, Lotar-Gilliard, Henriot de Langle, Van Donghen, Colombe and others were warmly applauded in turn. Of special interest was an air of the Mage, by Massenet, given with much sentiment by Mlle. Boriska; also a Dalila air by Madame Devisme, soloist of the Conservatoire concerts, who has been studying with Madame Richard. A Sigurd air and Sans Toi were sung in excellent style by Mlle. Léonard. Miss Minna Kellogg, a young American, sang an air from *Le Prophète* and one from *Samson and Dalila* with tenderness and culture and a remarkable contralto voice. A duo from *Cavalleria Rusticana* was sung and acted in a most remarkably dramatic fashion by a Mlle. Berthe Rivés with a tenor of promise, M. Paz.

There were many interesting features of the concert outside of the pupils' work by the best artists of harp, piano, recitation, &c. The mustel organ was charmingly played by Mlle. Denise Taine. The audience was most brilliant,

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and Madame Richard deserves much credit for her progressive spirit and intense earnestness in her work. Madame de Grange was present to congratulate her friend on her success.

The *Mondo Artistico*, of Italy, speaks excellently this week of the singing of this Miss Minna Kellogg, who, it will be remembered, made a success in Italy recently. It speaks of her dramatic expression, remarkable voice and the sentiment which she never fails to communicate to her audience, and compliments her on rendering songs by Mr. Nevin and also on arias from *Trovatore* and *Le Prophète*.

Miss Hope Morgan writes from Naples that her health has been quite re-established by residence in that balmy clime, where it is never cold and where bouquets, large as two cabbages, of camellias in all colors sell for 1 franc each.

This charming young Canadian has had a very favorable offer from the Mercadante Theatre down there to sing in *Rigoletto*, *Faust* and *l'Africaine* for the rest of the season. This is quite a compliment, as a début of five or six appearances is usually the custom. Costumes are supplied and all expenses paid.

M. Leon Delafosse, the French pianist, gave a musical matinée this week as prelude to a series of concerts to be given in the Salle Erard. An audience of marked aristocracy, forming the friends and admirers of this talented artist, was present.

At Lyons at a recent concert Greek melodies, with instrumentation, by Bourgault-Ducoudray, were given with immense success.

Miss Marie Garden, of Chicago, pupil of Trabadelo, sang on Sunday at the home of the Duchess de Bellunne the waltz song from *Romeo and Juliette* and an air from *Pêcheurs de Perles*. Her diction, which is the result of the Yersin phonie system of pronunciation, was spoken of as something remarkable. She is one of their best exponents. She sang to perfection with a voice of rare beauty.

Monday evening among the attractions of Madame Ferrari's soirée brillante were works by Bourgault-Ducoudray, accompanied by the author, sung by Madame Colonne.

A most charming American pupil of M. Sbriglia is Miss Lillian Markham. She is noted for her neatness and chic in dressing always, her sweet manners and close attention to her studies. She is very pretty and has made remarkable progress in her singing. She goes to America in June.

Miss Weaver left for America via London on Sunday. If packages of recommendations are any use she will have engagements in New York before reaching her home in Bradford, Pa. People who want a charming ballad singer had better meet her, as she may be captured for the London season.

Mlle. Febea Strakosch has returned to Paris from a successful tournée in Holland, where public and press were most enthusiastic over her artistic rendition of Wagnerian rôles. Mlle. Strakosch is a daughter of Mr. Ferdinand Strakosch, brother of the celebrated impresario.

Miss Ida Branth, the well-known New York violinist, is in Paris, studying the French side of her art. Miss Branth has exceptional talent, which she inherits and which has been religiously trained. She has already appeared in the most ambitious musical events of New York and Brooklyn, even under the direction of Mr. Seidl himself. Her phenomenal technic in bowing and in fingering is specially spoken of, as also her large tone and intelligent phrasing. Though very young her repertory is extensive, including the best classic works of Paganini, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Saint-Saëns, Vieuxtemps, &c.

Mlle. Jane Vieu, the young French composer, has been gathering fresh laurels this week in salons, where, in a style all her own, she sings her own compositions. At soirées given by the painter Gagliardini, by Mme. Martin Le Roy and by the Baroness Morro de l'Isle, she was applauded.

Mrs. Vanderveer Green's Dates.—St. Johns, N. B., April 29; Halifax, May 4; Quebec, May 6; Ottawa, May 7; Montreal, May 10; Toronto, May 12; Hamilton, May 13; Winnipeg, May 18; Calgary, May 20; Victoria, May 24; Vancouver, May 25.

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THE THERE is little doubt that more anxiety, nervousness, and uncertainty existed in the churches last Sunday than one can readily imagine, owing to the choir changes. Many of the singers will be missed from their old accustomed places, and more than one mind will question the knowledge, wisdom and justice of that august body known as the music committee. I don't care to drop into the story telling habit, but here is one that fits the season so well that I can not refrain:

A rich brewer had done a great deal for his church, and in order to show him some mark of esteem he was made chairman of the music committee. Well, the time for trying sopranos came, in other words the trying time for sopranos where 150 sit waiting for the other 149 to get through the farce known as trying the voices, which leaves the hundredth nice and composed, not a bit tired from waiting, &c. This may have been the fiftieth voice, and it may be just possible that the committee was tired and all the members settled upon this voice as satisfactory—all but the chairman. "No," he said, "that will never do." "What's the matter with it?" came the question. "Matter! matter! why, can't you hear? She sings an octave above her voice!"

Now it may be possible that some of the changes occurred because the sopranos sang an octave above their voices, or because some of them had the word "dramatic soprano" attached to their business cards. In one case I heard of a delightful soprano who was released from her position because she toyed with her rings during the service. What the qualifications required by the music committee are only the Demon of Perplexity knows, and he won't tell.

It has been a source of deep regret to the congregation of St. Ann's Church that Mr. Walter Henry Hall has been compelled to resign his position as organist and choirmaster, owing to the growth of his duties at St. James' Church. At his last service The Daughter of Jairus was given with twenty boys and twelve men. Mr. Theo. Van Yorx sang the tenor solo and the other soloists belong to the choir. The degree of excellence which this choir has attained under Mr. Hall's charge places him among the first choir trainers. The boys sing with great purity and color of tone, and their interpretation is very intelligent. It is a singular coincidence that his last service in St. Ann's occurred upon his thirty-fifth birthday.

People are not yet through talking about the successful production of the *Elijah*, and the Brooklyn Institute paid Mr. Hall the highest tribute by requesting him to present The *Messiah* during the next season.

Miss Florence Knight left for her home in Portland, Me., where she commenced her duties last Sunday at the State Street Congregational Church. Miss Ethel Anne Chamberlain leaves on Thursday for Cincinnati, where she will be married next week.

I heard a song recital given by the pupils of Miss Emma Howson, which could under no circumstances be called a pupils' recital, so finished, so artistic was the work. Such recitals give proof that America can produce the same finish that can be had anywhere and that we can keep our girls at home, and neither they nor their audiences will suffer thereby. Miss Pauline Ingree Johnson is certainly a proof of this fact, and an able expositor of the art of Miss Howson's methods. She sang the Shadow Dance from *Dinorah* and some of Dannstrom's Swedish melodies in a manner

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that would have reflected credit upon an older professional, although Miss Johnson has graced the concert stage for some time, and through her beautiful voice and charming personality has captivated her hearers everywhere.

Mrs. Viva Cummins Doan was delightful in her songs, Thomé's Simple Ave and a couple of Zuni Indian songs, done in the quaintest little manner imaginable. Her voice is very clear, sweet and well placed. Miss Alma Booth Westlin has a beautiful quality of contralto, rich in its coloring, and her presentation of *The Swallow*, by Kjerulff, was intelligently done. Miss Florence Bishop, although only a year under Miss Howson's able training, gives promise of great development in time, to judge from the care with which she sang *The Nightingale* of Kjerulff and Gounod's *Sing, Smile, Slumber*. The quality of her soprano voice is beautiful and her work reveals soul.

Mr. Mari Mingay was down for two numbers, the first of which he sang notwithstanding the severe cold with which he was afflicted, but the second he abandoned, and Mr. Emil Tauchert recited *Aux Italiens* in his place. In the song *The Gay Gitana*, of Harris, Mr. Mingay showed an agreeable, well trained baritone, light but flexible. In addition to this Miss Howson had the assistance of Miss Mercedes Leigh, who gave some enjoyable recitations in her charmingly refined manner, and Mr. John Francis Gilder, who contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening by his piano numbers, Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, Gottschalk's *Pasquinade*, and his own new composition, *Le Carrousel*.

Miss Howson is of the third generation of a family of artists of note. Her aunt, who was also Emma Howson Albertazzi, was a contemporary of Lablache, Grisi and Mario, and Albertazzi's father, Francis Howson, of London, was the early instructor of Balfe, and gave vocal instruction to Sir George Grove. Miss Howson, who is a Lamperti pupil, has had quite a career herself. In London she created the part of *Josephine* in *Pinafore*, the aria in the second act having been written expressly for her. She also created the part of *Bettina* in *La Mascotte*, in New York, and then went into grand opera. She sang in *Sonnambula* twenty-eight times at Malta, and sang the leading rôles in *Dinorah*, *Traviata*, *Rigoletto* and *Lucia* with Sims Reeves. So there is not much question as to how her pupils have acquired that perfect stage presence and repose which was noticeable in each one.

On Wednesday evening the first private concert of the Prospect Heights Choral Club was given at the First Reformed Church to a large and enthusiastic audience. The enthusiasm was due to the unquestionable success of the entertainment under the direction of Mr. H. E. H. Benedict. The club has only been in existence since October; therefore the work done was truly meritorious, and beyond doubt a few seasons will make this a club of importance. As assistants the club had the services of that temperamental, poetic and clever violinist, Mr. Franz Wilczek, who gave so beautifully Godard's *Jocelyn*, *Mazurka* by Jarziske and the *Paganini Heretanz*, according encores, and Miss Charlotte Maconda.

Miss Maconda is a magnificent singer. She has a full, clear soprano, an artistic delivery and a graceful, easy stage presence. Her numbers were *Thou Brilliant Bird*, from *Perle du Bresil*, with flute obligato by Mr. Gustav D'Aquin, *Ah Fors e Lui* from *Traviata*, and as encore *Filles de Cadiz*, all of which she gave brilliant presentations. Mr. Benedict played the accompaniments. Here is the personnel of this young club, from whom we want to hear more.

Miss A. Bothwick, Miss H. Bloodgood, Mrs. J. L. Benner, Miss A. Chambers, Mrs. R. E. Dayton, Miss C. L. Ditmars, Miss L. Fales, Miss L. Hepburn, Mrs. H. C. Lockwood, Mrs. A. A. Leach, Miss M. Louis, Miss M. Nelson, Miss E. Nelson, Miss E. P. Nichols, Mrs. G. P. Patterson, Miss Ada Plowman, Miss Eva Plough, Miss E. Quick, Miss L. Quick, Miss F. Ritter, Miss L. Ritter, Mrs. Geo. Silkworth, Miss Jeanne Swan, Miss Salena Schenck, Mrs. R. Wood, Mr. J. L. Benner, Mr. L. E. Blackwell, Jr., Mr. E. H. Dean, Mr. J. R. Penniman, Mr. J. C. Goudley, Mr. H. C. Lockwood, Mr. H. E. Meissahn, Mr. A. Nelson, Mr. W. C. Nelson, Mr. J. Nelson, Mr. R. Nelson, Mr. F. L. Platt, Mr. Geo. W. Shiebler, Mr. Geo. Voorhees, Mr. Milnor Wiley, Mr. Henry Wiley, Mr. Wilfred Wiley, Mr. G. F. Wierpert, Mr. Herbert Wellington.

On Friday evening Mrs. Emma Richardson Küster gave a private piano recital at her home, in which she presented



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some extremely clever pupils. I did not hear all of them, but what I did hear made me realize that they must understand what conscientious work means under such guidance as Mrs. Küster's. Miss Amelia Warren Gray played Impromptu No. 4, op 149, Schubert; Miss Florence Hamilton, Rubinstein's Romance and Délibes' Valse Lente, and Miss Madge Attwood gave Chopin's op. 55, No. 1 Nocturne. All three left no doubt as to the intelligence of conception, cleanliness of delivery and care of small detail. Mrs. Küster closed the program by playing the March from Tannhäuser, Wagner-Liszt, beautifully from every standpoint. She was assisted by a charming young soprano, Miss Lucie M. Boice and Mr. William Elliot Küster, tenor.

On Friday night the last of the series of readings, interspersed with music given by the Brooklyn Institute, occurred, when The Golden Legend, with musical numbers of Dudley Buck and Arthur Sullivan, was presented.

The artists were: Miss Grace D. Rider, reader; Miss Ethel Chamberlin, soprano; Miss Marion G. Inglee, second soprano, Miss Ruth Thompson, contralto; Miss Augusta Tobey, second contralto; Mr. H. E. Distelhurst, tenor; Mr. Frederic Reddall, baritone. Assisted by the Dudley Buck Quartet; Mr. Wm. Heaton, pianist; Mr. William Poyntz Sullivan and John Nickolds, tenors; Messrs. E. S. Swalm, E. W. Marshall, E. J. Webster and Henry S. Brown, basses.

Inadvertently I omitted the mention of Mme. Flavie Van den Hende, whose cello numbers were so delightfully given at the Bloodgood-Baillard recital. Mme. Van den Hende's is always a welcome name on Brooklyn programs.

I was also compelled to wait to tell of the great success of the band concert given by the Twenty-third Regiment under Thos. F. Shannon. Mr. Shannon had the possibility to show a good-sized audience what his band was capable of, and he did. He gave a mixed program, in which he proved himself as thoroughly at home in the concert music as in that of a lighter vein. Of course the latter went with more ease, more dash; but after this organization has worked through one season under Mr. Shannon's magnetic stick it will be second to none in the country.

Miss Marie Donavin sang for the first time in Brooklyn, and the audience was not slow to recognize what a delightful little singer she is if applause goes for anything. Signor Victor Clodio, who yet has a fine voice, gave his numbers beautifully.

Miss Agnes Florian gave a private musicale that was very flattering to her, as she showed some fine results.

Among the quiet workers Mrs. Berta Grosse Thomason is probably accomplishing as brilliant results as any teacher here. Mrs. Thomason's education and career as pianist have been under Franz Kullak, whose preparatory teacher she became. Mrs. Thomason is very enthusiastic over the Kullak instruction and feels the courage of her convictions by the results she obtains in her pupils.

Miss Ragnhild King, who is a pupil of Edward Grieg, has worked up quite a clientele during her residence in Brooklyn. I have not yet heard her pupils, but if she is as successful a teacher as she is a pianist, her pupils are in good hands.

Among interesting and comical relics of the late Bill Nye, Mr. Frank Downey, who made a tour with him, permits me to reproduce this "recommendation."

To the Voters and Property Holders of the United States and the Better Class of Crowned Heads in Europe:

GENTLEMEN—I take great pleasure in placing the stamp of approval upon the work of Mr. Frank Downey, who was with me last season with his piano and who did much to pacify the audiences after I had lectured to them. His playing is of a high character and his technic fills one with ill concealed amazement.

I also liked him personally, so much so that I paid his salary right along until our season closed.

I often wondered how one so young could play such difficult pieces, putting in staccato and such things where they looked best, and winning the hearts of both old and young.

I had the pleasure of knowing General Grant, whose monument at Riverside Park is so greatly admired, and though he was a sterling man and a great warrior, he could not begin to play the piano like Mr. Downey.

Seriously I am only too glad to indorse Mr. Downey personally and professionally.

Yours truly,
BILL NYE.

At the annual entertainment to be given by the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, Miss Florence Terrell, the talented young pianist, will give Raff's prelude, Lambert's tarantelle and the E major Moszkowski valse. This is to occur May 14, and the management is in the hands of Mr. Edward B. Shallow.

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Brahms' Last Days.

E. D. HANSLICK writes in the *Neue Freie Presse* respecting the death of the great composer: "So we have lost him, the real great master and true friend, who lately could boast that he had never been sick for a single day. So he was till the end of summer, when, without being aware of it himself, his health began to fail. Some of his friends at Ischl spoke to him about the sickly yellow color of his face, but he interrupted them with the remark that he never looked in the glass, for he never liked to hear of sickness, or repose or care of himself. When, some five years ago he told me with naive satisfaction that he had composed a nice bit of property, which Simrock, of Berlin, managed for him, I said: 'Have you made a will then?' 'A will,' he cried, in astonishment, 'why, I'm in perfect health.' 'All the more reason,' I replied; 'if a man puts this off until he is old and sick then he either does nothing or does something stupid?' He did not say a word, but seemed to be wrestling with the idea as something new and odd. But a couple of days later he brought me for safe keeping a duly executed will. I kept it until Simrock came to Vienna and at my request took charge of the document. As the youngest of the three he was the most likely to be the survivor.

"At the end of August he went to Carlsbad. I had two musical friends there, Emil Seling and Janetschek, and requested them by letter to meet Brahms at the railway station, and help him in getting rooms and otherwise. When they helped him out of the car they were, both of them, as they wrote to me, so shocked at his dreadful appearance that they had difficulty in concealing their emotion from him. After Brahms had got over the newness and strangeness of the place Carlsbad began to please him better than he had ever thought it would. 'How I regret,' he wrote at the beginning of September, 'not to be there on the 11th, and other things which I need not say to you. I should like, however, to talk quietly with you from this place—this is the first bit of paper I take up—but I am today, from early morning, so overwhelmed with letters of sympathy that I really cannot begin. For to-day be content with this hasty greeting. Yours, J. B.'

"No doubt the eminent physicians whom Brahms consulted after his return here were agreed as to his incurable disease, even if they did not utter that awful word to anyone. Least of all had Brahms any suspicion. How sensitive he was to psychological impressions, I saw with surprise when I visited him one morning, and found his voice remarkably stronger, and his movements freer than the day before. 'Yes,' he cried, with a tone of satisfaction that I had not heard for a long time, 'I am now quite easy in mind. There was a consultation of doctors, and after careful examination they have found no dangerous symptoms.' In fact, after the first two or three months after his Carlsbad visit of six weeks no decline in his condition could be noticed, nor indeed any improvement. He walked a good deal, but a stoop in his figure and a hesitation in his gait were apparent.

"He had also become very irritable, at times violent, if anyone asked about his health, or forgot to say he was looking better. If one had the courage to put the question, he usually replied, 'Every day a bit worse'—a fact visible enough. The yellow, almost orange, tint of his complexion became darker and darker, and gave an uncanny expression to his eyes, that were once so beautifully blue. His powerful jaws, that inclined to considerable fullness, shrank into terrible meagreness; his long white hair hung straggling down over his wrinkled, pinched, pained face. In spite of all, as late as four weeks before his end, he came almost regularly to dinner with his friends, and often took a seat in their box at the Burg Theatre, which he liked to visit, although he avoided the opera. 'I earnestly entreat you,' he wrote about this time to me, 'drop Bösendorfer and Reinecke, and use the inclosed tickets to see Arzengruber's Remorse. It is an admirable piece, and will please or really delight you. But probably you know it, and are aware that it is not a melancholy piece.'

"The last opera performance which Brahms visited was the Cricket of Goldmark, whom he personally loved and valued. In the theatre, as at the dinner table, Brahms dropped asleep oftener than he used to do. He was already very weak when Strauss' Goddess of Reason appeared, but he repeatedly begged me to reserve a place for him in

my box. For Johann Strauss, in whose company he was, especially at Ischl, gladly and often, Brahms entertained the most cordial sympathy, and was sincerely delighted with his last work, Waldmeister. Brahms wrote on a fan belonging to Frau Adele Strauss, beneath the opening bars of the Blue Danube Waltz, the words, 'J. Brahms, who would have liked to have composed this.' On March 13 he appeared punctually at the première of the Goddess of Reason, but was too indisposed to remain till the end. He left the theatre at the end of the second act, as usual violently protesting against anyone bringing him a carriage or accompanying him home, which then seemed very advisable. It was only by a cunning pretense that he was induced to accept the company of my brother-in-law. This was the last time he visited a theatre. He had previously discontinued to visit the evening concerts. He would have liked to hear the concert given by Marcella Sembrich, whom he esteemed highly, and on whom he called to make his excuses."

So far Ed. Hanslick. On the other hand, it is stated positively that Brahms left no will. Eight weeks before his death Dr. Fellinger made a draught of a will, and Brahms said: "That's all right; I'll sign it." By this will the Society of Friends of Music was the chief legatee, and to it were left his valuable musical library and his collection of autographs, as well as any manuscripts of his works still in his own possession. A legacy of 15,000 florins was left to his faithful nurse Frau Truxa, and there were some trifling legacies besides. His whole property was 100,000 florins, deposited in the Reichsbank, Berlin. Unfortunately Brahms had not signed this will; all that was found in his desk was the draught by Dr. Fellinger unsigned. Brahms had no near blood relations, and few knew that he had a stepmother and stepsister. No one suspected it till the last moment, when, about a fortnight before his death, he said in the course of conversation that he had written to his stepmother in Hamburg not to be anxious, as he was quite well. This was his first mention of these connections, whom he supported with generosity.

Brahms' body was interred in the Central Cemetery of Vienna, near the monuments of Beethoven and Schubert, although Simrock, the publisher, stated that the wish of the deceased was that his remains be cremated. A deputation was sent to the funeral by the Duke of Meningen, the president of the Hamburg senate sent wreaths and a telegraphic message of sympathy, the Queen and Princess May of Hanover and the Duke of Cumberland did the same. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which was then at Vienna, altered its concert program and played Brahms' Tragic Overture, two of his Serious Songs and Beethoven's Eroica.

Frau Cosima Wagner wrote to Hans Richter as follows when she received notice of Brahms' death:

"BAYREUTH, April 7, 1897.

"MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND—The members of the Society of Friends of Music have done me and my children the honor of announcing to us the death of Johannes Brahms. I know no better nor more befitting person than a true friend of our family to express to these gentlemen our thanks for their courtesy, and therefore I now address you.

"My long absence from the whole world of concerts has left me perfectly unacquainted with the compositions of the deceased. Owing to the peculiar nature of my life, with the exception of one chamber music piece, none of his works which have attained such reputation and praise has been heard by me. Personally I had only a chance meeting with him in the director's box at Vienna, where he had the kindness of allowing himself to be presented to me. But I have not remained ignorant as to how noble were his feelings and his position with respect to our art, and that his intelligence was too great for him to ignore what perhaps interested him little, and his character too noble to allow any hostility to appear. And this is really enough to insure a serious sympathy. I beg you to communicate these sentiments to the society.

COSIMA WAGNER (*Maner propria*)."

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125 East 16th St., NEW YORK CITY.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash avenue, May 1, 1897.

WITH the concert given to-night by the Chicago Orchestra the musical season practically closes, although there are yet two or three events announced to take place, but the interest attached to them will be slight.

Up to the moment of writing it is undecided whether the orchestra will continue under its present management. It is generally understood that the organization is in a terribly rocky condition and the strongest powers will have to be worked to pilot it into a safe haven. It is positively stated that the members have not yet received their contracts for next season and that everything is in a chaotic condition. In addition to the unfortunate circumstances attending the managerial authorities it has developed within the last two days that there is a split among the members; and that those musicians belonging to the Musical Union of New York and those belonging to the Chicago Musical Union have quarreled, because the latter have joined the Knights of Labor, whereas the New York men refuse to become affiliated to the order patronized by our local men. Here is the row in a nutshell:

The Chicago men claim the members of the orchestra belonging to the New York Union are now non-union men, because they absolutely refuse to join the Knights of Labor, and the New Yorkers threaten to make things uncomfortable. Well, they propose to fight the matter out, and it will be interesting to watch the struggle for supremacy. Possibly with the assistance of Mr. Theodore Thomas, Miss Anna Millar and Mr. Sachleben the men will eventually become reconciled, or as an alternative there will be formed a new orchestra and with a new leader.

Col. Kirby Chamberlain Pardee returned from the West Thursday and leaves again to-night for New York. His trip has been attended with the greatest possible success; he has secured many engagements for his artists, and says that prospects are of the brightest, and when Colonel Pardee makes such a statement it can be accepted that they are of the brightest. The colonel spoke most enthusiastically of the influence of THE MUSICAL COURIER in the West, saying that it was kept on file and quoted everywhere. He said that this paper possessed the greatest weight with musical people in the different cities he had visited in the interests of his clients. Colonel Pardee made many more most complimentary remarks about THE MUSICAL COURIER which the paper would modestly suppress, so I will not repeat them. Here's wishing him the biggest success!

Mr. Leopold Godowsky is no longer under the management of Mr. Bernhard Ulrich. All communications must be addressed care of Chicago Conservatory, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

The above notice is absolutely necessary.

The idea that the home artist will not draw is exploded. It was tolerably well demonstrated on Thursday that home artists will attract, and will attract large numbers if they are given a chance of being heard.

The Grand Opera House was filled with a keenly interested and enthusiastic audience when Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes and Mr. George Hamlin gave a song recital. To begin with, the stage was beautifully arranged with flowers and looked most attractive. This attention to minor details goes a great way toward making people feel cheery and contented, inclining them to that cordiality which is the singer's delight. Well, our native Chicagoans eclipsed themselves, and which of the



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three (Mrs. Fisk, Mr. Holmes or Mr. Hamlin) had the greatest reception it would be difficult to state. The program, from works of Saint-Saëns, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Dvorák, Brahms, Henschel, Leoncavallo, Chaminade, Francis Allitsen, &c., was beautifully varied and finely selected, with but one jarring note—and this was the song My Arab Steed, by Lawrence Kellie.

After Mr. Holmes had interpreted the most exquisite music by Henschel, he, as a contrast and a painful one, sang Mr. Kellie's stupid, vapid song. When there is so much from which to choose why did Mr. Holmes do himself such injustice? Apart from this one error of judgment Mr. Holmes' performance was one of scholarly perfection and one which showed the greatly improved and broadened tone with which he has returned. His phrasing and enunciation are very noticeable for their perfection. Mrs. Fisk, daintily charming as to presence, musicianly as to interpretation and with a voice fresh as ever, came and conquered once more. Her singing in the scene from Samson and Delilah with Mr. George Hamlin bordered on the dramatic in its intensity, and there was a pathos and sublimity about her delivery of the lines which was inexpressively beautiful. Mr. George Hamlin was heard to better advantage, I think, than ever before. He is a splendid artist, who understands the value of the music he sings, who gives the greatest satisfaction from an artistic standpoint, and one whose voice, phrasing, quality of tone and depth of expression will lead to the fulfillment of his evident ambition.

The concert as given by this trio of artists was, in my opinion, the most musical and artistic song event we have had in Chicago this season.

The concert given by the Mendelssohn Club on Tuesday was just one of those well managed entertainments to which we are not too well accustomed. There is a dignified, refined method about the conductorship of this club which commends itself to everyone who cares for good choral music, well interpreted and well rehearsed. The Mendelssohn Club with its sixty well trained voices is now possibly an established fact, and will be one of our institutions to which we can look with pride. Everything has been done to render the program attractive; good artists have invariably been engaged, and there is only one thing at which to take exception, and that is home talent has not been sufficiently recognized.

Mr. Bispham and Mrs. Ford were the assistant soloists of Tuesday's concert. Mr. Bispham is always a great artist whether on the concert or operatic stage, although I prefer to hear him on the latter. Mrs. Ford made a very pleasing impression on an audience which was thoroughly representative and appreciative. The success of the Mendelssohn Club is unquestioned; it only remains for the members to keep up to the high standard which shall make Harrison Wild's Männerchor one of the famed organizations of America, for surely his leadership has conducted to splendid results.

It is extremely gratifying to her many friends in Chicago to learn that Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop is enjoying a really royal welcome at all places visited on the Pacific Coast. The San Francisco papers speak of her singing voice and personality in most glowing terms. The following is culled from the Sunday *Times*:

Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, the noted soprano, was given a splendid reception, of which she proved herself fully worthy. Her voice deserves all the lavish praise that has been bestowed upon it, and she possesses in addition a most charming and unaffected manner. Her voice is wonderfully flexible, rich and pure and her articulation is satisfactorily faultless. At the close of the grand aria from *Der Freischütz* Madame Bishop left the stage with her arms heaped full of flowers and followed by the appreciative applause of a delighted audience. She returned and sang in response to the encore Knodel's Spanish Flower Girl. The Marv'ous Work, from *The Creation*, which was sung with the chorus, was given a broad and effective interpretation by Madame Bishop, and her last number, an aria from *Le Cid*, Massenet, was so beautifully rendered

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and Madame Linné constituted the splendid galaxy of Chicago artists who so kindly volunteered their services. It is good to be able to state that the concert was financially and artistically a pronounced success. All the artists worked nobly for a notable cause and were given the heartiest reception. No encores were allowed, but recalls were many.

The order of program was:

Recit. and Arias (Ballo in Maschera).....	Verdi
Mr. Bicknell Young.	
Valse (MS.).....	Angelo Patricolo
Mme. Anna Weiss.	
Adagio Religioso.....	Vieuxtemps
Scene de la Czardas.....	Hubay
The Bee's Courtship.....	Guy d'Hardenot
Irish Folksong.....	Foote
Mme. Ragna Linne.	
Polonaise.....	Popper
Franz Wagner.	
The Linden Tree.....	Schubert
The Departure.....	Mr. Bicknell Young.
Night Song.....	Victor Harris
Mme. Ragna Linne.	

The accompanists were Mme. Mazzuccato, Young, Mrs. Luella Clark Emery and Mme. Anna Weiss.

A word of congratulation to Mr. Heldman, the organizer of the Waltenberg concert, for the manner in which it was arranged, and for the artists he obtained, and for his practical zeal and energy, which enabled him to hold out the helping hand of good-fellowship to a musician who had suffered wrongfully many months of misery.

The Liebling Amateurs played the following program to-day; they were assisted by Miss May Sickie:

Piano duet, first movement from symphony in C major... Beethoven	Beethoven
Misses Bing and Kramer.	
Berceuse, op. 57.....	Chopin
Miss Trokey.	
Vocal, Heart's Delight.....	Gilchrist
Miss Sickie.	
Nocturne.....	Brassai
Miss Cushing.	
Berceuse.....	Ijinski
Moment Musical.....	Moszkowski
Miss Wood.	
Vocal, Sweetheart, Sigh No More.....	Lynes
Miss Sickie.	
Soirée de Vienne.....	Liszt
Miss Haas.	
La Campanella.....	Liszt
Miss Greenhout.	
Concertstueck, op. 98.....	Schumann
With second piano.	
Miss Starr.	
Concert Etude.....	Moszkowski
Mr. Brune.	

Miss Jennie Osborn has been winning many friends at Rockford and Duluth. Judging by the following notices her singing must have been up to her accustomed standard:

The second part was equally good. Miss Osborn sang two numbers, Margaret at the Spinning Wheel, by Schubert, and Sunshine, by Goring Thomas. Miss Osborn is the possessor of an extremely powerful voice of almost phenomenal range, and which she handles in a highly accomplished manner. She was applauded and has that natural gift of magnetism. It seems to electrify and win an audience at once.—*Rockford Republic*.

The quartet was followed by Miss Osborn, of Chicago, whose magnificent soprano voice held the audience spellbound. The selections rendered by her were Margaret at the Spinning Wheel, Schubert, and Sunshine, Goring Thomas. Miss Osborn is the possessor of an extremely powerful voice of almost phenomenal range, and which she handles in a highly accomplished manner. She was applauded and has that natural gift of magnetism. It seems to electrify and win an audience at once.—*Duluth News-Times*.

The *Sentinel* is not given to adulation, nor is it inclined to slight the super-excellent work of Messrs. Carberry and Lamson, which was worth all praise, but we wish to thank Mr. Pease in the name of 1,500 auditors for the privilege of hearing one of the best sopranos who has ever appeared before an *Ypsilanti* audience. Endowed with a voice of wonderful clearness and purity, she has cultivated the gift to a high degree of perfection, and alone or in concert with other voices the sweet tones are always musical. Rich and round, it would seem as if nothing more could be wished for. Add to this Miss Osborn's pleasing manner and unaffected presence, and our reason for thanking Mr. Pease is manifest.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

Miss Jennie Osborn, the Chicago soprano, received an encomium of applause for her singing. Her powerful voice was heard at its best in Remberg's aria *Joan of Arc*. The notes were clear and full and came without effort. They led rather than came from Miss Osborn. You have heard such singers occasionally, but not often. When she had finished the audience would not be satisfied and she returned to sing a Nevin song. Other numbers by Miss Osborn

were Margaret at the Spinning Wheel, by Schubert, and Song of Sunshine, by Goring Thomas.—*Rockford Republic*.

The Sherwood Club meets May 4 at Mr. Sherwood's studios. Misses Emma Sigmund, Lulu Cornell, Emma Payne, Mamie Storrs, Stella Lazelle, Blanche Foulke, Mr. Brittan, Mr. Reno B. Myers and Mr. Sherwood all take part in the program.

The following has been sent to the musical people here:

You are requested to attend a testimonial concert under the auspices of the Amateur Musical Club for Miss Mary Angell, pianist, assisted by George Ellsworth Holmes, baritone, and Theodore Spiering, violinist, in Steinway Hall, May 11, at 8 o'clock.

Miss Mary Angell is a young pianist of whom I have made frequent mention, and is fully deserving of all the interest excited. Mr. Sherwood is most enthusiastic about her talent for the piano.

The Vilim Trio, with Miss Helen Driver (soprano), give the following program next Tuesday:

Trio, op. 40.....	Gade
Vocal, Jewel Song.....	Faust-Gounod
Violin, La Ronde des Lutins.....	Bazzini

Trio—

Elegie (new).....	Jiranek
Hungarian Dance.....	Brahms

Pianc—

Promenade du Solitaire.....	Heller
Valse, E flat major.....	Chopin

Violoncello, Polonaise.....

Vocal, The World Is Mine.....

Trio, A Toi (Valse Serenade).....

Earl R. Drake, with the assistance of Mr. Liebling, Miss Cora Sinsich, Mr. Kowalski and Mrs. Crane, gives a concert next Tuesday.

Mr. Theodore Samuel Bergey (basso cantante) and Mrs. Ethel Sutherland Bergey (pianist) gave a concert Tuesday evening. Mr. Bergey sang Arm, Arm, Ye Brave (Händel).

The Linden Tree (Schubert), The Little Rose (Fesca), and in the Storm, by F. W. Root, for his first group. Mrs. Bergey played Berceuse and Etude (Chopin) and Liebestraum and Le Rossignol (Liszt). In the second group Mr. Bergey sang songs by Horrocks, Foote and Bohm, and in addition Beethoven's Within This Tomb.

Mrs. Elizabeth Feno Adler, Mr. Clement Shaw and Mrs. Lois Cornell are the assisting artists of a concert to be given to-morrow at the Chicago Temple.

Miss Ella Clark gave an excellent concert last night at the Metropolitan College. She arranged a capital miscellaneous concert and carried it through to success. Miss Clark is a pupil of Mr. Emil Liebling.

Two of our popular young pianists who are both

Leschetizky pupils were heard in recital to-day. Miss Ella Dahl gave the program (the twelfth of the Summy series), with Miss Margaret Cameron at the second piano. Both Miss Dahl and Miss Cameron are artists who can be relied upon to do good work. The following is the program:

Concerto in E minor (first and second movements).....

Chopin.

Liebestraum.....

Liszt.

Valse, A flat (by request).....

Chopin.

Concertstück.....

Weber.

MME. TERESA CARREÑO'S FINAL APPEARANCE IN CHICAGO.

This afternoon Mme. Teresa Carreño gave a piano recital before the Amateur Musical Club. Her program opened with the Beethoven sonata, op. 58 (Waldstein), which was played with splendid precision and a noble breadth of expression.

It was followed by a group of Chopin numbers, the nocturne, op. 31; barcarolle, polonaise in E flat minor, and ballade in G minor, each of which received an admirable interpretation at the hands of the artist. The pièce de résistance of the program was the Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann, always a favorite number with Madame Carreño, and one which affords her full scope for the exercise of her magnificent technical endowments as well as powers of emotional interpretation.

It was played with all her old-time fire, plus the indefinable something which the years have added to her attainments as a great artist. The ripened judgment and breadth of conception which she brought to the interpretation of this number enabled her to give a reading such as could not be surpassed.

The closing group comprised Brahms' rhapsodie in B minor, an étude de concert by MacDowell and the Liszt polonaise in E major, all of which were given with rare discrimination. The enthusiasm, as usual, led the audience to recall the pianist again and again, and she very graciously responded with several extra selections. At the

end of the program she was given a standing ovation.

Miss Jennie Osborn, the Chicago soprano, received an encomium of applause for her singing. Her powerful voice was heard at its best in Remberg's aria *Joan of Arc*. The notes were clear and full and came without effort. They led rather than came from Miss Osborn. You have heard such singers occasionally, but not often.

When she had finished the audience would not be satisfied and she returned to sing a Nevin song. Other numbers by Miss Osborn

close an informal reception was held, at which the members of the society and their friends expressed their delight at the rich feast that they had enjoyed, and gave voice to their good wishes and hope for her return at some future time.

Mme. Teresa Carreño has had a great affection for the Amateurs for years past—in fact, since they presented her with a splendid medal; and it was one of her great hearts to tender them a recital as she passed through Chicago on her way to Denver.

Steinway Hall was of course crowded, although the recital was only decided upon by a telegram from Madame Carreño on Thursday. The affair was simply a spontaneous return made in recognition of the esteem which the Amateur Club has always held of this most superb artist, who can forget she is an artist and remember that she is a woman who wishes to give her hosts of friends some proof of her affection for them.

That her playing to-day was an inspiration was unanimously conceded, and that the magnificent instrument from the Knabe house, which has made eight such instruments specially for Madame Carreño's use, was worthy of her glorious art was also conceded. I doubt if I have ever heard a finer toned piano than that upon which Teresa Carreño has achieved so many wonderful triumphs.

We have said good-by for this year to one of the most gifted women of modern times and to one of the brightest and most magnetic personalities that can be met. That Chicago has had so great a share in her success must be a keen satisfaction to our musical people here.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Concert of the Tiffin Bruderbund.—A concert was given on Friday evening, April 28, by the Tiffin Bruderbund, George Spiers director, at the Opera House, Tiffin, Ohio. The society had the assistance of Wm. Yauck, of Detroit, violinist, and Herman Belling, of Toledo, pianist. Works of Kreutzer, Brahms, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Kuntze, Belling, Brockway and Klein were given.

Broad Street Conservatory Pupils' Recital.—At the recital recently given by pupils of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music in their concert hall, No. 1881 South Broad street, Philadelphia, a most attractive program was presented. The performance commenced with the Mozart overture to Magic Flute for eight hands, by Misses M. Wright, N. Werner, F. Dale and E. Duffell. The andante and finale of the Mendelssohn concerto, op. 64, for violin, was artistically rendered by John K. Witzman, Jr.; he was also heard to advantage in the Beethoven sonata, op. 12, No. 3, which he played with Miss A. Williams, and also in the trio for piano and strings, op. 1, No. 1, of Beethoven, Miss Alice T. Roberts playing the piano part and Mr. Combs 'cello. Of the Chopin numbers Miss Hanore Dickson played the Polonaise Militaire, Miss Alice Grosh the C minor scherzo and Mr. B. K. Wilson two études. Other solos were given by Misses M. Clement and E. Sigmund for piano and Master L. Arkless for violin. The vocalists of the evening, Messrs. W. Standing and E. Hanefeld, sang a duet and solos which were much appreciated. The entire program was of the highest standard and was rendered with an artistic finish that reflects great credit on the director, Mr. Combs, and his assistants.

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MARC A. BLUMENBERG

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GREATEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR ALL MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OR PARTS THEREOF.

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No. 896.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1897.

The London *MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
Union Square, West,
New York City.

"STUDENT" should know that we will not publish anonymous communications.

THE writer from St. Louis sending a communication signed "Teacher," and mentioning the compositions of Reynolds G. Eversole, should know that it is necessary, in order to have it published, to sign the name as a guarantee of good faith.

IN our next issue will appear an article from the pen of Emil Liebling, the well-known pianist of Chicago, entitled *Leschetizky and Leschetizky*.

It is not obligatory that our readers peruse this article, but we are sure that if it is once begun it will not be laid down until the end is reached. Mr. Liebling is a dangerous opponent when aroused.

ANTON SEIDL has been re-elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society for another term. The society now should re-elect itself, get rid of its old players as players; pension them off, but not permit them to occupy prominent desks and keep young and healthy blood in the background. The Philharmonic concerts here are nearly as bad and as uninteresting as those of the London Society, and that is all that need be said. Mr. Seidl cannot improve the material, for that is beyond his power.

COLONEL MAPLESON, before his departure for Europe, informed THE MUSICAL COURIER that he would in all probability give a season of opera at Drury Lane, London. Cablegrams received here confirm this statement, and on the basis that Mapleson controls the rights of *Andrea Chenier*, which is to be given there in response to a demand for the new work. The scenery and costumes were shipped to London from here some months since.

DRAMATIC and literary department is added to this paper, beginning with this number. It will be found at the end of the musical section, and will embrace many interesting subjects of interest to the cultured musician, as well as to the cultured public generally. This is the eighteenth year of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and its expansion beyond the scope of music is due to a desire to keep in touch with advanced thought generally. The greater the intelligence of the musical reader the quicker will he or she appreciate the motive of this development.

THE MUSICAL COURIER claims that Jean de Reszké knew full well what he was doing when he advised Madame Melba to sing *Brünhilde*. Any intelligent musician will agree with THE MUSICAL COURIER that Jean de Reszké should never have given such advice. He is old enough, big enough, and ought to have known better than to have urged Madame Melba to interpret a rôle in which it is difficult to understand why he could not have foreseen her failure. If he desired her to fail he certainly advised accordingly.—*Boston Home Journal*.

HE did know better. No one ever accused Jean Reszké of not knowing. Because he knew it, and because we knew that he knew it, we advised the stupid Melba not to fall into the trap he had laid for her. After her dramatic fiasco she fled from America and at once arranged to appear here under auspices that were naturally hostile to Reszké. Her advisers had sufficient influence with her to show her that with her at the head of an opera company Reszké could not risk a season here. They knew that Reszké knew that he could not draw a paying audience merely on his merit. Vide *Werther*, withdrawn; *Le Cid*, withdrawn. This is therefore the whole Melba story.

WE refuse to accept as trustworthy the report published in Sunday's *New York Herald* on the new Maurice Grau Opera Company. It is full of errors, full of conjecture, and interlarded with foolish speculation. The facts, as recorded at Albany, are simply as follows: "The Maurice Grau Opera Company was incorporated April 30, with a capital stock of \$150,000, divided into 100 shares; paid in \$20,000. (This represents the costumes and music). The directors and stockholders are: Edward Lauterbach, Roland F. Knoedler, and Charles Frazier, 50 shares each; Robert Dunlop and Henry Dazian, 100 each, and Maurice Grau and B. Franklin de Frece, all of New York city. The last two named directors do not subscribe for any stock. The other subscribers are: Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company,

MUSICAL COURIER

TRADE EXTRA.

This paper publishes every Saturday *The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA*, which is devoted to musical instruments and to general information on topics of interest to the music trade and its allied trades.

The *MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA* is especially adapted for the advertising of musical instruments of all kinds, as it reaches all the firms in the music trades of America.

300 shares; John W. Mackay, Tyson & Co., and Fred Rullman, 100 shares each; Theobald Chartra, Jefferson M. Levy, and the Tyson Company, all of New York city, 50 shares each."

AN ILLUSTRATION—AND A MENACE.

ON the Continent opera is a commonplace of existence. It is as much a matter of course as the daily call of the milkman or the baker. It is subject to the ordinary rules of competition. Since it is not a fad, but an usual mode of aesthetic entertainment, it is not at the mercy of irresponsible speculators. As THE MUSICAL COURIER has shown time and again, singers are fairly paid, composers and authors are encouraged and remunerated, and the whole business of producing operas is conducted in an honorable and profitable manner.

Only the Anglo-Saxon, it seems, is the real prey of the speculative tenor and the roguish manager. In a way the Englishman has shown that he is tired of being exploited by the high-priced signor and the "larned mounseer." It has been a good many years since he was willing to pay through the nose for opera. His American cousin has still this lesson to learn. The present state of affairs in this country is virtually the same as that through which opera in England passed in the "fifties," the decade of its downfall.

The amount of money sunk in the maelstrom of Opera House management during these ten years has never been clearly figured out. Here and there in the accounts of the Bankruptcy Court, however, one gets glimpses of the causes which led to the financial ruin of the Covent Garden management, at that time the home of Italian opera. And it is especially interesting to note that the enterprise was wrecked on the "high salary crime," as opera has been wrecked in New York. The salary list carries with it its own comment. The various artists were paid by the season at the following rates:

Madame Grisi.....	\$25,780
Madame Albani.....	20,000
Madame Viardot-Garcia.....	21,565
Madame Castellan.....	8,640
Madame Persiani.....	5,700
Signor Mario.....	22,900
Signor Tamburini.....	14,025
Signor Salvi.....	12,850
Signor Marini.....	9,250
Signor Roger.....	9,550

These rates do not, of course, compare with the scale of prices which the Reszkés devised for their own benefit. By way of comparison, look at these figures for last season's opera in New York:

FOR THE SEASON.	
Meiba.....	\$120,000
Calvé.....	140,000

[The increase in Calvé's case came from concert engagements; in this way Meiba gained about \$25,000.]

Reszkés.....	\$300,000
--------------	-----------

[Twice the entire cost of that famous London season, when the cast included Alboni, Grisi, Persiani, Roger, Mario and Tamburini.]

Plançon.....	\$30,000
Lassalle.....	25,000

Lilli Lehmann.....\$1,000 a night

[In addition Lehmann made about \$5,000 at song recitals, though her last recital brought in only \$50, as the public had taken its cue.]

The figures just given are of course merely approximate. They are, however, quite within the limits.

The total is so large that it may well stand as a final

comment on the gullibility of the American public. Even to this, however, there must be added the big commissions on these engagements paid to Grau, to Ellis and to other managers.

The Covent Garden prices illustrate clearly enough—since they come from the Bankruptcy Court—the inevitable end of the "high salary" system of alien opera.

The Englishman learned his lesson slowly, painfully, but profitably. Though he still pays through the nose for his foreign whistle, salaries are far more equally adjusted than in America. The gambling manager and the speculative tenor do not have matters quite their own way.

There are indications, as THE MUSICAL COURIER has shown, that the American public is tired of the operatic swindle. Now is the time for the wise gambler to stand from under.

TO EUROPE.

THE managerial offices are deserted; the manipulators of artists have departed, and there is an air of vacancy where only last week speculation and salaries and bookings and programs were sources of lively discussion. The first to depart was Colonel Mapleson, who was followed a few weeks ago by Walter Damrosch, and the latter by Maurice Grau, who had to get to London as quickly as possible after the collapse here in order not involve London in this collapse.

The Normannia, which left here on Thursday, April 29, had on board R. E. Johnston and Henry Wolfsohn, neither knowing of the other until they met on the gangplank. Why this kind of secrecy should be indulged in no one can understand. Johnston was supposed to go on the Columbia on May 13 and Wolfsohn "might" have gone over for a few weeks some time in June and yet both had their passages secured for April. Probably business is business as much with managers as it is with the Reszkés.

Ellis, Damrosch's partner, left on Saturday on the Umbria in response to a cablegram from Melba. The Melba matter with Damrosch and Ellis has received some kind of a disturbing "dislocation," as Lecky calls it, since Grau and Reszke reached the other side. On the Umbria was manager Hirschberg, who has succeeded in having Bispham signed for the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company next season.

Bispham and Sieveking left on the Normannia. Ruben, of Ruben & Andrews, will leave in June to look for talent in Scandinavia. The London season opens in May and American managers now consider it necessary to be on hand during this period in order to be present for novelties and to learn of individual successes with a view to American engagements. Will the situation ever be reversed?

A STRANGER TO TRUTH.

THE following item from the London *Musical Standard* is a confirmation of the information printed in the London letter to THE MUSICAL COURIER:

The leading tenors officially announced for the Bayreuth Festival are Van Dyck, Vogl, Gräning and Burgstaller—all regular Bayreuth singers. It is evident that Jean de Reszke, according to present arrangements, will not sing at Bayreuth, though in an interview published in an American paper he announced that he would.

Yes, but that is not the only falsehood issued by Reszke in American papers, although it may again be said in his defense that a wicked press agent was responsible for this falsehood animadverted upon at the time by us.

Jean Reszke is simply an incorrigible liar. There is no other word the English language can find to substitute for this direct, Shakespearean formula. Reszke when he said what was published regarding Bayreuth, of course knew that it was false.

Just as false as his signed statement to the effect that he was born January 14, 1850.

Just as false as his signed statement that he had written to Warsaw (prior to December 31, 1896) for a copy of his certificate of birth to prove this date, "as gentlemen are not in the habit of carrying their certificates of birth with them" (observe the hypocrisy of the apology).

Just as false as his signed statement to the effect that his guarantee in the principal cities of Europe was as large as here in America plus \$5,500 a night, knowing, as he did, that it was a falsehood, and fur-

thermore knowing that nightly receipts of 27,500 frs. are unknown in Europe.

What are people going to do with a public liar? Protect him because he happens to be an operatic singer, or a Polish singer, or a courteous individual in private life? Nonsense. It is the duty of the press to nail a public liar always and endlessly. He insults his public, and he must be annihilated so far as his public usefulness is concerned. We want no liars—Reszke and his whole tribe included. The truth, even in America, Messrs. Reszke!

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Bureau of Information

AND Forwarding of Mail.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has opened a BUREAU OF INFORMATION and a department of mailing and correspondence on the third floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union square. Elevator service will enable all professional people, musical or dramatic, or those engaged in the musical instrument business or all allied professions and trades, to reach the floor set aside for correspondence and mailing and as a general Bureau of Information on all matters pertaining to the profession or trade.

The attendance and service are all

GRATIS

and no fees of any kind whatever are charged.

The accommodations embrace:

I. **Correspondence.**—Which means that desks and all material are at hand for letter writing, telegraphing and cabling.

II. **Mailing.**—Persons traveling abroad or in this country can have their mail promptly forwarded by having it sent care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and the itinerary of the traveler recorded here from time to time.

III. **Addresses.**—We are now prepared to furnish the addresses of the better known musical people on both sides of the Atlantic, so that instant communication can be secured.

IV. **In General.**—In short, this department will serve as a general Bureau of Information for all musical or dramatic artists and professional people, who at present have no central place of meeting or of inquiry. THE MUSICAL COURIER is located in the very heart of the musical district of the Union, and it herewith invites the musical world to make the Bureau just opened its general headquarters.

EXPLANATION.

One of the most vexatious and most frequent queries, "Where can artists be reached?" will now be readily solved, for we have opened a Post Office or Correspondents' Department to which all letters may be addressed. If artists before starting on a tour, either in this country or abroad, will kindly leave their itinerary with us, their letters will be promptly remailed to their proper destination. Aside from the advantage of the expeditious reception of your correspondence offers you, THE MUSICAL COURIER will be in constant touch regarding your whereabouts, and can at all times accurately inform inquirers where you can be communicated with.

Centrally located as is the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, in the very heart of the musical district, we have now opened a Reception Room for the benefit of our patrons. Cool and light, easily accessible by elevator and suitably furnished for reading and writing, we herewith extend a most cordial invitation to all interested in musical and dramatic life to avail themselves of its facilities.

Stationery will be furnished gratuitously, and here also artists may meet their manager or friends for a social chat or business interview.

The PRINTING BUREAU is another important and new feature, for by special arrangements made with the Blumenberg Press we can execute all professional printing at special rates when ordered through our Bureau. The Blumenberg Press is one of the most perfectly appointed printing plants in the country, equipped with every modern appliance, and is prepared to execute any work, from the simplest to the most ornate and elaborate printing order at short notice and reasonable rates, programs, invitations, catalogues, posters, books and brochures, illus-

trated magazine work, and commercial printing will be done to the perfect satisfaction of our patrons. Rush orders a specialty, and samples of work can be shown, and estimates will be cheerfully furnished when required.

In the Reception Room catalogues of all the newest musical publications will be on view, also directory and visitors' register. Here also will be open for the inspection of visitors, the diagrams of concert halls, lecture rooms, theatres, &c., which may be engaged for entertainments, lectures or musicales.

THE MUSICAL COURIER offers its services cheerfully and gratuitously in each of the above-mentioned departments, and contemplates in the near future the addition of other useful and progressive appointments to further extend and enhance its useful sphere.

The Reception Room is now open, and is located on the second floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union square, West.

BAYREUTH.—1876-1896.

II.

IN the second part of his pamphlet Weingartner confines his remarks to last year's performances at Bayreuth. These he considers better than any that had taken place since 1888, and attributes the improvement either to the fact that Frau Wagner had come to the conclusion that the dragging tempi which she had enjoined ruined the impressiveness of the work, or that Mottl, who conducted the second cyclus, had become more independent.

Altogether the orchestral execution was admirable on the dynamic and rhythmic as well as the thematic side. On the vocal side the *Rhinemaidens* were the weak point of the performance, their voices did not go together and were often out of tune. He adds that the *Forest Bird* was so placed that one could not understand a word or a note. Decoratively and mechanically the performances were successful, and he praises especially the management of the clouds in the third scene of Siegfried, where they darken the sky and chase each other through it. If this effect, which was new, was suggested by Siegfried Wagner he gave proof of some capacity.

The fire magic, however, was not good. Siegfried hammered the anvil oftener than the sword, the sword never became red; the *Dragon* was inadequate, his voice being too human, and Wagner's orders for two speaking tubes were neglected. After thus mentioning several trivial details Weingartner allows that the staging of the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth is, on the whole, far better than elsewhere. He objects, however, to the *Rhinemaidens* being dressed in red, white and green respectively, and having their hair frizzed; they were rather *Les filles du Rhin* than *Rheintochter*. Moreover, *Freia* had puffed sleeves, so had *Guntrune* and the *Walküre*, quite à la *Gretchen*. The noble *Gunther* looked like the king of clubs, while *Fafner* and *Fasolt* contrasted like chocolate and frosting in a candy store.

Now for the singers. All the bad habits which one expects to find absent at Bayreuth, such as singing to the public, staring anxiously at the conductor, coming too far to the front, evident apathy when not singing, were all apparent, so that the performances became quite operatic.

The pupils of the Bayreuth style school, directed by Frau Wagner and her confidant Kniese, gave evidence of hard study, but no one attained artistic perfection. The best was Brener as *Mime*. Burgstaller deserved great praise, for it was his first appearance as *Siegfried*; but when not singing he fell into awkward poses, turning his back to the public and being as stiff as a photograph; he has a beautiful voice of a baritone color, but his acting lacked light and shade. Like the other pupils he was often musically inaccurate and out of keeping with the orchestra, and the whole school deserves its nickname of the Consonant School, for they all shoot out their consonants to the injury of the vowels, and even of the note. They must learn how to sing, and not appear till they can; they will then know how to sing Mozart and their voices will not be ruined by Wagner.

Wagner insisted on having every note sung as it was written, but insisted, too, on a clear utterance of the words. The scene between *Alberich* and *Mime* was spoiled by the half-speaking, half-screaming tone

of the latter, and became a melodramatic farce, not a bit of music drama. Rosa Sucher and Heinrich Vogl were the artists who towered high over the others. The fourth pupil of Bayreuth, Frau Gulbranson, sang better than the other two pupils; she has a grand, soulful voice, looked the character well and had no prima donna tricks; but she had no grandeur or weight. Her defect is pronunciation: she is a Swede still at war with the Germans. Now are these singers likely to weaken our recollections of the artists who appeared in 1876 and 1882? Why are those earlier representatives of the rôles in the *Nibelungen* of 1876 and the *Parsifal* of 1882 described by the Wahnfried clique as "more or less ruined for Wagner's designs?" Is it intended to depreciate the performances given in the master's lifetime, in order to enhance the splendor of those under Cosima Wagner? It was quite right to carry out Wagner's idea of a school of style, and Frau Wagner deserves all admiration for her courage, industry and business ability. But in examining the results, the first question is as to the persons who undertook to comprehend and reproduce the world-moving ideas of Wagner.

Wagner was a German master—with Weber the most German ever known. Beethoven's music embraces the universe, but he lives in the region of absolute music with all its mysteries. Of Wagner there can be said what he said of Weber: "The Briton will do you justice, the French will admire you; only the Germans can love you."

Now, continues Weingartner, the *inheritor* of the master is Magyar on the father's side and French on the mother's side; anything but German. Can she then comprehend purely German, *kern deutsch*, ideas, and can a woman produce them? To reproduce Wagner's works requires more than the art of drama, song, staging and conducting; it demands a comprehension of the work in its entirety, with the most thorough knowledge of all that is meant by comprehension of a perfect organism. Of course, in accordance with German prejudices, a woman cannot adequately do justice to Wagner. No, cries Weingartner, to perfect the art work of Wagner there must be a man. Poor Cosima, if she had not been a woman, and *undeutsch*; if only a *deutscher mann* had been on top, there would have been no foreign singers, no bad German pronunciation, no dragging of the tempi!

The recognition of the necessity of having a man at the head of Bayreuth may have dawned on Frau Wagner, but she must have also thought of the days when she will have passed away. Well, she had a son. He had no musical talents as a child; he received no musical education, and till ten years ago nobody thought of him. Then the notion, as persons with strong individuality were of no account at Bayreuth, was formed that it would be profitable to drill the unmusical Siegfried till he was something like a musician. Frau Wagner set to work; the pupil of the Hochschule became at once a master of the art of conducting. With some carefully studied pieces, which he produced with peculiar nuances, he traveled for three years throughout Europe on the strength of his father's name. Then came his letter declaring that "conducting" was but a secondary affair, and he was far above it. You can pick up conductors everywhere. After this Frau Wagner's position seems somewhat ridiculous.

Having thus summed up his objections against the last Bayreuth performances, Herr Weingartner concludes that the fault is not in Frau Wagner, but in the German public. If it had only supported Wagner he would have attained his end sooner; the festival performances would have been for a longer period under his management. If after his death the German public had recognized the nobility of his aims, and seen therein the summit of national art, Bayreuth would not have fallen into the hands of "outlanders."

The true friends of Bayreuth are those who do not falsely praise its performances, and who do not cowardly keep silence about its errors.

A Huss Recital.—Henry Holden Huss and Miss Babetta Huss gave a piano and song recital last Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Devan's school, Stamford, Conn. The program included the names of Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Chopin, Goring-Thomas, Cowen, Arthur Foote, Bohm, Liszt and H. H. Huss.



Have you seen but a whyte Lillie grow,
Before rude hands had touch't it;
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the Earth hath smutch'd it;
Have you felt the wool of Bever,
Or Swans' down ever;
Or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer,
Or the Nard in the fire;
Or have tasted the bogg of the Bee,
O so whyte, O so soft, O so sweet is Shee.
—HEN. JONSON.

THE WISTFUL DAYS.

What is there wanting in the spring?
The air is soft as yesteryear;
The happy-nested green is here,
And half the world is on the wing.
The morning beckons, and like balm
Are westward waters blue and calm.
Yet something's wanting in the spring.
What is it wanting in the spring?
O, April, lover to us all,
What is so poignant in thy thrall
When children's merry voices ring?
What haunts us in the cooing dove
More subtle than the speech of love,
What nameless lack or loss of spring?
Let youth go daily with the spring.
Call her the dear, the fair, the young;
And all her graces ever sung
Let him, once more rehearsing, sing.
They know, who keep a broken tryst,
Till something from the spring be missed
We have not truly known the spring.
—ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

AS I predicted months ago, Diana Vaughan, the Daughter of the Devil, turns out to be a myth—or, rather a typewriter of unscrupulous Leo Taxil, who first sold out the Freethinkers and pretended to be reconciled to Rome, and after a brilliantly silly campaign against Free Masonry, admitted a few weeks ago in Paris that Devil Worship is nonsense, and Diana Vaughan, the forerunner of anti-Christ or his aunt, I forget which, is his typewriter.

You may remember the review of Devil Worship in France, a book written by an Englishman, Waite by name, in which the whole scheme of Taxil was laid bare. Huysman and the author of *Aut Viabolus, aut Nihil*, the latter one of the most remarkable stories since Poe, are to blame—innocently of course—for all this fuss and mystification, filth and calumny. Any Free Mason will laugh you to scorn at the notion of blasphemous black masses being held in the lodge room. The only black mass in a lodge room that I ever noticed was the individual with a silver tray and the inquiry, "What will you have, gentlemen?"

The London *Figaro* has scared up another Black Mass sensation, this time in Brighton. Of course it is all obscene fudge and the Taxil canard will furnish fun for our grandchildren!

Mina Heller has just married, and to a Pole. It is to be hoped her husband will prohibit her playing Carmen in public.

We agree with Brunetière on the subject of comic opera. Here is what he said in a recent lecture:

The time will soon come when this craze for vaudeville and comic opera will die out. In fact, comic opera is already doomed. In the past few years there has not been one single comic opera produced that may be called a literal success. The reason is obvious. In the first place the musical element is lacking. There is nothing to take the place of the tuneful, bright little ditties that marked the success of the old productions.

The supply seems to be exhausted and cannot be replenished without resorting to plagiarism. Good librettists are scarce, and even good music without a good libretto cannot make comic opera prove of lasting merit. Perhaps another reason is that drama of the proper quality is more frequently met with now than formerly and is therefore superseding vaudeville with the persons of more cultured taste.

I wonder if the Frenchman knows of Strauss and his music? I suppose not, for the density of the Parisian man of letters regarding literature outside

of France. Brunetière is no exception, and his attacks on writers not of Parisian birth are rather absurd. His lectures here were characterized by spleen, bigotry and an amazing amount of misinformation. And the way the public—that public which knows French literature through the medium of translators—took it all in was amusing and sad. I saw the little, pinched-faced, stooped-shouldered scholar, and his physique told the tale of barrels of midnight oil, books, books, books, and not a breath of fresh, vital human thought. He is bringing out as novel the stupid old theories regarding the impersonality of criticism—as if criticism could be impersonal—and endeavoring to discredit the superb work of men like Saint-Beuve, Anatole France and Jules Lemaître. "I unceasingly try to get away from myself" cries Brunetière. He cannot, for he is ever the crabbed pedant, the reactionary, the dogmatic, hard-and-fast mind that would reduce all art to a formula, put all imagination in the crucible of the scientist. He knows more than Nordau, and is a professor, not a bully, but he has about as much temperament as the charlatan of Buda-Pesth.

Despite Brunetière's antagonism to Zola, the latter is partly to blame for it. In the novelist's Experimental Novel he too lays down laws of iron regarding fiction. All art must be sounded, sized, weighed and tasted as if it were a drug. Brunetière reaches his subject through Darwin, Nordau by pathology. Both men have written the most solemnly absurd criticisms of the century.

Mein Gott! these men disgust one with the trade of criticism; and yet it is a fine art, and finest when the so-called "ultimate standard" is abolished. Yet I am old-fashioned enough to believe that an ounce of creation is worth many pounds of criticism. The trouble with the tribe is that it takes itself too seriously. Since George Moore and Oscar Wilde declared the critic a bigger man than the creator, critics have been patronizing artists most insufferably.

Brunetière is notoriously unfair to modern movements in French poetry. He fancies verse ended with Boileau, and if he knew English would doubtless rank Pope above Shelley or Keats. He abominates music in poetry; so Verlaine and the rest who have done so much to make fluid and lovely intractable accents of French metre are denied admission by this tone-deaf gentleman.

He girds at Wagner, forgetting that it was Poe who was the spiritual godfather of latter-day verse; and in a sketch of the Parnassians he omits the name of Albert Glatigny. Fancy such an omission! Poor, audacious, glorious Glatigny!

This middle-class, mediocre-minded gentleman, who occupies in Paris the same position as that portly philistine of the drama Francisque Sarcey, says:

In English as well as in French literature of the seventeenth century the terms of architecture were used as the metaphors with which to criticise poetry. A century later people turned to painting. It was no longer beautiful order, but color. To-day, by a final transformation, it is music that furnishes comparisons, and Wagner's influence has led a whole school of young poets to make their poetry more and more suggest music. One of them is Baudelaire. His contemporaries thought little of him, but he has exerted a strange influence. He has taught a whole new school what he calls "the feeling for correspondences." "Forms, colors, sounds, correspond one to another," is a famous saying of his.

Well, why not music? Man cannot live on the Alexandrine forever. The new men have given not only color solidity, but plasticity, assonance and delicate aerial music that French poetry before 1830 absolutely lacked.

In looking through some old numbers of THE MUSICAL COURIER I came across the very theme which furnishes Brunetière so much irritable criticism. Here is what I wrote: "'Fifteen years ago,' says Mr. Bourget, 'poetry's ambition was in picturesqueness and execution to rival painting. To-day it models itself on music. It is preoccupied with effects of mystery, of shadow, of the intangible.' This is strikingly illustrated in the verse of Verlaine, whose poetic creed I have given you before in the *O la nuance, seule fiance, Le rêve au rêve et la flute au cor*. These new men are musicians in words. They follow Wagner; above all are they descendants of Edgar Allan Poe, who has literally deflected the

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mighty current of French literature into his neglected channel. Ah, if we but appreciated Poe as do our Gallic neighbors! Mallarmé and Gustav Kahn produce verbal effects akin to music, with its melancholy mystery."

* * *

It is Richard Wagner who has done much of all this, preceded of course by Poe. As Bourget acknowledges, Rossetti and Swinburne are read and admired in Paris. A return to the ideal, a return to romance, a return to the beautiful is at hand. Away with slop bucket photographs, away with hard, harsh pictures of pustules and abhorrent things! Come out into the night and watch with me a soft green star. It is but a pin prick in the inverted bowl of the night, but it sings like flames in thin glass. Its song is of the beautiful, of the twilights of Chopin's garden, of the magnificent wavings of the trees in Wagner's luminous forest. It is the song of symbolism, the song of the butterfly, whose wings, rudely pulled out by the vivisectionists, has grown another pair.

* * *

And again:

Slowly but resistlessly, and despite himself—for Wagner never bridled his tongue where the French were concerned—this positive force is conquering all France, and penetrating not alone the musical world but the world of letters, the world of moral ideas, the world of other arts. It is nothing short of a miracle, but it will eventually be *un fait accompli*. The revolt all along the line, as manifested by the impressionists in painting, who prefer to use their eyes and see an infinity of tintings in nature, undreamed of by the painters of a generation ago; the poets and littérateurs who form the new group called The Companions of the New Life, and whose aspirations are for the ideal of morality, justice; sculptors like Marc Antokolsky and Auguste Rodin, who seek to hew great ideas from the rude rock, instead of carving lascivious prettiness—all these new spirits, I say, are but falling in with the vast musical and moral revolution instituted by that giant Richard Wagner.

* * *

In the region of moral ideas Melchior de Vogüé, Ernest Lavis and Paul Desjardins are the trinity that is combating the artistic indifferentism and black despair of the whole school of materialists, decadents and all the rest. A new idea in France germinates as in no other country on the globe, because it finds congenial soil somewhere. From an idea to a school is but short step, hence the rapidity of the Wagner worship after it once took root.

To be sure, it needed in this instance many years to accomplish, for reasons very patent to all of us. But it will be like the whirlwind—it will mow down all opposition. For Parsifal, the last and most mystic of Wagner's creation, do they hanker at Paris.

Its noble symbolism, its undying music, its virile virtues, self-mastery, purity and justice all appeal to the new cult, who see that modern France is eminently unquiet, dissatisfied and longing for a cure, for a salvation.

For the Parisian the new evangel may reveal itself in any form, a balloon, a symphony, a new toy, as the Parisian is about as frivolous and as easily amused as one of Pierre Loti's Japanese musumes. But to the earnest seeker after truth, the cure for all restless, ennuied, morbid, sick brained modern France must be a force—a mighty one. Wagner by his rehabilitation of the glorious ideals of the Middle Ages has won his way in France, for the time is ripe and a genuine man is needed. Wagner in this case will surely play the part of a great moral regenerator, for underneath his sometimes too sensuous music there is the play of ideas and of moral forces. Wagner the teacher, no longer Wagner the music maker.

* * *

Perhaps cher Brunetière (his name is more musical than his brain) sees no music in this beautiful sonnet of Verlaine:

PARSIFAL.

Parsifal à vaincu les filles, leur gentil
Babil et la luxure amusante et sa pente
Vers la chair de ce garçon vierge que cela tente
D'aimer les seins légers et ce gentil babil.

Il a vaincu la femme belle au cœur subtil
Et l'ont ces bras frais à sa gorge excitante;
Il a vaincu l'enfer, il rentre dans sa tente
Avec un lourd trophée à son bras puéril.

Avec la lance qui perça le flanc supreme
Il a guéri le roi, le voici roi lui-même
Et prêtre du très-saint trésor essentiel;
En robe d'or il adore, gloire et symbole,
Le vase pur où respirent le sang réel,
Et, O ces voix d'enfants chantant dans la coupe.

* * *

Some months ago I spoke of the tremendous talent of George Gray Barnard, the American sculptor. He is beginning to be recognized as a force, and the *Century* last month published a study. The best appreciation I have so far seen appeared in the *Commercial Advertiser*, and was written by George Henry Payne. Among other pertinent things Mr. Payne says:

It has been said of Barnard that he is an ideal Rodin. The suggestion, for it is a suggestion, incomplete and in a way not desirable, calls for more than a light explanation. In distinguishing the classic from the romantic art, the Greek sculpture from the sculpture of the Renaissance, we draw the line so as to have breadth on the one hand and character on the other, a line between great general conceptions and great emotional struggles and moments. In Phidias we have perfection of form and in Buonarroti perfection of force, and the distinction, as one considers it the more, widens so much that it would seem that there must be something between. Rodin, who went back to Michael Angelo, came back to the nineteenth century, and is to-day the sculptor of decadence. From the sixteenth century he drew his inspiration, from the nineteenth his feeling, and with all his power, all his poetry, all his genius, all his marvelous achievement, he fails in one particular. Barnard, too, has gone back to Michael Angelo. Yes, and even further. He has gone back to the classic claim, and in the return he has gone beyond the century in which he lives, so much so as to make it possible to almost speak of him as didactic.

John Addington Symonds has said that the true force of Michael Angelo, the thing that made him the commanding master and that distinguished him from all his fellows of the quattrocento, was the passionate delight he took in pure humanity. Vital and human as his art is, I don't think one would say that of Rodin, but it may with truth be said of Barnard. It is pure humanity that enthralls him, broad humanity, and even what is outside of humanity, that animates him. He is inspired by that part in him which is purely and greatly human, and which he brings out and establishes the connection between himself and humanity by expressing in marble. If Rodin has greater power, Barnard has greater poetic power, and in that sense he may be an ideal Rodin, but it is more "ideal" than "Rodin." Barnard is an idealist, not in the Greek sense of the term, but in the human sense, in the sense that teaches. In the Frenchman all is brutal life; in the American there is idealization, not of form, but of desire. Like Schopenhauer, the philosopher—not the pessimist—he has seen the world as well.

* * *

American-like American music must not be dependent upon European ideals. Young men like George Barnard and Roland Perry still show their Continental training, but both are feeling for national ideals, Perry by way of Wagner and the heroic Scandinavians—another northwest passage—and Barnard in the region of moral ideas.

* * *

Did you read in the *Herald* the polite manner in which D'Annunzio sniffed Comstock—St. Anthony he calls him—out of existence? The man was not worth the polished prose of the Italian novelist.

* * *

Wagner a theosophist! What next? A Mrs. Alice Cleather—I wonder if she is related to the tympani virtuoso, Gordon Cleather?—introduced at a recent lecture before the Blavatsky Theosophical Society Mr. Basil Crump, the "great English exponent of Wagner." This erudite gentleman said:

This is the lesson that teaches us that we have a *Lohengrin* with us to-day. Katherine A. Tingley is the Holy Grail. We have had two *Lohengrins* and have sent them away. Blavatsky and Judge went from us as *Lohengrin* went from Elsa when she questioned him. Are we to send another from us?

No, no I beg of you. Two *Lohengrins* and only one Elsa—it would be too much for the gang even in Valhalla. Father Finck, can't this thing be stopped before it goes too far? Just fancy old, greasy, fat Blavatsky smoking a cigarette as she declaimed the recital of the Grail to the shivering ghost of the late Mr. Judge. Oh, Wagner, what sins are you not accountable for?

* * *

Paderewski's son, when a little boy, asked his father, who was playing in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the Cirque, where Paderewski was to perform. The distinguished pianist consented.

When the lad came home his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself.

"Oh, not at all," was the youngster's reply. "It was the dullest circus I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played at the piano, just as you do at home."

Evan Williams to Sing at the Indianapolis Festival.—Evan Williams, the tenor, has been engaged to sing the leading tenor roles at the Indianapolis Festival concerts.



THROUGH the early and middle part of last week wedding marches and military marches ran each others closely. Quicksteps and patrols rang out against Lohengrin, Jensen and Mendelssohn. The crack regimental bands were listened to one day, while on the next wedding chimes and rolling organ peals filled the ear.

As during the previous week, specially prepared musical programs were performed at the various fashionable weddings. When handsome "Baby Belle" Neilson became Mrs. Arthur Kemp at her mother's home, No. 100 Fifth avenue, last Thursday afternoon, the gaiety of the wedding festivities was enhanced by music which, in one way and another, went on almost unceasingly. The walls of the drawing rooms were covered with flowering branches of peach, apple and cherry blossoms. Behind a screen of branching palms in one corner of the dining room the Neapolitan Singers sang song after song in their vibrant, appealing voices, and alternating with them a band stationed under the staircase played with untiring energy.

On the same afternoon at All Souls' Church, at the wedding of Miss Mariquita Serrano and Mr. Harold Villard, a string orchestra assisted the organist in giving a program of some length before the ceremony. The altar, banked with sweet peas and azaleas, was transformed into a bower well fitted to the pure and airy costumes of the bride and her attendant maids. Added to this feast for the eye, the ear was charmed by the strains of Jensen's wedding music, the *Cavalleria Rusticana* intermezzo, and the ever beautiful nuptial music from *Lohengrin*. The unrivaled Wedding March of Mendelssohn, which seems to take to itself a new triumphant tone each time it is heard, was played at the end of the ceremony.

Mrs. Anna Bulkeley Hills and her daughter, Miss Fannie Bulkeley Hills, gave a most attractive musicale at their residence, No. 129 West Eighty-first street. Mrs. Hills herself sang, and had as well the assistance of Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. Charles B. Hawley, Mr. Torriani, Mrs. Barclay Dunham, Miss Ethel Crane, Miss Hills, Mr. Victor Harris, Mr. William Russell Case and Mr. Carl Walter.

Mrs. Hills sang *L'Esclave*, by Lalo, and a song by Cowen; Miss Hills, *L'Amour*, by Godard; Miss Crane, *Spring's Awakening*, a manuscript song by Hawley. A quartet composed of Mrs. Hills, Miss Hills, Mrs. Dunbar and Miss Crane sang Hawley's Lullaby. Among the well-known people who were present were Mrs. Arthur Dyett, Mme. Henriette Beebe, Mrs. Hiram C. Kroh, Mrs. Arthur Root, Mrs. W. R. Waters, Mrs. Blakeley Hall, Mrs. Melville D. Landon, Miss Landon, Mrs. Jerome Bernheimer, Mr. Deillon Dewey, the Misses Frohman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Staats, Mrs. Jerome Foster, Madame Pancritus, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mr. Purdon Robinson and Mr. Arthur Gérard-Thiers.

The irrepressible college societies and amateurs are continually before the world with good things, which must take much time and thought in preparation. As a rule their performances are so ingeniously earnest that they are much more amusing than some of the unfunny efforts of professional comedians.

Last Wednesday some Trinity College students, including Messrs. Homer, Graves, Coggeswell, Fuller, Brenton, Pulsifer, Page and Austin, and in chorus, Messrs. Lord, Walker, Page, Goldthwaite, Herrick, Case, Brooks, Dobbin, Vibert and Parker, gave a production of their comic opera, *Prince Nit*, on the stage of the Carnegie Lyceum. Sixteen of them appeared in a burlesque Amazon march, in tights, trunks, shoulder cape, spear and shield. The three acts sparkled with the real comic opera humor.

On Thursday evening the Mask and Wig Club of Washington, better known as the Johnnie Juniors, a clever company of young Southern songsters, gave a very creditable performance of the *Mikado* in Carnegie Lyceum. The Johnnie Juniors are great favorites with fashionable Washingtonians and give their performances under the direction of Prof. N. Du Shane Clonard, one of the most prominent musicians at the national capital. In the cast were Messrs. George P. Robinson, Fred Supplee, W. H. Conley, Arthur

Earnest, M. Le Roy Gough, Sidney Ingles, and A. N. Breckenridge.

On the same evening the University Glee Club gave its sixth private concert in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall. The club was assisted by the Orange Musical Art Society, an organization of ladies, and Mlle. Alma Powell.

Two of the most progressive and energetic young artists in New York filled Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall with a markedly socially distinguished audience on Thursday evening last. Miss Grace Gregory and Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, who have placed most unique entertainments before New Yorkers this winter, closed their season brilliantly on this occasion, when they had the assistance of Miss Mabel Phipps at the piano, Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mr. Franz Kaltenborn, Mr. Hermann Beyer-Hané, and Mr. Edwin Star Belknap, reader. The entertainment was given under the patronage of Mrs. Robert U. Johnson, Mrs. Edgar S. Kelley, Mrs. Herbert Anstey, Mrs. E. C. Benedict, Mrs. William R. Bunker, Mrs. John E. Roosevelt, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Mrs. Arthur Schermerhorn, Mrs. Edward Weston, Mrs. C. W. Cutter, Mrs. F. E. Fitch, and Mrs. J. R. Stuyvesant. Two of Miss Gregory's most successful numbers were Widor's *Je Ne Veux pas d'Autre Chose*, and an aria from *Saint-Saëns Nuit Persane*.

On Friday afternoon Miss Estelle Norton, assisted by Miss Gertrude Griswold, Miss Marie Parcello, Miss Marie Kieckhoefer, cellist; M. Gustav d'Aquin, flutist; Mrs. Buckingham Joyce and Mrs. P. C. Sawyer, accompanists, gave one of the most successful concerts of the week. The program was as follows:

Ballade, op. 24.....	Grieg
Miss Estelle Norton.	
Fantaisie, La Traviata.....	Verdi
Gustav d'Aquin.	
Strophes, Lakmé.....	Délibes
Au Printemps.....	Gounod
Mary Morrison.....	White
If Love Were What the Rose Is.....	Cowen
Miss Gertrude Griswold.	
Barcarolle.....	Nicode
Etude Mignonne.....	Schut
Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2.....	Chopin
Etude, op. 10, No. 12.....	
Miss Estelle Norton.	
An Indian Lament.....	Norcott
(Words from The Light of Asia. Accompanied by the composer.)	
La Jota.....	Moszkowski
Miss Marie Parcello.	
Andante, from E minor concerto, op. 24.....	Popper
Papillon, op. 8.....	
Miss Marie Kieckhoefer.	
Fashingswank Allegro, op. 26.....	Schumann
Miss Estelle Norton.	

The concert was given under the patronage of Mrs. Neftel, Mrs. George Shea, Mrs. Thomas McKee Brown, Mrs. Henry Lubeck, Mrs. Joseph P. Knapp, Mrs. Clermont H. Wilcox, Mrs. Leonard R. Kidder and Miss Fanny E. Bean.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry McKinley gave a highly successful concert in Mendelssohn Glee Club Rooms on Wednesday evening, and on Friday evening the Philomel Choral Society, under the direction of Mrs. McKinley, gave its last private concert at the Hotel Majestic. This society is composed of uptown women of social prominence, including Miss Grace E. Hoyt, Miss Lucille Carroll Smith, Miss Emily Barrett, Miss Bertha Platt, Miss Emma Dennison, Miss Edith Clegg, Miss Ellen Dennison, Miss Ida Lathers, Mrs. Casper W. Dean, Mrs. Ben. James Burnell, Mrs. Charles F. Sullivan, Mrs. John S. Sutphen, Jr., Mrs. Alfred G. Smith, Mrs. T. Sommerville Coale and Mrs. Frederick Tracey Taylor. Among the especially well rendered numbers on the program were The Birth of the Opal, by Reed; Daybreak, by Peuret, and Sway To and Fro, by Lynes. Mrs. McKinley conducted, and the soloists were Miss Nellie Knight, soprano; Miss Marie Kieckhoefer, Mrs. Franz Kaltenborn and Mr. Arthur Brown, baritone. The ladies receiving were Mrs. J. H. McKinley, Mrs. Casper Dean, Mrs. Ben. James Bunell and Mrs. Frederick V. Dean. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. William Holmes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Morris, Col. and Mrs. David S. Brown, Mrs. Arthur Elliott Fisch, Mrs. E. O. Hall, Mrs. L. C. Newland and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jessup.

No more charming surrounding for a musical could be chosen than the studio of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith, and on Saturday afternoon last the fashionable audience that filled it enjoyed to the utmost the attractive program presented. The air of informality and intimacy placed artists and audience *en rapport* at once, and the artistic atmosphere of such a studio goes much further than people in general realize toward establishing a feeling of sympathy

from the start. The tones of the rooms are soft and cool, the hazy réséda green toning down and shading into the warm crimson in a manner both grateful and comforting, like the famous Epps cocoa. A few nice bits of mahogany, branching silver candelabra, some nice pictures and some beautiful and well chosen flowers placed just right—what else would one need to be put in a good humor? The masterly touch of all was the huge branch of cherry blossoms put in a Satsuma vase on the grand piano, quite à la Japonaise, a delicate, picturesque background for the beautiful hostess and singers. Mr. Ben Davies, big, beautiful, bountiful Ben, sang with Mrs. Smith in the following program:

Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre.....	Händel
To Sleep.....	
I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly.....	Purcell
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.....	
Sally in Our Alley.....	Carey
Bid Me Discourse.....	Bishop
Mrs. Smith.	
On Doubting Heart.....	Liddle
If I Were a Rose.....	
Mr. Davies.	
Cherry Ripe.....	
It Was a Lover and His Lass.....	Anderson
Where the Bee Sucks.....	Arne
Mrs. Smith.	
The Heart's Fancies.....	Goring Thomas
I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby.....	Clay
Mr. Davies.	

Mrs. E. C. Benedict's cheery, ruddy face beamed enjoyment and enthusiasm from a cozy corner; pretty Mrs. Charles Worthington applauded graciously, and Mrs. Jerome Bernheimer smiled critical approval. Dr. Ogden Doremus, with good old-time enthusiasm, shouted "bravas" and "bravos" and "encores" in a manner most infectious. There was a almost reminiscent sadness in Tom Karl's eye as he listened to the exquisite Songs of Araby, and doubtless legions of conquests flooded his memory on its strains.

On Sunday evening Mr. Tom Karl and Mr. and Mrs. Albert McGuckin gave a reception in honor of Mr. Ben Davies at their residence, No. 18 West Seventy-fifth street. Very many people, prominent in the social and musical world, responded to the invitations.

Miss Mary French Field, in recitations from the poems of her father, Mr. Eugene Field, gave a children's matinée on Saturday in Chickering Hall, with the assistance of Mr. Francis H. Gilder, pianist. It was especially a children's May day matinee, with a program especially prepared for the little ones. Both Miss Field and Mr. Gilder appeared last week in Brooklyn for the Brooklyn Nursery and Infants' Hospital. The officers of this institution are Mrs. Henry F. Aten, Miss Delia Danchy, Mrs. Edwin H. Shannon, Mrs. John Hoagland, Mrs. Charles M. Oakley and Mrs. Charles W. Butler.

On Thursday evening, May 4, a testimonial concert was given at the Hotel Majestic for the Bloomingdale Day Nursery, a most worthy charity supported wholly by voluntary contributions. The Columbia University Glee and Banjo clubs, Miss Charlotte Walker, soprano, and Mr. Alfred Lockwood, pianist, assisted in raising the fund.

A long list of enthusiastic patronesses are preparing a concert for the Red Cross Hospital in West 100th street. It will take place at the Waldorf on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 11. The originators of the benefit are Miss Adele Gardiner and her young friend Miss Rutty, of England.

The artists who will assist are Mme. Emma Juch-Wellman, Mr. Burton, the English tenor, and Mr. Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist. Other musicians, not yet decided on, will also assist. The patronesses—Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, Mrs. Frederic J. De Peyster, Mrs. Henry Lewis Morris, Mrs. R. Horace Gallatin, Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Henri L. Barbey, Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Mrs. Eugene Schieffelin, Mrs. E. P. C. Lewis, Miss Cornelia Beekman and Mrs. James Gallatin—have also the aid of a corps of well-known society men, who have declared themselves patrons of the entertainment. Among the latter are Lord Basil Blackwood, Messrs. John H. Davis, Robert L. Booraem, Francis Morris Rutherford, Albert Fairfax, Henry H. Van Cleef, N. Holcombe Lord, R. McR. Livingston and Grenville Winthrop. A number of well-known men will act as ushers, and the programs will be given out by several of the Red Cross nurses.

Mercédès Leigh, of Carnegie Hall, gave a reception and musicale to Dr. John Clark Ridpath, the historian, editor of *The Arena*, president De Pauw University, Indiana, &c., last week, Signor Arturo Nutini, the blind Italian pianist,

being the special musical attraction. There was music in Dr. Dossert's fine studio, dancing in Mr. Henry E. Mosler's, and refreshments in Miss Chambers'. Beside Mr. Nutini, the Misses Helen and Elise Lathrop assisted, singing one of the Korbay Hungarian duets, besides Nini Drake, soprano, Mr. Montinelli, mandolin, and Mrs. Crowl, whistler. Among those present were, beside the guest of honor, Dr. Ridpath, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Miss Winnie Davis, Mrs. de la M. Lozier, Mrs. M. E. Ford, Mrs. Clarence Burns, president Republican Women's Club; Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Vanderveer, Mr. Henry E. Buck, of the *Spirit of the Times*; Mr. H. O. Tallmadge, the secretary of the U. S. Golf Club, and of out of town guests Miss Colston, of Martinsburg, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. F. Milne Willard and Miss Emily Bertram, of Rivington, N. J., and the Rev. Lincoln H. Caswell, of New Jersey. Mercédès Leigh's powers as a hostess are well known, and this moved one of the guests of the evening to write her thus:

"I did not half express myself last evening when I said that this is the first time since coming East that I have had such pleasure you will understand my appreciation of it, and also my embarrassment, for really I did feel a little awkward among so many swell men and highly cultured and refined women. I have seldom had such a treat as you favored me with last evening. Mr. Nutini's playing was simply fine, and the rest of the music was very choice. I was afraid during the program's execution that there had been no provision made for Mrs. Leigh. In this I was partly right and partly wrong, for although you had no intention, yet the audience made provision, and I am delighted to say that yours surpassed in my estimation. It was a good trio that you gave. What wonderful execution! I covet just that ability."

Maud Powell.—Maud Powell, the eminent violinist, recently appeared with the Philadelphia Orpheus Club as soloist, also in trios, with two able associates, Miss Leonine Gaertner, violoncellist, and Miss Lotta Mills, pianist. Works by Arthur Foote, Arbos and Michael Cross, the latter the veteran conductor of the Orpheus Club, were given. These artists are to play this week at a private musicale in the city, and are also to appear with the Damrosch Society in Washington, D. C., where they will produce the new piano trio by Ed. Schütt, not yet heard in this country.

Opera at the Carpenter Paris Conservatoire.—Among the artistic features of the season at the Carpenter Paris Conservatoire, White Plains, will be a production of Offenbach's operetta *The Rose of Auvergne*. This operetta will be produced under the direction of Professor Williams of the Conservatoire, and many Conservatoire pupils will take part. The cast will be strengthened by the assistance of Mr. George Lyding, tenor; Mr. Edwin Lyding, baritone, and Master Robert Williams, a boy soprano of unusual ability. The operetta will be preceded by a concert, in which several of the Conservatoire pupils will take part. This artistic entertainment will be given in the handsome music hall in the Conservatoire building next month.

A Herbert Concert.—This was the program of the concert given by Victor Herbert's Twenty-second Regiment Band at the Broadway Theatre last Sunday night:

Festival Overture.....	Lassen
A Song and a Rose.....	Cowen
Narcissus.....	Mr. Eugene Cowles.
Hungarian Dance.....	Nevin
Yes, I Do Love Thee, Dear.....	Kate Vanah
Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis.	
Nocturne for violoncello and harp.....	Chopin
Seguedille.....	Victor Herbert and O. Hagedorn.
Havanaise.....	
Bolero de Cadiz.....	Desormes
Cupid and I, waltz song from The Serenade.....	Herbert
Promenade Matinale—new, first time.....	Lacombe
(For woodwind instruments only.)	
Chinese Love Song.....	Kelley
Cupid, Meddlesome Boy, from Prince Ananias.....	Herbert
Mr. William E. Philip.	
Grand March, McKinley Inauguration.....	Herbert
Band.	

Both Jessie Bartlett Davis and Eugene Cowles disappointed and Mr. Kelley Cole kindly filled their place. Alice Nielsen enjoyed a triumph and so did the genial Herbert.

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NEW YORK, May 3, 1897.

MADAME EUGENIE PAPPENHEIM'S annual pupils' concert, last Thursday evening, found Chickering Hall completely filled—indeed, it contained the largest audience I have yet seen gathered there. This is easily explained, for these annual formal concerts are nothing short of artistic affairs.

The full list of participants was Mrs. Corinne B. Wiest-Anthony, Philadelphia; Mrs. Emilie Schneeloch-Busse, New Haven; Miss Anita Balck, New York; Miss Meta Bachmann, Newark; Miss Carolyn Daniels, Hartford; Mr. Salvador Ferrer, Brooklyn; Miss Ida Hutchings, New York; Miss Elsa Lehmann, Brooklyn; Miss Frieda Stender, Bennington; Miss Belle Weil, New York; assisted by William Balck, 'cello; Mr. Alfred C. Junker, mandolin; accompanists, Mr. Max Liebling, and Madame Pappenheim.

Here were seven out of town pupils and three from New York. The word pupils is a misnomer, for this carries with it the idea of the beginner; by no means was this the case with those who took part. It was far and away the best students' concert I have attended anywhere this season—superior even to the average formal artist concert.

The first place every singer knew the music by heart and appeared before the audience without a scrap of paper in hand; second, there was a program of novelties to a great extent, and third, the superior vocal schooling was evident to all. All these factors, however, would count little were it not that the vocal material was of most unusual excellence—it seems to me Madame Pappenheim gets no poor voices, or else she makes them over into new organs. Fresh, true to the key, of carrying power, with style and facile execution, the voices collectively had the same general characteristics.

To particularize, and in the order named above, Mrs. Anthony's place was taken by Helen Bertram, who sang the Pizzi concert valse with brilliant coloratura; she sang a high B which was very effective. The young lady had seven recalls and repeated part of the valse; she should, however, cultivate more repose, particularly on her exits. There is no need and no sense in prancing out like a young circus pony! Mrs. Schneeloch has a light, high soprano voice; she sang a high E flat which rang forth beautifully. Her staccato coloratura is especially clean cut, and the Bizet tarantella was of such effect that she was vociferously encored. Her breathing seemed a bit spasmodic. A tight gown? Mascheroni's Serenade, with mandolin obligato, sung by Miss Balck, was one of the most pleasing numbers, and Miss Meta Bachmann's pretty voice was heard in two ensemble numbers.

Miss Daniels sang a double number, by Gogh and Chopin, like a coming artist, and Mr. Ferrer's aria from Boieldieu's White Lady was creditable to him. Miss Hutchings has a voice of lovely quality; she looked pretty in a pink gown—of a man—wonderful construction. Miss Lehmann was compelled to sing an encore (the Schubert Serenade) to her concert number, Denza's Your Voice. Her voice is of beautiful timbre and extended range. Miss Stender, a pleasing, short skirted young girl under sixteen, sang so well that the audience recalled her repeatedly, and Miss Weil gave Meyer-Helmbold's After the Ball and a Mozart aria in regular prima donna style, with much freedom and gusto, uniting with Miss Hutchings in the very effective Quarrel Duo from Auber's Maurer. There were also several ensemble numbers of interest.

At the close of the concert Madame Pappenheim was called out and presented with a fine big palm by her grateful pupils.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, soprano, and Mr. William Edward Mulligan, organist and pianist, and their pupils—Misses Katherine Kane, soprano; May Reid, pianist; Mr. Edwin Hughes, organist—were associated, together with Mme. Le Clair-Mulligan, contralto, and the Sorosis Carol Club, in a concert in Presbyterian Assembly Hall a week ago, Mrs. Philip Conway Sawyer and Miss E. M. Norton serving as accompanists.

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The beautiful ground floor hall, with its paneled ceiling and eighty electric lights, the excellent ventilation and the fine organ, all make this the place *par excellence* for a chamber concert; no wonder Mr. Mulligan chose it for this occasion! One feels that this is a place for art and artists; no stuffy entrance, moth-eaten seats and narrow aisles here! Art in its truest, sincerest form was in the atmosphere that evening! The first part of the program showed the pedagogic ability of the two artists, Miss Griswold and Mr. Mulligan, when their pupils appeared; I was too late to hear Mr. Hughes and Miss Kane, but Miss Reid, the pianist, played the first two movements from the Mendelssohn G minor concerto with fine verve, with orchestral accompaniment on the organ by Mr. Mulligan.

The Sorosis Carol Club, some fifteen young women, sang their numbers with credit to their conductor, Miss Griswold, who also contributed several vocal solos to the program. She has much vocal art. With due respect to the others, the chief event of the evening to me was the appearance of Mr. Mulligan, whose fame as an organist (St. Mark's) needs no announcement; this is where his special reputation lies. Since hearing him as pianist I have marveled much at his modesty, for there is many a professional pianist—I mean pianist exclusively—who cannot begin to compare with this warm-blooded, sympathetic man! His Beethoven Funeral March was nothing short of heart-rending; but I must stop or you will believe nothing I write—go hear for yourself!

Another concert at Steinway Hall also claimed my attention that evening, and so I regretfully left this program: Wanderer's Evening Song.....Rubinstein

Water Nymphs.....Smart
Sorosis Carol Club.

Organ solo, allegro maestoso, adagio (from Third Sonata, op. 50).....Guilmant

Mr. Hughes.

Porgi, Amor.....Mozart

Orpheus with His Lute.....Sullivan

Miss Kane.

Piano solo (from concerto, G minor).....Mendelssohn

Miss Reid.

Sleep, Noble Child.....Cherubini

Hark, Hark the Lark!.....Thorne

Sorosis Carol Club.

Piano solo, sonata, op. 28.....Beethoven

Mr. Mulligan.

Air (Samson and Delilah).....Saint-Saëns

Miss Griswold.

Organ solo (from Fifth Sonata, op. 80).....Guilmant

Mr. Mulligan.

Air, Printemps qui Commence (Samson and Delilah).....Saint-Saëns

Since First I Met Thee.....Rubinstein

Madame Le Clair-Mulligan.

Piano solo—

Valse Caractéristique.....Widor

Nocturne.....Field

Mr. Mulligan.

The Loreley.....Listz

Miss Griswold.

In the same hall, a week ago, Dr. Gerrit Smith gave an organ concert, marking his 225th organ recital, assisted by Miss Marguerite Hall, mezzo soprano; Mrs. Gerrit Smith, soprano; Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone; Mr. Franz P. Kaltenborn, violin; Mr. Felix Boucher, 'cello; Mr. Homer N. Bartlett, piano; Mr. C. Whitney Coombs, piano; Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, piano; Mr. Frank R. Gilbert, assistant organist, South Church.

Dr. Smith played these solo numbers:

Allegro in F.....Guilmant

Allegretto.....(Dedicated to Gerrit Smith.)

Toccata in E.....Homer N. Bartlett

And with Messrs. Kaltenborn and Boucher the Sarabande from the suite for organ, violin and 'cello, by Rheinberger.

The Jeanne Franko Trio concert in Steinway Hall Saturday evening gave me a much longed for opportunity to meet my old friend Herman Spieler, whose fine trio, op. 15, occupied the place of honor on the program, and to hear Miss Annie M. Weed, dramatic soprano. This was the scheme:

Trio, F major, op. 15 (new).....Herman Spieler

Aria, Samson et Delila.....Saint-Saëns

Miss Annie M. Weed.

Trio, F. major, op. 6.....Bargiel

The Jeanne Franko Trio.

Of the Spieler work I can only say it is great music; the fact that it has only just been published explains its newness. I have heard no trio to compare with it this season. The scherzo is a rushing movement, full of unique moments, and there is a fugue in the andante which is a marvel of technical skill and expressive interest. The violin was a bit off key and the piano too dominant now and then; but here again was youthful enthusiasm battling with discretion. The composer is the conductor of the well-known Beethoven Männerchor, which, with the Lieder-

kranz and Arion, is known as one of the first male singing societies of our city.

Miss Weed's voice sounded mighty, full of fervor. She sings with much concentration, and I need not say expression, and so held the audience that a vigorous recall was hers when she sang the soul-stirring Abschied, by that German who writes well in all forms, Ries. Miss Weed should be heard more. Next season I shall look for her.

Mr. William C. Carl's forty-fifth and last recital occurred on April 24, with the assistance of the "Old First" Quartet, Miss Mary H. Mansfield, soprano; Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, contralto; Mr. E. Ellsworth Giles, tenor; Mr. Luther Gail Allen, baritone, and Mrs. Laura Crawford, assistant organist of the church (pupil of Mr. Carl). The following program was given:

Fantaisie in E flat (first time).....Saint-Saëns

Mr. Carl.

Pastorale.....Lemare

Allegro (Tenth Concerto).....Händel

(With cadenzas by Alexandre Guilmant.)

Mrs. Laura Crawford.

Quartet, As It Began to Dawn.....Buck

The "Old First" Quartet.

Air et Chœur du Paradis et La Péri (new).....Schumann

Bach

Fugue in D major.....Guilmant

Caprice in B flat.....Guilmant

Fantaisie, The Storm.....Breitenbach

Mr. Carl.

Glees—

Night (MS.).....Selby

The Rhine—Raft Song.....Pinsuti

The "Old First" Quartet.

Hosannah! (new).....Wachs

Mr. Carl.

As usual the church was filled, people standing, sitting on the gallery aisle stairs, and elsewhere. Special and extended mention of these model recitals has been made before in this department; this will excuse detailed comment this time. I will only add that Mrs. Crawford played most tastefully, and that I did not hear one wrong note.

The New York German Conservatory of Music (Mr. L. G. Parma director) gave a fine concert in Chickering Hall on April 24, the following pupils appearing: Misses Agnes Bollinger, Lottie Broking, Lillie Doscher, Lillie Latimer, Celia Moller, Virginia Negus, Jennie Schneider, May Tisch, Katherine D. Glen, Daisy Rice, Georgette d'Andoy, Estella Broda, Angele Gaudet, Sarah Morris, Mamie Keefe, Ami Lettenberger, Georgia Sage, Mesdames Helen Luddington, Mina Schilling, and Messrs. George Osthoff, F. Reglin, L. Espinali, M. Gonzalez, M. Castellanos and B. R. Throckmorton, the five last-named being professors in the institution. Thirteen year old Angele Gaudet played the andante and finale from the Mendelssohn violin concerto in a most brilliant and artistic manner. A violin obligato was performed by Martin Gleisberg with fine skill and expression. Both are pupils of Mr. J. Niedzielski, violinist.

Madame Muriel-Celli d'Elpeux, arranged a benefit for the St. Christopher Home, Brooklyn, in Steinway Hall, last Monday evening, the following pupils assisting: Miss E. Broadfoot, contralto; Miss Clara B. Rothschild, soprano; Miss B. L. Houghton, soprano; Miss Mary Helen Howe, soprano; Miss Emma Schlitz, pianist; Miss G. Wagner, pianist; Miss F. M. Austin, violinist; Miss Buford, contralto; also Mr. J. J. Racer, baritone, and Mr. C. Lowitz, accompanist. As usual when Miss Broadfoot, the contralto, appears, she captured a large share of the evening's honors. She sang Madame Muriel-Celli's new song The Bells of Love, which is a Bizet-like, Spanish-sounding work, and dedicated to Rose Linde, with beautiful expression. Miss Helen Howe, soprano, a daughter of the musical and dramatic critic of the Washington Evening News, has evidently a brilliant future; she has sung quite a bit in amateur circles, and there is no reason why she should not go on and upward. Of the others, time and the limits of space forbid further mention. The worthy cause was benefited by many dollars, thanks to Madame d'Elpeux.

Miss Grace Gregory and Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis' concert in Mendelssohn Hall, with the kind participation of Miss Mabel Phipps, pianist; Mr. Tom Karl, tenor; Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone; Mr. Franz P. Kaltenborn, violinist; Mr. Hermann Beyer-Hané, violoncellist, and Mr. Edwin Star Belknap, reader, occurred at a time

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when I was otherwise engaged; hence I only heard Miss Gregory's three songs:

Je ne Veux pas d'Autre Chose Charles Widor
La Solitaire, from Nuit Persane Camille Saint-Saëns
Cadina P. Lenormand

In these her beautiful diction and lovely presence, with the musical and vocal endowment nature has lavished upon her, all united in producing an artistic effect. Later she sang:

Hey! Dolly, Ho! Dolly Harvey W. Loomis
John Anderson (Violin obligato played by Mr. Kaltenborn.)

Here follows the list of patronesses:

Mrs. Herbert Anstey, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Mrs. E. Cornelius Benedict, Miss Harriet Barnes, Mrs. Colman W. Cutler, Miss Isabella Eldridge, Frau Dr. Frech, Mrs. Charles H. Genung, Mrs. M. C. Hungerford, Mrs. Wm. P. Northrup, Mrs. Julian de Picaza, Miss Dorothy Quigley, Mrs. John E. Roosevelt, Mrs. Thomas Sturgis, Mrs. Arthur Schermerhorn, Mrs. L. Van Schaack, Mrs. J. Richard Tennant, Mrs. Edward Weston, Mrs. Milton Arrowmith, Mrs. Clarence Andrews, Mrs. Wilbur A. Bloodgood, Miss Kora Barnes, Mrs. William Bliss, Mrs. William R. Bunker, Miss Kate Percy Douglas, Mrs. Francis E. Fitch, Mrs. George Gallagher, Mrs. Frank S. Hastings, Mrs. Robert U. Johnson, Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, Mrs. F. C. Peck, Mrs. H. W. Ranger, Mrs. Charles C. Ruthrauff, Miss G. A. Carter, Mrs. John Reade Stuyvesant, Mrs. Adam F. Walker.

The Lenox Choral Society's concert came on the evening when I had previously planned the Hahnemann Hospital benefit concert, and so friend sent me these notes:

"The concert was too much sweetness long drawn out; there were seven long choruses, the one Brahms number alone composed of four separate choruses, and as these concerts start near 9 P. M. there was weariness e'er the close. But Miss Maud Morgan's chorus is well disciplined, prompt of attack, and obeying that charming young woman's baton well, and in all things they have made much improvement since the nice Christmas concert. Miss Morgan herself played a harp solo and encore—she looked lovely and played lovelier! With Organist William C. Carl she played The Loreley, by Oberthür, in the former instance playing Thomas' Autumn and in the latter an arioso by Händel as encores.

"Mr. Carl is the most familiar figure on the New York concert stage to-day. Where and when does he practice? I always expect to see him, and he always turns up, too! He was an immense success and addition to the chorus program, and it was graceful of him to play the variations by Miss Morgan's father. He played an encore, also variations, his own composing. Everybody liked him, and he got a big reception and endless recalls."

The second piano and violin recital at the Froehlich School of Music in Harlem occurred recently, with the following list of participants: Misses Anna Smith, Matild H. Koeppe, Elsie Kaufman, Christina Smith, Alice Herzog, Annette Gates, Pauline Brintzinger, L. Marguerite Moore, Flossie Levy, and Messrs. William Hausman, Walter Godfrey, Edmond Lewis, Walter Spiro and the Misses Henry, Moore, Cranbrook, Herzog, Josie Froehlich; Messrs. Deutsch, Spiro, Evans, Dietz, Glaesel, Lewis, who (these eleven) united in playing the Alexis Variations, by Weiss, and a march by Jerome, in an arrangement by the conductor, Mr. S. Froehlich, for seven violins, viola, cello, double bass and piano. A concert by the advanced students of the school will take place Saturday evening, May 15.

Miss Amy Baker, who gave her annual reading at Sherry's last week, was assisted by Miss Alice Verlet, of the Opéra Comique, Paris; Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Orton Bradley, accompanist. The program follows:

Grant, The Hero Bunner
The Dead Letter Dobson
Miss Baker.
Réverie Halm
Chanson Matinale Chizat
Mr. de Gogorza.
Solveig's Song Grieg
Luthier de Crémone Hubay
Miss Baker.
Pauline Pavlova Aldrich
Duet, Hamlet Thomas
Mme. Verlet and Mr. de Gogorza.
The Albany Depot Howells
Miss Baker.

Among the patronesses of Miss Baker's entertainment were Mrs. Jose F. de Navarro, Mrs. Walter Cutting, Mrs. Robert Taiter, Mrs. Francis Kinnicut, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Mrs. Robert Hoe, Mrs. George De Forest, Mrs. W. G. Davies, Mrs. H. Victor Newcombe, Mrs. James W.

Gerard, Madame Fabricotti, Miss De Forest, Miss Callender, Mrs. Hallett Alsop Borrowe, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Mrs. John Dillon, Mrs. G. C. Boldt, Mrs. John G. Dale, Miss La Montagne, Mrs. Hiborne L. Roosevelt, Mrs. Frederic Roosevelt, Mrs. Richard Lounsbury and Mrs. H. S. Kingsley.

A most enjoyable musicale was given by pupils of Mme. Ogden Crane, the well-known soprano and vocal teacher of this city, at her studio, which was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, palms, rubber plants, &c., last Thursday. About seventy-five invited guests were present. Those taking part were Miss Edith Hutchins, Miss Allie Richards, Miss Ella Fletcher, Miss Blanche Harrison, Miss Emma Lockwood, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Miss Cathrine Bradley, Mrs. Ward, Miss Lida Kellar, Miss Lillie Smith, Reader, Mr. Harry Ogden Crane, mandolin. The program covered a large variety of style, all sang well, with intelligence, taste, excellent tone production and artistic finish.

Mme. Ogden Crane is to be congratulated on the progress shown by her pupils. Her Chickering Hall concerts have been notable musical events, crowded to the doors by an enthusiastic audience.

An interesting song recital was given at the studio of Mr. Carl Bernhard last Wednesday by his ladies' choir and vocal pupils. Mr. Bernhard himself was excellent in the Beethoven cycle, which is heard too seldom, and which requires a thorough artist for its interpretation. His fine mezzo voce showed to advantage in Tosti's Ninon, and furnished the foil to the robust Salve Regina, by Mercadante, that followed.

The work of the ladies' choir was particularly good and received much applause; they showed thorough training, precision of attack and finesse of light and shade. They will continue work another season with increased numbers under Mr. Bernhard's capable baton, and I look forward with pleasure to hearing them again. Among the pupils Mrs. Keppel showed a rich contralto voice and good method, and Miss Rase did some very clever coloratura work in the song by Bishop. Miss Marks showed a promising voice, and the Rubinstein song, sung by Mrs. Mack, was well received.

Appended is the program:

Lift Thine Eyes, from Elijah Mendelssohn
The Choir.
Thou Art Mine All Bradsky
Give Me My Home Schaeffer
Süs und Leis Miss Florence Marks
The Choir.
Du Bist wie eine Blume Rubinstein
Mrs. Mack.
A. B. C. (A Musical Joke) Mozart
The Choir.
Cycle, Lieder an die Ferne Geliebte Beethoven
Mr. Carl Bernhard.
Tell Me, My Heart Bishop
Recitative Gunse al fin From Figaro Mozart
Aria, Deh Vieni Miss Bertha Rose
The Choir.
Afton Water, solo by Miss Platky Scotch melody
The Choir.
Was Ist Sylvia Schubert
Ave Maria, from Othello Verdi
Miss Flora Shamborg.
Wiegenlied Schubert
The Choir.
Could I Tosti
Good Night Kücken
Mrs. Keppel.
Elfeneinigen Zimmerman
The Choir.
Ninon Tosti
Salve Regina Mercadante
Mr. Bernhard.
Ave Verum Mozart
The Choir.

Last Saturday Mrs. H. W. Fiske, of Astoria, gave a swell musicale at her residence. The artists who took part in the program were Mrs. Wadsworth-Vivian who sang Nicolai's Ave Marie, and several encores; Mr. Thiers, tenor, who gave a number of French songs; Mr. Varsha, of Astoria, who showed his tenor robusto to great advantage in several selections accompanied by the hostess, Mrs. Fiske, who is an excellent pianist, and several others. At the soirée musicale at Rev. Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Gardner's school on Fifth avenue last week, six of Mrs. Vivian's

pupils appeared, viz., Miss Lottie Galloway Langstaff, Miss Gladys Vivian, Miss Kate Laimbeer Abbott, Miss Martha Baird Calchwell, Miss Alice Graeme Price and Miss Nellie Harben Knight. Several of her best pupils will also participate in the reception and musicale tendered by Dr. and Mr. Gardner to the Alumni of Emma Willard Seminary, of Troy, next Saturday.

Miss Katherine Ruth Heymann, the pianist, who has been associated with young Huberman in Chicago and Washington concerts, was recently in the latter city—but permit me to quote the little notelet:

MY DEAR MR. R.—Remembering your request for a personal now and then, let me tell you of last evening's experience. At the Austrian Legion a musicale was given by Baron and Baroness von Hengelmüller, at which Huberman and Mrs. Pratt-Gillet and I gave the program. Everybody was there—Vice-President Hobart, Baron Paumgarten, Miss Brice, resplendent in hunters' green velvet, and lots of other people. I played the Moszkowski waltz in E that you liked. As I was leaving the baroness took me into the drawing room and presented me with a beautiful little white satin box in tissue paper. On opening it I found an exquisite gold bracelet, bearing the inscription: "Souvenir du 28 Avril, 1897." You can imagine my great surprise and pleasure. We are to give a concert here tomorrow night. Sincerely yours, KATHERINE RUTH HEYMAN.

Miss Lillian Littlehales, 'cellist, of the Euterpe Trio (consisting of herself, Miss Bertha Bucklin, violinist; Mrs. Blanche Faville, piano), sends me the following:

"We have just broken up our little apartment, and the trio disbands for the summer. I am visiting with friends for a week, then return to my dear Canadian home, where I have engagements which will keep me busy into July. Miss Bucklin sails for Germany June 8, for a summer study trip—lucky girl!"

"I cannot help feeling greatly encouraged over the success of my first winter here, especially when considering the fact that I was not only an entire stranger to this city six months ago, but was a newcomer to the country! I have met with no end of kindness from the good folk of New York, and have enjoyed the season more than I can say.—L. L."

The annual dinner of the Manuscript Society of New York was given at the Hotel St. Denis last Thursday evening, about 100 members and guests being present. The society was founded in 1889, its objects being to advance musical composition in America and to encourage native composers by occasionally producing their works in public. Among those present at the dinner were President Dr. Gerrit Smith, A. M., F. A. G. O., and Mrs. Smith, Joseph Jefferson, Walter S. Logan, Garrett P. Serviss, First Vice-President John L. Burdett, Second Vice-President Homer N. Bartlett, Treasurer Louis R. Dressler and Mrs. Dressler, Corresponding Secretary H. W. Lindsley and Mrs. Lindsley, Recording Secretary J. Hazard Wilson, Librarian Sumner Salter, Mr. and Mrs. Addison F. Andrews, Walter J. Baumann, Miss Laura S. Collins, Robert Jaffray, Jr.; Lucien G. Chaffee, Henry K. Hadley, Miss Lilian Carlsmith, D. M. Levett, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Burton, C. Whitney Coombs, Edward Marzo, J. M. Helfenstein, Silas G. Pratt, J. Cleveland Cady, Daniel Beard, C. C. Muller, B. H. A. Hofman, Ezra Brooks, W. A. Raboch, G. L. Becker and Miss Lily Kompff. Speeches were made by the president, by Joseph Jefferson, who was loudly applauded for an address on The Connection Between Music and the Drama; Garrett P. Serviss, Walter S. Logan, Silas G. Pratt, J. Cleveland Cady and Daniel Beard, the famous artist.

Homer N. Bartlett also read a paper, a history of the organization; and Miss Carlsmith sang a song by De Koven, Mr. Grant Odell, baritone, and others also contributing vocal numbers, Mr. Louis R. Dressler playing the accompaniments. It is whispered, and pretty loudly, too, that a well-known comic opera composer, whose name is mentioned somewhere above, but who was not present, is likely to be the next president of the society. Can you guess?

The American Authors' Guild gave its second annual entertainment in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall last week.

Will Carleton recited his own verses, Richard Hovey two of his rhymed stories and Ella Wheeler Wilcox read some of her poems. There was music, vocal and instrumental, by Miss Amy Fay, Mrs. Arthur Raymond Brown, Karl Feininger, John C. Dempsey and S. G. Pratt.

The following pupils of Mr. Victor Clodio gave a concert

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in Steinway Hall last Friday evening: Miss Mae Cressy, Miss Cora Le Bel, Miss Elsa Brandes, Mrs. Marie Meuer, Mrs. Emma Schmidt, Miss Sophie Barth, Mr. William Lavine, Mr. George L. Upshur; accompanist, Mr. E. Bernstein. Compositions by Faure, Massenet, Bohm, Tschaikowsky, Thomas, Donizetti, Mascheroni, Moszkowski, Massé, Verdi and Offenbach were sung.

A concert by pupils of Madame Nicosesco and several others was given at the same place the evening previous, managed by Mr. C. N. Freedman, with this as the complete roster of participants: Miss May Kenny, soprano; Miss Rose Ropport, soprano; Mr. S. Weiner, tenor; Mr. H. L. Newman, baritone; Mr. R. Richard Connel, basso; Mr. L. Wolfsohn, pianist; Master M. Donner, violinist; Master Alex. Hackel, violinist; Mr. Freedman, cellist and L. Miller, accompanist.

The Synthetic Guild piano recital by Miss Myra A. Dilley had this program:

Waltz, E minor.....	Chopin
Prelude, A flat.....	
Mazurka, C sharp minor.....	
Nocturne, D flat.....	
Miss Dilley.	
An Indian Lament.....	Sandford Norcott
La Jota, Spanish dance.....	Moszkowski
Miss Parcello.	
Waltz, E major.....	Moszkowski
Spring's Approach.....	Neupert
Reverie.....	Schott
La Retour.....	Bizet
Miss Dilley.	
Aria, from Samson and Delilah.....	Saint-Saëns
Miss Parcello.	
La Campanella.....	Liszt
Miss Dilley.	

Mr. Paul Ambrose, accompanist. The fifth spring recital by the little students of this method also occurred last week. I was not there.

Among the concerts which I was absolutely unable to attend, much as I should have wished to, were the four briefly mentioned above. This inability on the part of your "Gossiper" was caused by the fact that his little household was just in the throes of removal, and he is not the one to run off on such a day, leaving the rest of the family to struggle with the lordly van man, the proudly indifferent storage warehouse man, janitors and janitors' wives, crowned with a mop cloth and with a broom for a sceptre. Yes, we are now no longer living in the key of F—one flat—but are at 9 West Twenty-first street.

CHOIR NOTES.

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear;
For Sunday will be the gladdest time
Of all this new church-year.

And what a christening the new choirs had Sunday, to be sure! Or was it the concentrated tears of ye men and ye womenne singers who are out in the cold world this year?

These choir notes will now grow beautifully less with the advent of the new church year, very few of the churches making arrangements in the autumn. That there are many first-class singers, experienced, capable and willing, out of the choir life this year is certain; equally certain is it that by hook or by crook many musically worthless folk have managed to gain an entry in this comparatively limited field. This will, however, adjust itself. Merit cannot remain unrecognized.

Mr. Bruno Siegfried Huhn has been appointed organist-chormaster of St. Peter's Church on West Twentieth street. Of his very enjoyable concert at Steinway Hall, I wrote last week, and if he plays the organ one half as well

as he does the piano, St. Peter (here we have him again!) is to be congratulated.

Mr. Henry B. Taylor is the new organist of Grace Protestant Episcopal church, Jersey City. Mr. Taylor was only a few years ago organist of St. Leo's, also known as Father Ducey's.

Mr. Frank G. Wood will make his escape from the place where they sing twice, Sing Sing, once a week, in order to play the organ at the Presbyterian church, Irvington-on-the Hudson.

Mr. Joseph S. Baernstein, formerly bass of Rutgers' Presbyterian Church, Boulevard and Seventy-third street, is now a member of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian quartet, Dr. Buchanan pastor, Sally Akers soprano.

Mr. Charles Bigelow Ford's Easter music was rendered still more interesting by the special assistance of Mr. Tower More, tenor, and Mr. Otto Storm, violinist, beside the large chorus choir and Mrs. Wadsworth-Vivian, soprano and assistant organist. This was at the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, Madison avenue and Sixty-fourth street.

At the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, on West Twenty-first street, Mr. Emanuel Schmauk, organist-director, has the assistance of this quartet: Mrs. Wm. Weston Niles, soprano; Miss L. Esperanza Garrigue, contralto; Mr. Wm. Henry Walker, tenor; Mr. B. L. Fenner, bass.

The published program of current services include Create in Me a Clean Heart, by Freylinghausen, Lift up Your Glad Voices, by Vogrich, Come and Hear All Ye That Fear Me, by Truette, The Lord Is My Shepherd, duet, by Smart, O Lord to Thee, by Reichel. The organ numbers include works by MacMaster, Collins, Lemmens, Frederic Archer, Reinecke and others.

A nice singer, praised in THE MUSICAL COURIER a couple of years ago is Miss Clara Stern, soprano at Temple Emanu-El, in whom Mr. Van der Stucken was interested. The young lady is a cousin of Leo Stern, the cellist, which in itself guarantees musical instinct and gift.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club concerts occur to-night and to-morrow (Wednesday and Thursday).

Miss Alice Watson, accompanist, sailed for London last Saturday where she will assist at many concerts in the season nearly upon us. She may go to Paris to study vocal music, as she has recently discovered that she is blessed with a voice.

The Brothers Vernon and Owen Hughes, tenors, give a concert at Sing Sing soon, assisted by Miss Lillian Story, soprano, Mr. Gwilym Miles, Mrs. Mattie Darlon-Lowe, contralto, and Mr. Maurice Kaufmann, violinist.

F. W. RIESBERG.

Victor Heinze.

WITH one exception Mr. Victor Heinze is the only male representative of the Leschetizky method in Chicago, and a remarkably fine exponent of the doctrines held by the celebrated Viennese teacher. Mr. Heinze has now been residing in the Western metropolis four years, where he has become well and favorably known, owing to his thoroughly artistic and admirable musical gifts. He is a peculiarly fine pianist, whose performance is always noteworthy and he is besides a thorough musician. His many successes both as executant and teacher (even with very young children) speak volumes as to his capability. A short sketch of Mr. Heinze's career may prove interesting both to those interested in the Leschetizky method and those who admire a good musician for his own acquirements.

Mr. Heinze is a native of Germany, and received his first

piano and theory instruction at the early age of six years from his father, the author of many standard theoretical and didactical works in use throughout Europe. After some years spent under this strict tuition he studied with different masters in Breslau and Berlin.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Heinze was appointed director of the musical department of the Royal Institute of Schweidnitz and Breslau. Whoever is familiar with the duties and responsibilities of such positions knows that only men of broad musical knowledge, keen intelligence and unusual pedagogical capability are chosen to fill them. The principal labor of this office was the instruction of the pedagogics of music and advice as to the various methods of teaching. Here it was where Mr. Heinze laid the foundation of his undeniable efficiency as a thorough musical educator, his best efforts and entire time being devoted to the one subject, namely, the method of teaching. Several years later, attracted by the increasing fame of Professor Leschetizky's celebrated method of piano playing and teaching, Mr. Heinze went to Vienna to study with that great master.

It is hardly necessary to mention Mr. Victor Heinze's extraordinary accomplishments as concert pianist. His brilliant, striking style, the manly, powerful tone, the depth and scholarly interpretation and faultless technic are characteristics attributed to Mr. Heinze by all musical critics. He is counted one of the most capable disciples of the world's greatest master, Professor Leschetizky, and one of the most thorough exponents of the master's unexcelled method of the art of piano playing.

Here are a few of his press notices:

Mr. Victor Heinze's magnetic power is very striking, his technic faultless, and his interpretation of the music all that the composer would have it to be.—*Daily Herald, Laforte, Ind.*

Professor Heinze is an artist in our midst of whom we have reason to be proud. As examples of perfect finger action, the prelude and toccata by Lachner and the prelude by Bach were gems. The Strauss-Tausig valz and the Liszt rhapsody were marvels of brilliancy, while the ballade by Chopin fairly sung at the touch of the magician's fingers.—*Chicago Telegram*.

Mr. Heinze must be mentioned especially. He displayed a brilliant technic and considerable warmth and feeling. His rendition of Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody was a remarkable display of power and an intonation which has never been equaled in this city.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Mr. Heinze evidenced in all a brilliant technic, and it is not extravagant to say that he showed himself a master of the piano.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Mr. Heinze deserves special attention. * * * Both compositions, with their purling runs and ethereal effects, are a criterion for an artist. Mr. Heinze played these numbers with the greatest finish and clearness. The young artist developed a power and a precision which place him among the best pianists.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Mr. Heinze has recently organized the Heinze Trio and has associated with Messrs. Bruno Steindel and Eugene Boegner. The trio was heard many times this season and was markedly successful, as it invariably gave the highest class of chamber music. Mr. Heinze is one of the most progressive musicians in Chicago, and one whose tuition will be sought after.

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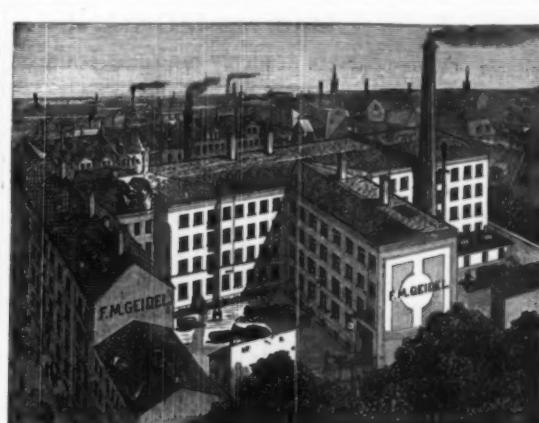
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"Accord Z thers" where accords and melody are heard separately and successively, and with which only most imperfect music can be produced.

her value was unmistakable. That she is many sided in taste and knowledge is evidenced by her selections. It is a considerable view from the brilliancy of the great Frenchman, Benjamin Godard, who died a year or two ago, to the emotional exactions of the greater Pole, Chopin, who died nearly a half century ago. Breaking the survey by interpolating Leschetizky as an intermediary standard, the handsome young pianist covered a field at once interesting and satisfying. Her first offerings were the contrasting works by Godard—the Cavalier Fantasque and a spinning song, and the mental and technical excellence with which she placed the superb brilliancy of the one as a foil to the more modest treasures of the other, stamped her as a tone colorist of the first order. It was with her second group, however, that Miss Apel proved her dominion over the piano. She played Chopin's great Marche Funèbre (op. 35) and the wondrous Italian dance by Leschetizky, the Tarantella Napoli. It was in this test that she showed her pedalier virtuosity in superb style which, with "touches" of a dozen sorts, revealed a reading of the Polish song of sorrow that was a triumph. Her rendering of the Tarantella was marked by a passionate personality in exact touch with the values offered by the composer. As a response to the encore given her first number Miss Apel played the second movement of the Grieg sonata with exquisite taste. The lady was the recipient of several very handsome floral tributes.—*Detroit Free Press, April 24.*

CAMPANARI Engaged.—Campanari, the celebrated baritone, has been engaged for the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company.

Not So.—Although it was in the *Sun* it is not so. Nordica and Plangon have not signed up to the present moment with Walter Damrosch.

On a Visit.—Rafael Joseffy visited Mr. Emil Paur and Mr. Franz Kneisel, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Boston last week.

LANKOW to Europe.—Mme. Anna Lankow, the well-known singing teacher, leaves for Europe on June 19 on the Spaardam, to spend her vacation in Germany.

Lillian Carlsmith at the Cathedral.—Miss Carlsmith sang at the funeral of Theodore Havemeyer last week, substituting for Miss Clary, the regular alto, who was unable to be present.

Wilson G. Smith.—Wilson G. Smith, the well-known composer, of Cleveland, has accepted the directorship of the Bay View Conservatory of Michigan. It has been called "the Chataqua of Michigan." The faculty will be as follows: Piano and theory, Wilson G. Smith; violin department, Max Bender, of Chicago; vocal, Otto Engwerson, of Columbus. Other teachers have been engaged.

Clifford H. Schmidt's Death.—Mrs. Julia R. Schmidt, in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, recovered a verdict a few days ago of \$15,000 in her suit against the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad Company for \$100,000 damages for the death of her husband, Clifford H. Schmidt, who was at one time the concert master of Seidl's orchestra. Anton Seidl testified that Mr. Schmidt was the finest concert master in the United States and that his income averaged from \$3,000 to \$6,000 a year. Mr. Schmidt, while returning from Coney Island with his wife and four year old child, lost his hat, and while he was trying to call the conductor's attention the car swayed and he was thrown off and killed.—*Sun.*

Spanuth and Zoellner.—A petition was in circulation last week among uptown Germans protesting with the *Staats-Zeitung* against the criticisms of Spanuth, the regular music critic of the paper. It was in protest of some statements he wrote regarding Zoellner, the *Liederkranz* director. Mr. Spanuth never saw much in Zoellner as a conductor or musician, and in this THE MUSICAL COURIER agrees with him, although the introduction of personalities in criticism might be an improvement that Mr. Spanuth could cultivate with advantage to himself.

The Temple Emanu-El has substituted Zoellner for Neuen-dorff, and he begins with Friday evening or Saturday services. This we believe was the result of an intrigue which the music committee of the Temple and the whole congregation will regret before and particularly during next holiday season.

Dufft Concert.—The *St. Lawrence Plaindealer*, of Canton, N. Y., speaks as follows of Dr. Carl Dufft:

The star of the evening was Dr. Carl Dufft, of New York city, and his name on the program attracted many music lovers from neigh-

boring towns. He has a mellow, rich, bass-baritone of great range and power. When his voice gets down to that register where few can produce only small tones his comes out with perfect ease and depth. Its firmness, brilliancy and wonderful captivating powers are remarkable and he had the audience with him from the first note. He is by far the finest singer a Canton audience has ever heard. He was repeatedly encored and responded in a manner that showed he appreciated his reception. The audience was enthusiastic, and if the town is ever fortunate enough to welcome him again he will be received by a crowded house.

CAMPANARI.—Campanari left for New York on the 5 o'clock train immediately after the concert in Music Hall, Boston, on Saturday afternoon. He is among old friends when he sings in Boston, and always is greeted with tremendous applause. This was the seventh concert in which he has taken part in this week, but his splendid voice showed no trace of fatigue.

J. H. McKinley.—J. H. McKinley has been engaged for the following important concerts, besides the Boston Festival tour: The German Sängerfest, Philadelphia, June 22, with Emma Juch, soloist; he sings The Crusaders, May 26, at Newburgh; St. Paul, at Wheeling, W. Va., and will give The Swan and the Skylark at the song recital, Albion, Michigan, June 1. He will sing in The Creation at the New York State Teachers' Association, Binghamton, and at Silver Lake.

We append some press notices of Mr. McKinley's successes at the Boston Festival, in which he divided honors with Calvé:

Mr. McKinley as the narrator sang delightfully. His voice is a perfect tenor and he sings with fine method and unusually clear enunciation. Mr. McKinley then sang the aria *Lend Me Your Aid*, from *La Reine de Saba*, by Gounod, in a manner which showed him to be one of the most artistic tenors the society has ever secured.—*New Britain Record.*

Mr. McKinley, the narrator, showed from the first the intelligent appreciation of the artist and a thorough sympathy with his lines. In the opening of Part 3 his tenor voice displayed great dramatic power and intensity. *Lend Me Your Aid*, by Gounod, received splendid breadth of treatment and fine dramatic finish from Mr. McKinley and aroused new admiration in his hearers.—*New Britain Herald.*

For a few minutes there seemed almost a crisis in our musical festival history. But its fate was happily decided soon after the commencement of the performance of the oratorio. It was Mr. McKinley who broke the icy reserve. His first recitative is, it will be remembered, an appeal to the conscience of the people. He awakened it with a beautiful rendering of the tender andante, and a hearty burst of applause followed. Mr. McKinley sang with much appreciation and his arias were endowed with a wealth of beauty.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Madame Blauvelt, Campanari and McKinley created sensations and were obliged to respond to encores. Three such heavy solo numbers do not often occur in a single program, especially so superbly sung as on this occasion. Mr. McKinley sang finely, throwing all his talent into the passages and scoring his reward in a roar of applause. For an encore he sang Chaminade's Silver Ring with such delicacy that the audience fairly hung on his words in drinking in the music.—*New Bedford Evening Standard.*

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, Mr. J. H. McKinley and Campanari sang the Tale of the Viking on Thursday evening for the first part of the program, the second part being miscellaneous. The audience went wild with delight over the singing of these artists, and they were applauded and recalled in a manner that was hearty and appreciative. Mr. McKinley after his aria sang Chaminade's Silver Ring in a manner that held the audience breathless. The evening was a triumph for the soloists.—*Boston Music Notes, THE MUSICAL COURIER.*

Communication.

Editors The Musical Courier:

Will you kindly give me the name of the tenor who sang *Lohengrin* to Nordica's *Elsa* at Bayreuth in 1894. Also did Klafsky or Ternina ever sing at Bayreuth? Thanking you in advance, I am

Very truly yours, JANE WHITCOMB.

WE cannot say who sang with Nordica at Bayreuth when she sang *Elsa* there, but in 1894 the tenors were Birrenkoven, Van Dyk and Grüning. Her intended, Doeme, sang once the same year in Parsifal and failed disastrously. Klafsky never sang at Bayreuth, nor did Ternina, although she rehearsed under the direction of Madame Wagner, who discouraged her for some unknown reason.—ED. MUSICAL COURIER.

Paderewski.—A rumor is abroad to the effect that an estrangement has taken place between Paderewski and his secretary, who accompanied him on his tours here and in Europe. We cannot vouch for the truth of the report, but merely give it as a rumor.

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Nordica.

Editors The Musical Courier:

ST. LOUIS, May 1, 1897.

MADAME NORDICA'S PLANS.

Friends of Madame Nordica in this city yesterday received cablegrams from the prima donna in which she expressed gratification at her reception on her reappearance on the opera stage. She also said that she intended to return to America late in September to sing at the State Music Festival in Maine. After that she will begin a tour of forty concerts, which will end shortly after the holidays. She is as yet undecided, but does not anticipate appearing in opera here at all next season.—*New York Herald.*

Will you kindly inform your readers where and when the Maine State Festival above mentioned takes place? The writer, who is very well informed on all musical happenings, knows of no such festival. Also, pray, what means "Madame Nordica's gratification over her reception on her reappearance on the operatic stage?" That reappearance was a complete fiasco in Paris, notwithstanding the *Herald's* Paris letter which will appear in the *New York Herald* to-morrow. Which tour of forty concerts does she mean? Who will be foolish enough to engage her for concerts when she has proven a financial failure, as she did last season when she only drew one fair sized audience in New York—thanks to her notoriety caused by the publicity created by THE MUSICAL COURIER and other leading papers, and neither Mr. Damrosch nor Mr. Grau would give her \$100 a performance again. She will probably return to defend a number of suits.

How long will this puffy and humbuggy of our poor victimized American prima donna continue? "Poor" indeed. She sailed away with \$50,000, gained by the hard work of others.

Follow your good cause, but be just to all.

Faithfully,

A FRIEND OF THE MUSICAL COURIER AND ITS NOBLE CAUSE.

1.

THE Maine State Festival is to take place next October, and the various cities have organized choruses that are now training. Mr. William R. Chapman is the conductor, and he long since informed THE MUSICAL COURIER that Madame Nordica is to be engaged.

2.

How could Madame Nordica go away with \$50,000 if she proved a financial failure here? Does our correspondent mean that she proved a failure to her managers, who had to raise the money to pay her under the contracts? If so we would like to see the statement with figures, &c., to prove this.

3.

Suppose Nordica did fail in Paris. The failure of an artist in any city or with any nation or in any rôle is no evidence of collapse.

Jean Reszké sang one night in Madrid and failed, and never sang there again, and yet he succeeded subsequently. The same thing occurred with Emma Eames in the same city, and yet she recovered. Melba failed in New York in one of the greatest rôles in modern repertory, and yet she is engaged to sing in this country at a much higher salary in defiance of public sentiment against the high salary crime. Doeme, Nordica's husband, failed most disastrously in Bayreuth, and yet he is preparing himself for a continuation of his career on the stage.

Lilli Lehmann actually failed here in opera, and yet she is contemplating a return to this country. Nordica is a remarkable woman and may attribute this to the Reszké incident. But there is no doubt that her chances for appearance here were very much injured because of her evidence of independence toward Reszké and Grau. She showed a tremendous spirit and great courage in asserting her personal rights in the face of the knowledge she had that these men actually controlled the operatic situation in the United States and London.

Her failure in Paris may be a source of gratification to these people now, but we do not believe it will exercise any effect upon her subsequent intentions.

Sibyl Sanderson failed in America and succeeded in Paris; why should not Madame Nordica succeed in America, even if she failed in Paris?—[EDS. THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

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THE dramatic department of this paper, inaugurated with this issue, is to be edited by Mr. James G. Huneker, for the past ten years associated with THE MUSICAL COURIER, and Mr. Vance Thompson. These two names guarantee a vigor of treatment and the application of special knowledge that will place the new department at once upon the same altitude which the paper itself has occupied for so many years.

Both Mr. Huneker and Mr. Thompson belong to the younger generation of literary critics and essayists, whose views of life, art, science and general culture are in touch with the higher criticism of the present period. While there will be no radical iconoclasm indulged in, tradition itself will not be respected, simply because it is tradition. As to principles, aims and purposes, the department will speak for itself, but it will not be limited to the simple facts of the drama. A broader scope, embracing art, literature and the great movements of the time, will occupy space in these columns, which will necessarily attract a more numerous class of readers than the paper has hitherto had. That there is a demand for a paper of this description is well understood, and it is proposed that this demand shall now be amply satisfied.

If you want to make money it is a good thing to Siamese your wits with another man's wits, and if you want to make a great deal of it you should carry the process of Siamesing as far as possible. It is this theory which makes the occupation of "steel baron" and "sugar king" possible and profitable. It was inevitable that some one whose racial inclination was toward finance, should apply this theory to the affairs of the stage. The "syndicate" was bound to come. Had it not been the Frohman-Hayman syndicate, it would have been some other, with the same racial right to existence.

As the laws stand no proper objection can be urged against the theatrical trust. Mr. Frohman has a perfect right to Siamese his wits with the wits of Mr. Hayman. They have a right to combine their capital. They have a right to erect as rigid and comprehensive a "trust" as they possibly can. There is no particular sanctity about the business of amusing respectable people. It is a mode of money-making like any other. Not the slightest legal or moral objection can be brought against the Frohmanic method of "cornering" plays. It is within his province.

The public has no concern one way or the other with his manner of conducting his business. It is his own affair. The theatrical trust is quite as legitimate as any of the older combinations of capital. It would be unjust, indeed, if only the "sugar king," the "pork baron" and the like were permitted to devise wholesale methods of profit breeding.

No; the members of the theatrical trust are quite within their legal rights. But there is one question—and only one question—which the public may be permitted to consider: What is the effect on the drama? Is it for the good or ill? Will the theatrical trust mar or mend the state of the drama? What is the general effect of this wide-reaching combination of wit and money upon the public exposition of plays? This the public has a right to know. And THE MUSICAL COURIER intends that the public shall know.

The business of purveying amusement is not wholly a private matter. The state recognizes its "quasi"-public character by official license and official interference. The theatrical manager is not allowed to singe the moral conscience of the community. In scores of ways he is checked and regulated. Whether he makes money or not is his own concern. If, however, his money-making schemes injure the public welfare, the quasi-public character of his enterprises justifies official interference. This has been clearly enough laid down. The simplest illustration of course is the exploitation of the immoral and obscene. Now Mr. Frohman is not immoral and he is not obscene. Neither is Mr. Hayman. They temper amusement with morality—even with a touch of the artistic. This is the sort of amusement the public likes. And the public is decidedly interested in knowing how the theatrical trust will affect its favorite form of amusement.

At this moment we shall consider the matter only in its broad and general aspects. They breed thought.

The most striking move of the trust has been its attempt to "corner" the play market and secure control of the play-houses. London is the chief market for the plays put on the American stage. Now, it may be safely said that in this market no manager is able to compete with the trust. Individual enterprise is balked. The young manager, the progressive actor, is completely

shut out. Save with the permission of the trust, it is impossible for him to secure a play. He is as helpless as is the farmer in the face of the lard trust, for instance. There can be no competition between the farmer who boils the fat out of one pig and the lard combine. There can be no competition between the free-lance manager and the theatrical trust. How does this affect the public? If the public gets the same plays at the same price presented in as excellent a manner under the new system as under the old system of individual management, it has no cause of complaint. But will it?

In the arts—and the drama is still in the way of being an art, though an art grimly complicated with business—everything that is vital, helpful and hopeful is the result of individual effort. Anything which restricts the free play of individual effort is bad. Anything which limits production is bad. Anything which confines production to a certain channel is bad. It makes for artistic stagnation. It spells dramatic and artistic bankruptcy.

In general, then, it is logical to assume that the Frohmanic trust is bad for the drama, considering the drama, not as a mode of money-making, but as an art, and an art in which the community has a public interest.

In much the same general way it may be seen that the control of divers theatres by a trust is merely another method of crippling and restricting the drama. When plays, playhouses and players are just a trifle more snugly in the grip of the theatrical trust there will be an end to individual effort, and the artistic bankruptcy of the drama will be complete. Already there are scores of provincial theatres in which the trust dictates what plays may or may not be played, what actors may or may not appear. Already the trust has begun the business of decreeing in what way and by what players the theatre-going public shall be amused. Now the trust is wholly and solely a money-making scheme. Its only concern is to provide that form of amusement out of which it can make the most money. To make money out of its own particular kind of amusement, it must stifle competition, destroy rivalry and cripple, as best it can, those kinds of amusements which it does not furnish.

The trust is doing all it can to degrade the drama to the level of the familiar gamble in lard or operatic tenors.

It is not unprofitable to sum up the last dramatic season. It is an indirect way of "taking the sun," of ascertaining what headway has been made or what has been lost. It is not unprofitable and it is a matter of extreme simplicity. There are few plays of importance; there is no conspicuous histrionic success; there is only the dreary monotony of melodrama and farce, of unsalutary deformations of Shakespeare, of burlesques which have burlesqued merely the costumer. It has been a year as lean as the kine that came up out of the Nile.

And yet it is a satisfaction to the cerebral, patriotic man to recall the fact that America did quite as well for herself in the dramatic way as England did—as any country, perhaps. In England it would be difficult to point out a year quite so poverty-stricken—the good plays have been so few; the successful plays have been so worthless. The melancholy mania of *Trilby*, the nefast craze of *The Sign of the Cross* are the most conspicuous of the past year. The success of these plays may be taken as a fair comment on latter-day English taste. Indeed, the illustration runs far beyond England. These two plays have made their way into the Low Countries, into Germany and Austria. Only the Latin and Scandinavian lands have escaped. Both these plays are maudlin and wanton in their unreality. Their appeal is to the suburban mind, the commuter's intelligence.

And yet there must be a reason—and a lesson—behind their success. Nothing is quite so suggestive to the critic as the consideration of intellectual abortions, of those popular successes which are artistic reproaches. These plays so successful in England—fortunately one of them failed in New York—demonstrate the taste of the lower public for the improbable and the absurd, for what may be not aptly called the gross and infantile idealism of the mob. For real life—"raw cuts of life"—it has no liking. The Ibsenic drama, for instance, leaves it cold. It is indifferent to the pretiosities of "art for art." It wishes to forget the problems of life and it does not wish to be excited—it wishes only the simple pastime of the fairy-tale or the quasi-sensual sermon.

Serious dramas, like *The Rogue's Comedy*, *The Divided Way*, and *The Greatest of These*, failed in England. There was no one play that bulked large. Indeed there was nothing produced in London which could in any way make the season memorable. The great play-making trinity (Jones, Pinero and Grundy) has added nothing to the sum of the drama. Surely it cannot be said that *The Late Mr. Costello* or *The Greatest of These* have helped on the development of the English drama to any appreciable extent.

In a way musical farce has added to the gaiety of nations. The Aristophanic joyousness, the "humorous predominance"—to use a pretty Shakespeareanism—of *Gaiety-Girlism* is a distinct and delicious form of entertainment. There is nothing impudent in its appeal for public favor. But it is not gratifying to be forced to the conclusion that this simple gaiety is the best that the English stage has to offer to-day. Still it is the truth.

The state of affairs in America is far more hopeful. Here at least there has been one serious drama which pleased both the critics and the public. *Secret Service* comes very near being a play of the first order. There might be a touch of exaggeration in calling it a masterpiece. Still it remains the memorable play of the year, as far as the English-spoken drama is concerned. Nothing lends itself to contrary judgments and conflicting opinions as readily

as a dramatic work; nothing can be considered from such different view points; for, like the life it pictures, it is fugitive, diverse and unequal. It is possible that London may disagree with the New York verdict on the play—and London would be right and New York would still be right. It remains, however, that Mr. Gillette's play is the one memorable American play of the year, and will always have a defined and conspicuous place in the American drama.

It would be pleasant if one could claim *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as a home product. Yet it is not overmuch. It is neither racial nor individual. It is best to think of it as that play which enabled Mrs. Fiske to crane herself into her rightful position—that of one of the foremost players of the American stage. Perhaps, after all, her success is the most notable feature of the last year. Other American actresses have as rich a temperamental equipment, but few have Mrs. Fiske's sincerity—that loyalty of artistic purpose which is, after all, the sign-royal of the great artist.

One good play and the revelation of a new artist—as things go, this is no bad showing for a stage as unpretentious as the American stage is to-day.

France has not done quite so well. When one has named *La Loi de l'Homme* and *La Douloureuse*, one has named those plays which are in any way noteworthy. Only an uncanny prejudice could lead one to mention *Le Chemineau* or the quaint examples of mysticism and sensuality exposed in the minor theatres. There will always be those who will bow the knee to these strange, misbegotten dramatic gods, but they do not concern the opportune critic.

Bar Hauptmann's drama of uneasy symbolism, nothing of importance has been "made in Germany," and Ibsen's new play has added little to the influence of the drama of the North. On the whole it has been a lean dramatic year. It was a blunt remark of Aristotle that the only aim of the drama should be to please the spectators. Even this small ambition was but fitfully fulfilled. The spectators were not exuberantly pleased. Nor, with the exceptions to which reference has been made, was the kind of drama that pleased them exceptionally praiseworthy.

MR. A. B. WALKELEY, the most delightful of London dramatic critics, was in New York the other day on his way to Washington, where he goes as an official representative to the Postal Congress. Mr. Walkeley is two gentlemen rolled into one. In addition to being the "Spectator" of the *Star*, he is a first-class clerk in the secretary's office at the General Post Office. He is unquestionably the finest dramatic critic in London. He is a scholar—almost the only one among the London critics, for George Bernard Shaw, who has wit, lacks learning. But Mr. Walkeley wears his learning like a flower. He is witty, genial, unprejudiced and implacably honest. His book, *Playhouse Impressions*, is beyond doubt the most delightful contribution to the history of the English stage which has appeared in decades. It is one of the few books about the drama which is in the way of becoming a classic.

How is it that Mr. Walkeley has escaped a dinner at the Lotus Club?

THAT ABSURD FRENCHMAN.

IT is not quite clear to the thoughtful mind just why M. Brunetière, or any other lackey of French thought, should feel called upon to come to America to express his opinions on this and that. M. Brunetière's opinions can easily get themselves printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—as easily as Mr. Gilder's poems get themselves printed in *The Century*. M. Brunetière is a critic whose unamiability has craned him into a conspicuous position in his native land. He is the editor of a magazine which is almost as smugly complacent, as obscenely mediocre, as *The Century* or *Harper's*. He issues polemic tracts on the questions of the day. Anyone who is interested in M. Brunetière's opinions on modern French letters may find them in his publications.

What is M. Brunetière's excuse for lecturing?

He can hardly imagine that his personal appearance will add any weight to his opinions. And yet there can be no other reason for his queasical journey over sea. There seems to be a curious strain of sly and malignant egotism in the tenth-rate men of the old country—those men who have gained a little whimpering notoriety in a cackling little society. They fancy that in far-away America they can always find the public approbation for which they seek in vain at home. Even Robert Browning—a man of the first rate—spoke with pathetic pride of his admirers in Michigan. The lesser men go to greater lengths. When Frank Harris was made editor of the *Saturday Review*, he said: "I must arrange for a series of lectures in America." You see his idea of success was limited to the absurd conviction that he was worthy of Major Pond's indorsement. So timorous his egotism was!

And yet, since M. Brunetière has come to New York and has lectured in a "lyceum," it is not wholly superfluous to investigate his standing among those lackeys of literature—the critics.

M. Brunetière is a cold and serious man. Among the new critics of France, Bourget, Faguet, René Doumier, Lemaitre and, I may add, *La Jeunesse*, he poses with some of the austerity of Lot's wife, erect, saline, backward-looking. It has been said of him, not without a touch of flattery, that he is the successor of J. J. Weiss. But Weiss, with all his pedagogic pose, was a wit and a critic of broad sympathy. To be sure, he believed in the pedagogic theory of criticism. He looked upon himself as a schoolmaster, whose duty it was to award good or bad marks. He measured every writer by a certain traditional standard. But, withal, he had a sort of racial faculty of sympathy with all the literary sects and schools of his day.

M. Brunetière has adopted the same authoritative pose. He has taken it for granted that this last decade of the century is the Day of Final Summing

Up. He has voted himself into the chair. He has gone unamiably about his business of dividing the sheep from the goats.

And who are the sheep?

As far as the modern French drama is concerned the sheep are Augier, Dumas fils and Sardou.

What a sinister trinity!

Augier was the beginning of that dramatic movement—brilliant and fecund—which came to an end with the Dumas-filial drama. Dumas fils and Augier may fairly enough be linked together. But what has Sardou to do in this "galère"—Sardou, the prodigal son of Scribe! That M. Brunetière should have grouped these three into a sinister trinity is a sufficient comment on his knowledge of the influences at work in modern French drama. The younger Dumas derives from Augier. Sardou is a degeneration of Scribe. These two different tendencies may be seen in the English drama in the Dumas-filial work of Pinero and the Sardouesque work of—shall I say Belasco?

These two dramatic modes represent the main divisions of the old school, that school which has served its purpose and is passing away. It produced many admirable plays. There was a time when almost anyone of us was ready to chant:

Ah, dieux! que j'aime
Les stratagèmes
Et artifices
De Dumas fils!

We recognize its triumphs—as brilliant as ephemeral.

But to-day there is a new generation, and for this new generation the Dumas-filial drama is as dead as Tarpeia under the shields of the Sabines. As for the Sardouesque drama, it is dying painfully in windy belfries and spirit haunted drawing rooms.

In criticism, as in playmaking, there are two schools—that of the pedagogues and the school of which the most conspicuous representatives are the impressionists like Shaw and Lemaitre. M. Brunetière is one of those critics whose horizon is bounded by the old drama; he takes the professional tone; he lays down the law; he argues and informs. It may be added that always and without exception the pedagogues have been wrong in their judgments of works of art; always and inevitably the works they applaud and defend are those the future willingly neglects.

M. Brunetière has fallen into the error—the greatest into which a critic can fall—of imagining that his work is useful, efficacious and salutary. Fortunately, his writings have no effect on the literary and dramatic movement of the day. He is as innocuous as Dr. Robertson Nicoll, as superfluous as Andrew Lang. The literary tradition is made, not by the pedagogic critics, but without them, and, indeed, in spite of them.

M. Brunetière is fond of putting himself forward as the Mrs. Grundy of French letters. He is always scenting out "immorality" and "unwholesomeness." He cannot get himself out of the schoolmaster's attitude. He fails to recognize the simple fact that literature is life interpreted, and that life, unfortunately, is not always innocent.

"As for science," said Charles Lamb, "I know and care nothing about it." The French critic has improved upon this avowal. He has adopted the sweeping phrase, "The bankruptcy of science." Perhaps this phrase is the key to M. Brunetière's absurd incompleteness, his uncritical attitude toward the *Zeitgeist*. In any case it may be finally said that he belongs to an age other than ours. His critical opinions smell of the last century. These little pragmatic lectures were not new, and they were not true. They did not aid the student of the drama; they made for confusion.

But why should we be pestered with these tenth-rate men? There would be a grim justice in sending W. D. Howells to Paris to lecture on American tragedy and read excerpts from Samson.

HENRY CLAY MINER will probably be elected successor of A. M. Palmer as president of the Actors' Fund of America.

HANDSOME James K. Hackett and pretty Mary Mannering, of the Lyceum company, are engaged to be married.

ELEANORA DUSE has at last determined to play in Paris. At one performance she will brave critical opinion by speaking French.

FANNY RICE, after several years' absence, reappeared at the Bijou last Monday in an inconsequential trifle, *At the French Ball*. She was moderately successful, for she is an entertaining woman. Her support was mediocre.

H. WOOLSON MORSE'S death Monday last was not unexpected. He had been seriously ill for six weeks.

He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1858, and was a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Later he went to Paris and studied painting under Gerome. On his return to this country he turned his attention to music. His knowledge of music was slight, but he had the faculty of writing pretty, jingling melodies of the popular sort. His first success was *Cinderella* at School, an adaptation of Tom Robertson's School, produced at Daly's Theatre in 1885. He also composed the music of *Panjandrum*, *The Merry Monarch*, *Wang*, *Dr. Syntax*, and *Lost, Strayed and Stolen*.

The Promoter.

"The Play's the Thing."

IT has been some moons since I last greeted you, yet I have not been slothful nor eclipsed by sleep. The restlessness of the Bedouins about whom I write gets into my bones at times, and so I masquerade behind other titles and fool myself to the top of my bent. I well remember how the "Promoter" was born. Sitting in the Gilsey House café one March day nearly five years ago Harry Neagle proposed to me the scheme of a dramatic and musical feuilleton on the now defunct *Recorder*. For three years, without missing a day—yes, there was one day when a messenger mislaid our copy—we poured out reams of stuff and talked ourselves hoarse and dry—we were always dry in those days—while the theatrical world winked and blinked at our consummate freshness, impudence and irregularity.

I remember that I could never go alone on Gondola Row—so we rechristened the clamant Rialto—without Frank McKee or some other shining mark in theatricals asking:

"Where is the other end of the sketch?" referring to my partner in inky crimes. Fate parted us, but we are still segments of the "Promoter," and such is the force of habit that we never meet without asking: "Any new stories to-day?"

And that reminds me, I wonder if Odette Tyler got married just to spite certain persons in the Secret Service Company? Her marriage was unexpected, and while I can honestly congratulate the lucky shepherd of such a lambkin, yet we all feel aggrieved. What will become of Odette after the London engagement? I suspect that she will leave the boards for good and all, and we shall lose a peculiarly American type of gracious girlhood—for no one who has seen Gillette's powerful play will deny that Miss Tyler was one of its most charming features.

I fancy that she does not relish the foisting of Harry Woodruff on the company. Walter Thomas was peculiarly happy as the boyish lover of *Caroline Mitford*, and to put in young Woodruff, who is pretty, effeminate and self-conscious, is a peculiarly unlucky stroke on the part of Mr. Gillette. I was told that the change was made because English audiences object to the representative American lad, and a certain Boston paper says that "the usual Englishman has a desire to kick him."

Now I never noticed anything "perky" or offensive in young Thomas' assumption of the part; he was manly and sincere. What a lot of politics there is back of the footlights!

It would be obviously bad taste to dwell on the reasons why Woodruff and Tyler do not make a good team; suffice to say that both were at one time talked of in connection with the Goulds and so—you know all about it.

Martha Morton the successful, Martha, the womanly and self-reliant Martha, shocked her friends agreeably, and also disagreeably, by the announcement of her engagement to a business man. Miss Morton has so long maintained that woman can dispense with the presence of man, except as an interesting background for love scenes, that I confess I was surprised to hear of her conversion to old-fashioned views. She is at work on a play for Charles Frohman, and as it has to be finished by the summer the clever girl has resolved to go to the mountains, dismiss her bearded Cupid until autumn, and work like a Trojan. Her brother, Michael Morton, has also contracted to deliver a comedy into Mr. Frohman's hands by the fall, so the Mortons may surely be counted on next season.

Someone calls the disease "Frohmania." It is certainly raging in New York just now, but even Haverly had his day; so cheer up non-syndicate managers, cherries may be ripe sooner than you think.

I have always maintained, especially since Austin Fynes first suggested it, that you will see Lillian Russell in vaudeville some day. Why not? She can command an enormous salary, and she will be in good company, for the list is lengthening, and who knows but Proctor's and Keith's may eventually submit for the delectation of their patrons Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Calvé and Salvini, Paderewski or Duse. The prices offered are very seducing, and unless the legitimate theatres cut their prices and offer better shows we will all go to the vaudevilles. Alan Dale very sensibly asserts that we need more good music halls of the Weber & Fields variety, where the programs will be good throughout.

At Olympia and Koster & Bial's there is a disposition to spend big money on a few stars—stars who do not twinkle—Otero, for example—instead of making up a scheme of level excellence. I see now that the "Baroness" Blanc is billed to appear on the Olympia roof garden. Why? She can't sing.

she can't dance, and she can only pose in tights and say wicked things. Scandalous are all such exhibitions.

The Princess de Chimay, that was, has wisely decided to abandon all notions of a stage career. If she comes to America she should be egged; not because she preferred a virile bull like Rigo to a dissipated prince, who married her for her money, but because she seeks to make capital out of the notoriety.

Isn't it about time the sexual circus was hissed off our stage?

The great Daly, who fashions Shakespeare into light opera and adapts German plays so that their fun and lightness are entirely obliterated—the great Mr. Daly, before whom the press crooks the knee of worship, has actually allowed his sacred establishment to be used for a burlesque, an unmusical burlesque, called *The Circus Girl*. Fancy, within the walls of that most memorial theatre on Broadway, a rank, "rotten" production is being nightly given, and Jimmie Powers—Jimmie with the pompadour—is the star of the show! Shades of Shakespeare what change is this!

James T. Tanner, W. Palings, Ivan Caryll, Lionel Moneton, Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross is the syndicate that manufactured the so-called musical play. It is very stupid, except one scene, and Mr. Daly's company, with a few exceptions, are very bad. The story is not good and the best scenes are taken from *Eine Tolle Nacht*. Herbert Gresham is good as a fun-loving old English Lord in Paris, and Mr. Powers as a boastful American bartender is comical in the episode where he wrestles with the Terrible Turk of the circus. But the silly music, the awful singing of Nancy McIntosh, Virginia Earle and Blanche Astley effectually dampens one's enjoyment before the evening is nigh spent. Cyril Scott is always clever until he sings, and Neil McCay seemed to be the only one on the stage who appreciated absolute pitch. The imported Miss Astley is all profile, and there is a ten minutes intermission from her waist to her knees, which is not pleasant. Otherwise she is cunning and graceful. Too much miming in the piece and too much talk. With a strong company I suppose the thing was made to go in London, but it does not go at all well in New York.

I saw for the second time *The Serenade* at the Knickerbocker last Saturday night. I like Herbert's music better than ever, and agree with Harry Rowe Shelley that the trombone in the singing lesson is a happy stroke of genius. It was Victor's instruction to have the enharmonic intervals sung, but they possibly proved too difficult, and so the trombone plays them. I still find the end of Act I stupid. Harry Smith might remedy it. The second act is the best, although there are good things in the last. Harry Brown is capital and his humor unforced.

Why will Jessie Bartlett Pear Davis wear a white shirt in the last scene? She looks twice her natural size. Dear Miss Jessie, get a wheel or walk, you are pretty fat or thin, but it saddens an old admirer to see your machicolated "tum-tum" so much in evidence, O thou Stout Sycamore of the Wabash!

Those two monks Dale and Warmouth might have stepped from a canvas of Vibert. They are really ludicrous, and in a widely dissimilar fashion. One is sly, lecherous and cadaverous; the other a jolly, wine-bibbing rascal, and their work is legitimate low comedy.

I am tired advising Eugene Cowles to go in for grand opera. He has as good a natural voice as Edouard de Reszké, and yet he prefers the easy work of the light opera stage. I can't understand it. What a future the big fellow would have! Not even the fact of his being American could stem his success in Wagnerian and Meyerbeerian rôles.

Dainty Alice Nielsen is the flash of quicksilver in the opera. She has genuine talent, sings without effort, and is a quivering bundle of magnetism. Her singing was better than on the first night, and her voice a pure, true musical soprano. It is naturally flexible, and *coloratura* passages are easy for her. Then the pretty little fawn has a curious gift of humor, and does many things unconsciously. She is the best soubrette that I know in light opera.

Young Kelley Cole has a sweet tenor voice and a sympathetic presence. He will sing better by-and-by.

Henry Barnabee, the Boy Wonder of New England, has just signed a lease for ten more years on life. You may paragraph him but you can't kill Uncle Barney.

Mr. S. L. Studley got all there is out of the score. He is one of those conductors whose band plays and you don't realize that he is conducting.

I confess that I heard, with grief, the news of Young Howard Hackett's death last Saturday. A bright, lovable boy and full of spirit. He was one

of the most popular newspaper men in town, and handled his chosen subject, sports, with unaccustomed virtuosity.

The Art of Sorma.

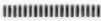
Agnes Sorma closed her short engagement as *Gast* at the Irving Place Theatre last night. The Berlin actress was so successful that I am happy to say that she purposed returning next season.



I saw her as *Nora* in Doll's House, *Dora* in Sardou's Diplomacy, as *Christine* in Liebelei, as *Lux* in Chic and as *Rautendlein* in Die Versunkene Glocke and as *Lorle* in Dorf und Stadt, and so was able to form a fairly sound estimate of her talents, of her versatility.



Sorma has been called "the German Duse." She is really a Silesian by birth, and she is not a Duse. She has unusual adroitness in the expression of the conventional dramatic symbolism, and an agility in technic and a variety of vocal and facial expression that enables her to assume a wide range of character. A certain briskness and imperious piquancy makes her work unlike that of the German stage. She is more Gallic, or in reality more Slavic than Gallic. Her person is finely fashioned, her features good, her eyes particularly expressive, her ears ugly and her mask mobile and expressing easily a mob of elusive emotions. I found in her, when at her best, much feeling, nicely poised and never obtrusive, and considerable force. She reaches her climax by a rational *crescendo*, and she never fails to thrill. Altogether a creature of considerable fire, and with an air of distinction. Above all, Sorma is never sentimental; of the vicious sentimentality of the German stage she is never for a moment guilty.



I liked her best in the last act of Doll's House, and in the first and last act of Liebelei, Flirtation as it is called in English. Her *Nora* pleased me better in the great scene at the close than Rejane's, Janet Achurch's or Minnie Maddern Fiske's. That is I must qualify a bit. Mrs. Fiske, whose *Tess* at the Fifth Avenue you should not miss, gave the best exposition (I speak of three years ago) of *Helmer's* little lark I ever saw. It was a thoroughly logical and easily sustained piece of acting, but the close left me cold and unconvinced. I blamed Ibsen for this until I saw Sorma, and then I understood why the woman could abandon husband, children and home, and how she did it. I do not propose discussing here the whys and wherefores of this Ibsen play. I partly agree with Edward Dithmar that there has been entirely too much fuss made over the piece by a lot of hysterical women. It is a well made work, but I prefer letting you extort your own meanings. Sorma was wonderful when *Krogstad's* letter arrives and *Helmer's* selfish nature has uncontrolled play. With her back to the grand piano she surveyed him, her mask frozen, her eyes alone betraying the storm surging within the walls of her skull. You could literally see the woman grow, her soul expand and her duty to herself, first above all other things made plain. In this one scene I am always reminded of Cardinal Newman's words about himself and his relations to his God. He realized when quite young that there existed two beings in space, God and himself, and no matter what might arise to confuse their relation, his first duty was to his God. In a different manner, by a different route *Nora Helmer* reached the same conclusion—her god being her selfhood, and it was quite as really a god to her as Newman's Logos.



In the astoundingly clever play of a beginner, Herr Schnitzler, of Vienna, Sorma gave us a naïve and tender study of a girl of humble birth who loved a young fellow much above her station in life. For him it was a flirtation; for her, all; and when she learns of his death in a duel—a duel about a married woman—her senses desert her, and the curtain falls on woe profound. There was a penetrating sweetness, the perfume of girlhood about this impersonation. A mere sketch, it was nevertheless masterly.



Dora in Sardou's tiresome play and *Lux* in Chic I did not particularly care for. Sorma but emphasized her ability to portray the variousness of the everyday stage. But last Thursday night she gave us a touch of her poetic quality in Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, The Buried Bell. I append, as a matter of history, the cast of this remarkable first night:

Heinrich, Glockengiesser	Hermann Schmelzer
Magda, sein Weib	Auguste Burmester
Kinder Beider	Eilly Collmer
Der Pfarrer	Kleine Witzke
Der Schulmeister	George Le Bret
Der Barbier	Semmy Herzmann
Die alte Wittichen	Helmar Lerski
Rautendlein ein elbisches Wesen	Wilhelmine Schlüter
Der Nickelmann, Elementargeist	Agnes Sorma
Ein Waldschrat, faunischer Waldgeist	Mathieu Pfell
Die Nachbarin	Arthur Eggeling
Elfen	Helene Collmer
		Marie Reichardt
		Hilma Schlüter
		Mignon Dürös
		Rosa Hartner
Ort der Handlung:—Im Gebirge und am Fusse desselben.		



Of course Hauptmann has been labeled by Nordau "degenerate," and of course he is a genius, although most of Nordau's flock of geese seldom turn

swan. But Hauptmann wears all the ear-marks of a genius. He is child of his age to a dangerous degree, and his tremulous, vibrating sensibility mirrors the hysterical agitation, the pessimism, the sad strivings, the individualism, the fret-fire fomentings and unbelief of a dying century. Hauptmann knows his Goethe, and after the last act of The Buried Bell I felt constrained to cry: "The Third Part of a Faust!" But it is not Faust; neither is it Tannhäuser—though there are analogies—it is realism, it is idealism, it is pantheism, and it is Wagnerism. Above all, Friederich Nietzsche towers in the background; and above all there is poesy, exquisite poesy, and that is the saving clause of the play.

Hauptmann is a poet who has learned to eloquently stammer in the accents of the theatre. I remember well his Hannele, his Weber, his College Crampton, but for pure idealism The Buried Bell is his masterpiece. Almost crazy is the jumble of furiously antagonistic elements. The unities are askew, and yet the result is gratifying, is artistic, is illusory. Hauptmann has a clairvoyant quality; he imposes upon his audience his dream of a world—not this, but his own fantastic world—and you find yourself five minutes after the rise of the curtain devoutly believing in this queer no-man's land of mischievous water goblins, satyrs, wonderful white nymphs and sorrowful mortals. It is all a masque—a profound masque of the spirit in travail. Viewed as a symbol, we see in Heinrich, the bell founder, the type of the struggling, the aspiring artist who, cast down by defeat, is led to more remote and loftier heights by a new ideal, there to live the life of the "Uebermensch," the Beyond-man of Nietzsche; and, of course, the fall therefrom is inevitable. Dare as dared *Faust* and Ibsen's *Brand* to desert the valleys and scale the slopes of Parnassus, and your fate is assured. You will be called madman, stoned, reviled, mocked and imprisoned. Wagner dared and won; Nietzsche dared and to-day is a babbling lunatic.

Hauptmann's hero is a bell founder who, crazed by grief at the loss of his bell in the lake, mounts the peaks and lies dying at the door of a witch.

It is at a period so charmingly pictured by Heine. The twilight of the gods has begun, and the scared peasant caught flashes of faun-like creatures flitting in woodland glade and grove, still saw shining the breasts of the nymph in the brake, and piously crossed himself when toad, snake and worm crossed his path. Heinrich is found by Rautendlein, an "elfish being," an exquisite creation of fire, of flame, of something of Ariel, of Miranda, of Puck, of naive Gretchen, a creature touched with the vaguer surmises of adolescence, the most poetically conceived since Goethe's, and yet evocative of Hans Christian Andersen. She, like the mermaid of Andersen, loves the unconscious mortal, and despite the jaundiced warnings of an old spirit of the well, she follows the sick man back to his abode. The first act is ably contrived. There is atmosphere, and the well-nigh impossible parts of the faun and the frogman—the latter indulges in the familiar "Brek-ke-ke-keks" of Aristophanes—become real for the moment. It is the Hauptmann spell that is upon our eyelids. Andersen-like, too, is the discovery of this child-fairy that love means pain. She finds a tear in her eye, and thinks that it is dew. She is becoming a woman, and the mystery and curse of womanhood encompass her.

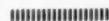


In Act II. we find the bellman upon a bed of delirium. He has been found and brought down from the mountains by his friends, the priest and the villagers. His wife and children try to comfort him, but he is oblivious, for he sees in his excited trance the figure of a beautiful girl. Suddenly the dream becomes real. Rautendlein sits at his side and woos him back to health. Very striking is the end of this scene. The nymph stands against the wall, her eyes fairly blazing at Heinrich, while his wife crouches at his feet, happy at his restoration to sanity. She does not see his eyes fondly fastened upon the fairy of the forest.

He leaves his home and goes up to the heights where, unhampered, he can exercise the full play of his artistic faculties. He will make a bell and tune it to the laughter of Rautendlein. It shall make silvery music across the hills and valleys and summon the stray souls of earth to him. He glorifies nature to the priest who follows him to reclaim his soul, and this third act is really a glorified outburst of Nietzscheism. Then he has bad dreams; he is haunted by visions of home, and after all the splendor of imagery, of his defiance of the commonplaces of life, something mars his life with the perfect woman he has elected to follow.

Then appear his two children carrying an urn. "What carry ye?" he demands. "Father, we carry an urn." "What is in the urn?" "Father, something bitter." "What is the something bitter?" "Father, our mother's tears." "Where is your mother?" "Where the water-lilies grow."

There booms down in the valley, where lies the lake, the sound of a bell; an unearthly tone it has, as if struck by no mortal hand, and it is not, for it is touched by the dead hand of his wife, who murdered herself to escape her misery. Then the revulsion of remorse sets in. He is no longer a god, but a wretched man, and, driving away with revilings the poor Rautendlein, he destroys the bell which was to have been the message to humanity, to a perfected humanity. He descends to the valley, but is driven away, and finally dies in front of the witches' habitation, but not before Rautendlein finds him.

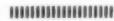


The charm, the magic witchery, the bitter-sweetness of the dramatic poem was for nil at the close. Heinrich dies of poison, self-administered, and through his filmy eyes there presses a vision of the beloved one. It is, indeed, Rautendlein, but the very shadow of herself. Deserted, dreary, neither maid, nor mortal, nor nymph, she accepts the love of the hideous frog-like Nickelmann, and goes down to his slimy couch in the well. She emerges only to see her lover dying, and pathetically denies to him that she is his Rautendlein.

As the curtain falls on his corpse we catch a glimpse of the girl sadly returning to the well and to her horrible mate in the mud. It is a time for tears.



I shall not attempt to read the possible meaning of this fairy tale. It contains bursts of genuine music, and it is eminently unsuitable for the stage. It has its moments of creating realism, its minutes of misery, of ennui, of purple patches and genuine power. It is inconceivable in an English garb, and yet what are, when weighted against the dramatic productions of the year? It has force, fantasy, caprice, chilled pessimism, grim, harsh humor, and a tenderness that touches the very springs of one's nature. Of all the subtle compounds sent by nature to work out the problems of pain and pleasure of this planet, Gerhart Hauptmann is the most curious.



Sorma gave a delicious, naïve and plastic version of the nymph. She was a gracile figure and of exquisite sensibility. In face and form a poetic dream; she painted with a light hand the caprice, elfish cunning and wiles of *Rautendlein*, and at the close the tragic note was delicately sounded. It was a great, a notable achievement.



Pfeil was very strong as the *Nickelman* and Eggelling invested the form with agility, malicious humor and lightness of gait and spirit. The weak spot of the performance was that of Herr Schmelzer's *Heinrich*. It was fairly well conceived, but it was too desperately eloquent, besides the actor's personality was destructive of all illusion. Manager Conried accomplished miracles, considering his stage and his resources. He got the needful atmosphere and there was not one false note during the evening. Some of the scene settings were lovely.

I left the theatre in the reverend mood of one who has been at Bayreuth. What more can you ask in this dollar-haunted land of vulgarity, of disillusionments, of fraud, of greed and lack of liberty?



A man, an unfortunate furrier, committed suicide after the first performance of *Die Versunkene Glocke*, and the daily press, with its accustomed cheerful idiocy, commented on the subject. "Dangerous imported dramas," &c., *ad nauseam*. What rubbish! I never felt nearer suicide than at the first nights of *Miss Manhattan* and *The Circus Girl*!

HAMLET.

BY PAUL BOURGET.

I SHOULD like to show, in another character—an extreme one, and taken from tragedy—that the stage, when a man of genius concerns himself with it, involves a complexity of observation equal to that of the most thoroughly-wrought novels, those most removed apparently from all tragedy. I refer to Hamlet, that creation of Shakespeare so like the *Jaconda* of Da Vinci in the prestige of universal popularity joined to a quality of impenetrable enigma.

Art has perhaps never been more successful in reproducing the undulating and fugitive traits of reality. How living is this woman's form evoked by Leonardo, in a landscape of rocks and glaciers; how living and how remote! How real the presence, and how intangible. And how alive is the Danish Prince! How his least words clutch the heart as with a hand! How we, panting, follow him through his labyrinth of tragic thoughts and poignant uncertainties, and how incapable we are of defining this man, alternately savage and tender, mocking and sentimental, heroic and halting, jesting and sublime! We may reason endlessly on this Sphinx of revenge and revery without plucking the heart of his mystery. The effort, however, is not without use, for in the great number of psychological truths observed by Shakespeare some always remain to be pointed out, at least in their distinctive shades.

The first strong impression made by a representation of Hamlet is, I should say, that the drama dwells even less in the young man's hesitations in face of the act to be done than in the invasion of suffering too strong for his sensibility. The day of his mother's marriage—ere yet those shoes were old in which she followed the dead king to his grave—Hamlet began to feel within him the unbearable gnawing of a fixed idea. When the ghost appeared to him and revealed the monstrous truth this gnawing became so cruel that at one stroke the nervous mechanism was deranged to the verge of insanity. The prince does not fear to kill. A man's life costs him little nor the delivery of a sword thrust. He proves it when he stabs *Polonius* hidden behind the arras.

Nor is it the act of will that weighs upon him; see how rapid is his decision in arranging the representation of the "mouse trap," how swiftly he breaks with *Ophelia*, how promptly he consigns to death the two traitors to whom his uncle had intrusted him. What at one time paralyzes him and at another crazes him until he is driven to those spasms of ferocity, rightly pointed out by certain critics, is the presence in him of a vision which at times hypnotizes him and at others makes him spring under the sting like a steed when the spurs are plunged into his flanks. As concerns the marriage of his mother and the murder of his father, *Hamlet* is precisely in the moral case of a man who, having believed with all his heart in a woman he adores, suddenly discovers in her life some hideous adventure of prostitution, some ineffaceable stain; and can neither bear this discovery nor deny to himself its truth. Consider, in this light, all the outbursts, the struggles of this soul, these nerves; all these swift reversings will be straightway explained. Hamlet felt the necessity of verifying, in its minutest detail, the revelation of the ghost. His purpose was, as I shall presently show, to justify surely his own course, but he had also a secret hope of escaping from the horrid nightmare. He drags the murdered

Polonius out, with insults, by the heels, and that is hardly noble, but remember he had just been talking with the *Queen*, having with her an accounting like the betrayed lover with the mistress whose betrayal is proved.

At such a moment speech lays bare the poisoned wound and inflames it, and in the extreme of suffering to which a man is driven by despair there is an alleviation in brutality; it gives the soul a freedom that rests it though it defiles it. *Hamlet* is curiously cynical during his interview with his mother, and not less so in his rupture with *Ophelia*. That is because all excessive anguish ends in cynicism; its insulting sneer, though it degrades all—ourselves and life as a whole—avenges us a little on the world whose appearances have most deceived us. In the essence of *Hamlet's* laugh there is the sarcasm of Chamfort and Schopenhauer and of that most cruel of mockers, poor Heinrich Heine—of all the race of *Hamlet*, the nearest like Shakespeare's hero in the jets of poetry through the explosions of sacrilegious irony and the frenzies of madness. Here, in fact, is one of those disconcerting contrasts which to many excellent minds appear veritably senseless; the excess of moral anguish may render *Hamlet* mocking and savage. This suffering does not, with him, hinder the constant influx of intense reflection.

On the contrary, the suffering incites reflection and renders it more intense, so that the man who can call his father "Old Mole," insult *Ophelia* like a woman of the town, cut the throat of *Polonius* without remorse, is also a philosopher for whom all destinies, and his own, are the object of an impartial meditation like that of Faust in his savant's cell. This is so distinctive a trait of his character that it has finally become the very definition of *Hamlet*, which sufficiently explains how the other side of his character, the frenzied and implacable, astonishes spectators accustomed to think of him as a sixteenth century Amiel. May we not account for this double face and this complex character by remembering that *Hamlet* is an Englishman, and conceived as such by the most English of poets?

On examining the history and literature of England it is easy to perceive that the race has a double tendency. The Englishman is readily rude to brutality, fierce to the verge of violence, and hard to the point of cruelty. He is also par excellence a man of profoundest reflection, a refined and meditative visionary, and a being so poetic that all poetry is prose beside the verse of a Keats or a Shelley. And the art of Shakespeare itself, its bold ventures in blood, carnage and trivialities, combined with the tenderest, the most delicate poetic aspirations, does it not embody both leanings of the Anglo-Saxon soul?

Hamlet, large and powerful, an extreme lover of vigorous exercise, of fencing and probably of horsemanship, who rushes to lead the boarding party when a pirate attacks his vessel, is at the same time an intense questioner of his own conscience. Put a Bible in his hands and instantly you make a Puritan of Cromwell's time of this casuist who hesitates to kill *Claudius*, because to kill one's enemy while praying is to send him to heaven. It must be well noted that scruples of this sort have their part in the irresolution of this avenger, who is not sure that he is avenging a good cause:

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this.

Do you detect in this little phrase the base of solitary and reflective morality shortly to be manifested in the religious war, along with the other element of native and furious cruelty.

A profoundly, intimately English soul, invaded by an intolerable woe, and driven now to the wildest violence, now to the most abstract reverie—thus the enigmatical *Hamlet* appears to me; but there is something more. He is not only an individual person, he is a symbol, and this symbolism still further complicates this already complex nature. Consider for a moment at what period of his life and in what moral situation the ghost surprises him. *Hamlet* is thirty years of age; he has long since finished his schooling. All happy chances throng about him. The son of a renowned prince, the appointed heir of a throne, in love with a maiden by whom he feels that he is loved, cherished by the people he is one day to rule—what hope is there that does not float and gleam before his eyes? He is the incarnation of that youth of which our poet has splendidly spoken:

Quand la chaude jeunesse, arbre à la rude écorce
Couvre tout de son ombre, horizon et chemin.

And it is at this very moment of enthusiasm and intoxication that the veil of illusion, at one stroke, is torn away, and the world in its hideous reality is exposed to the young man's eyes. The insatiable egotism that does not recoil from the worst means to secure its satisfaction, the incurable frailty of the heart of woman, the deceptions of false friends, are disclosed before him. The first encounter of the soul and life, the conflict of the ideal and the real, are embodied in this drama. What man for a day, for an hour, has not himself been *Hamlet*? Who has not known the disenchantments of the terrace of Elsinore, and seen a first time the tragic and miserable nether side of this showy farce of existence in the flash of a crushing disillusion?

Yes, for some experience comes not gradually. There is no gentle and comforted initiation of the heart to the bitter truth. At a blow and forever the eyes are opened and see the difference between what had been hoped and what is given. *Hamlet* makes his sudden entry on this moral desert before us, and we recognize in his awful experience the image, amplified and glorious, of our own mean story. By this is he so attractive and captivating for young men, more, even, than the prodigious tragedy of King Lear, which symbolizes also a supreme bitterness; but that of a man of advanced years, who, having done his task as his conscience bade, struggles with the fatal poison of ingratitude.

We tremble in thinking of the crisis of feeling through which Shakespeare

must have passed when composing these two plays, for the material of both is that undefined and fleeting state of the heart in which suffering is so acute that it borders on madness. It is vain to say that they are simply works of the imagination. For my part I in no way believe that mental sensibility can find action apart from real sensibility. Granted that a poet does not copy the actual facts of his own life, and that in all his work not an event can be found that has happened to him, nor the portrait of any person he has known. I decline to understand how he shall write the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother or the storm act in *Lear* if he has not known, in all their bitterness, the sensations that form the theme of these two passages, has not seen on a loved soul the stain that can never be washed away, has not suffered or done some irreparable injustice.

Must we seek in the sonnets of Shakespeare the key to this mystery of suffering? Curious, indeed, are many of them, and seem to testify that this man of genius was the victim of many wanderings of heart and imagination. Surely this burning sensibility, these bursts of eloquence that shake your being to its roots, this poetry as touching as true tears upon a living face, all this must spring from a soul as impassioned as these dramas. And, who knows, if Shakespeare has suffered through a woman, she who tortured this divine soul may have been as common as that soul was rare. Perhaps the object of the jealousy that tormented the author of *Othello* was some girl of the stage of whom he was ashamed to be jealous. Perhaps this woman was not even beautiful, or if she was so, had deceived him and betrayed him—like *Gertrude*—Hyperion to a satyr.

Not least among the ironies of fate are the contrasts between the despair of great men and the unworthiness of the objects that give rise to them. The story of Molière and his wife is known. What would we not give to know exactly what was the profound torment of the life of the creator of *Hamlet* and of *Lear*? We see the blood that flows over these never-to-be-forgotten phrases; we hear the sigh that breathes beneath the verses, and, as says the dying Prince of Denmark, "The rest is silence."

THE TRUTH OF IT.

THE average American does not carry an excessive burden of patriotism. He is too cosmopolitan for that. He is too malevolently respectable to indulge in a passion for his parish. Probably at bottom he loves his native land as vehemently as could be desired. But he hides his feeling with hypocritical zest. He doesn't cheer his flag; he does not say touching things about his *fatherland*. Indeed the national spirit is singularly reticent. It may have been true years ago that he bragged of the Stars and Stripes and boasted of his Yankeedom. He does not do it now. He keeps his patriotism under cover. He feels there is something uncosmopolitan in displaying it, and to be uncosmopolitan he fears is to be ridiculous.

The first thing the ironical foreigner observes is the lack of any essentially national life. Whether he has come out of France or Germany or England he has come out of a *milieu* in which national feeling is flamboyant, vehement, assertive. He has lived among men who studied their racial impulses and were proud of them. Here he finds a jumble of races—a mixture which has not yet shaken itself down into a definite form—and no settled national life or defined national feeling. And if this observing foreigner be also thoughtful, he sees in this condition of affairs the *causa causans* of the intellectual and artistic poverty of this country.

There are no national plays, simply because there is no broad and defined national feeling out of which they could grow and on which they could exist. Since the death of Napoleon over three hundred plays of which he was the central figure have been put on the French stage. It is simple enough. Napoleon lies close to the national heart.

We, too, have our heroes—an admirable lot of heroes, rich in dramatic possibilities. Washington, Lee, Putnam, Ethan Allen, Decatur, Lawrence—any one of them. Do they enter into the art or literature of the nation? At best, they enter only fugitively and apologetically. Now and then a dramatist—usually a naturalized dramatist—has put them on the stage. Always the play failed. There was no tide of national sentiment on which it could ride into popular interest.

Now, you can't get a national art, a national literature, a national drama until there is a bed-rock of national feeling on which it may be based. And the plain truth is we have no national feeling.

The dialect plays—"down east" plays, Hoosier plays, Southern plays, Western plays—are in no sense of the word national. They are provincial. It is not through them that the long expected "American drama" can come. Plays of the civil war are episodic; their popularity is due mainly to the complicity of the G. A. R. and the almost contemporaneous interest of the late war. They miss the fine distinction of being national.

When the American is developed it will be time enough to talk of American art.

M R. A. A. McCORMICK, the manager of the Broadway Theatre, will sail for Europe next week. Mr. Frank Daniels, in *The Wizard of the Nile*, will close the season at the Broadway this week. Mr. McCormick has not yet decided on his opening attraction for next autumn.

THE new review at the Casino, *The Whirl of the Town*, is to have a simultaneous production in London, under the direction of Mr. J. A. E. Malone, who has just staged *The Circus Girl* at Daly's. Almost all the old Casino favorites are to be in the new piece, including Dan Daly, Madge Lessing, Gertrude Zella, Dave Warfield, Catherine Linyard, Lee Harrison, Louis Harrison and Harry McDonough. Mlle. Bartho will lead the ballet.

ENFANT JESUS.

ONCE on a time all the Paris theatres closed their doors on Good Friday, and the subventioned houses do so still. But most of the others are as wide open as a Chicago Sunday, although out of respect for the day some change in the programs is made.

Thus the Ambigu presented the old *Enfant Jesus* of MM. Grandmougin and Thomé, and the Porte Saint Martin gave the *Passion* of M. Harancourt with Bach's music. The Renaissance, interrupting the run of *Snob* indulged in the première of what is called a *Gospel in Three Acts*. This new gospel of M. E. Rostand, a young poet of twenty-eight, known by his successful *Princesse Sontaine*, is entitled *Samaritaine*, and the title rôle was filled by Sara Bernhardt. The music is by M. Pierré.

Rostand had long cherished the wish of writing a poem on the meeting of Christ and the Samaritan, an incident which took place in what Renau calls the idyllic period of *Gospel* history, when the *Passion* was still in the distant future, and Christ's preaching was full of love and poetic parables. He seeks to give the impression of freshness, of spiritual renewal by brotherly love and renunciation, and, if applause of an audience is worth anything, he has succeeded, for his work, although it lacks force, possesses charm and emotion.

The first act, or rather tableau, represents a group of Samaritans at Jacob's well, and to these enemies of the Jews *Jesus* appears and declares his mission. Then enters *Photine*, the Samaritan woman, a courtesan; she refuses to give *Jesus* a cup of water till he offers her the baptism of faith in exchange. In the next act, in the town of Sichem, the assembled elders are about to condemn *Photine*, but she repeats the doctrines she had heard from *Jesus*, and leads the crowd away to see him at the well. There, in the third act, is seated *Jesus* amidst his apostles, and *Photine* comes in with a train of aged and infirm, whom *Jesus* restores to health, and children, whom he clasps to his heart. In addition to *Jesus* there appears a *Centurion*, but, of course, the centre of everything is Sara Bernhardt, who was magnificent, and who created profound emotion.

The orchestra was completely invisible, and Pierré's music had delicious color. The scenery and staging were also excellent. On Thursday, the President, M. Faure, made a state visit to the theatre and sent his congratulations to Sara and received M. Rostand in his box. The last appearance of Madame Bernhardt in the piece was Easter Sunday at a matinée, and she left that evening for Nice.

Why the piece which gave way for *La Samaritaine* at the Renaissance is entitled *Snob*, no one knows. The hero is not a snob in our English sense of the word; he is a cad. He is a talented novelist who seeks to gain admission to the academy by making love to influential ladies of the great world, and by permitting his wife to flirt with a very naughty duke. As the lady *Helene* goes no further than innocent flirtation, the husband gets into a rage, for fear that her stupid virtuousness should have displeased the duke, and thus lost a vote.

This seems rather reminiscent of Dumas' *Francillon*, and is not cleverly worked out. Then eight years elapse; *Dangy* is an Academician, with lots of money from his successful novels, and leads a fashionable life. He is visited in his grand hotel by a scribbler, *Noizay*, who has published a sort of tale recounting *Dangy*'s methods of being elected among the Immortals. *Noizay* asks *Dangy* to indorse his work, but latter refuses, telling him that the book is badly done, and showing, by a psychological analysis of his own real feelings, how very defective it is. This scene, too, is very poorly executed. In fact the piece is pretty bad. There is too much talk in it, and too little action. Jeanne Granier, who usually lives the characters she acts, only acted, and was ill at ease in her rôle. The piece is only worthy of mention, as showing the light in which the Academy and certain literary cliques are regarded by at least one young author.

At the Vaudeville *La Douleureuse* will be kept on till June 10, and then *Rejane* will go to the provinces and visit London. In the autumn she will make an artistic tour through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia and Austria, returning in January to create the *Lys Rouge* by Anatole France.

A curious revival, if indeed a translation of an old play can be so called, was the production at the beginning of the month of April of *Philaster*; or, *Love Lies Bleeding*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. The translation is a good one, by a young Belgian (G. Elkhand) and the work created some interest, but the interpretation was unsatisfactory.

Here are two lines from *La Samaritaine*:

Les aveugles verront la danse des infirmes

Et les sourds entendront l'hosannah des muets,

which show how commonplace words of Scripture can be made.

But what of these?

Priest—*Mais ce n'est qu'un espoir, le royaume des ciels.*

Photine—*Qu'est ce que vous avez à proposer de mieux?*

which might be a dialogue between two Paramists.

The Good Friday performance at the Odéon was styled a religious concert. But the chief attraction was a piece especially written by Jean Richépin, *La Rose du Pauvre*, which is in reality the *sixth* act of *Chémireau*. In this sixth dream-act *Chémireau* is old, his hair is white, his limbs are feeble, he is caught in a snowstorm on a lonely road; he is dying, is about to breathe out his soul in a last cry of supreme irony, when an angel appears and hands him the mystic rose and opens to his view the celestial horizons of the ideal.

Christ is being crucified afresh everywhere. Now the Germans are at him once more (the soldiers present at the crucifixion are said by tradition to have

been recruited in Westphalia), and Adolf Wildbrandt has dramatized a Life of Christ. He calls his work *Hairan*; scene, Antioch; time, 40 B.C. The press agent, however, announces that *Hairan* is Christ; *Lysilla*, Mary Magdalene, and soon. The piece is dramatically weak; the best scene is the parting of *Hairan* and *Lysilla*, where he finds the road to heaven in renunciation, and she in the arms of her childhood's playmate, *Karkinos*.

Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke* has made a success at St. Petersburg, while Sudermann's Trilogy failed. The novel *Versunkene Glocke* is now in its twenty-fourth edition, and these 24,000 copies have been called for in four months.

The intention of a German society of actors to give performances in Paris has been abandoned. A theatre had been engaged and 5,000 francs caution money paid over; but as the whole Paris press denounced the enterprise the Germans have wisely abandoned it.

The granting of a vacation to Paul Lindau, Intendant of the Meiningen Court Theatre, has given rise to a report that he had quarreled with the duke and would not return to his post. There is no foundation for this statement, Lindau is in urgent need of rest, and will go to Constantinople to visit his brother Rudolph.

THE superfine person fancies it degrades his gentility to show a frank love for melodrama. He imagines it is better form to talk of Ibsen, whom he does not understand, and Hauptmann who sends him to sleep. I think this bad old habit is dying out a bit. The new vogue is coming in—a healthy love for the joyous vulgarity of the music hall and the patent idealism of melodrama. Indeed I look forward, not unhopefully, to a revival of *The Hatchet of Horror*, or the *Massacre Milkmaid*—that stirring melodrama of the old days in Little Paddington.

When plays of this sort fit one's taste, it is pleasant to be able to find their artistic justification. As a matter of fact, modern melodrama—not in form, but in essence—is the nearest approach to the pure Greek drama. Indeed, if you will read Aristotle's *Poetica*—it is the dramatist's Bible—you will discover that the very rules he lays down for tragedy are applicable only to what

Music In Detroit.

ALFRED HOFMANN'S third and last concert was a gala affair, the biggest artistic, financial and social event of the season. All due respect to Mr. Hofmann, to whose artistic generosity, splendid management and excellent judgment Detroit is indebted for most of this season's musical life. And the best of it is that we are promised just as much, and a great deal more, too, for the coming year.

That is one of the striking characteristics of this deservedly popular 'cellist. He more than fulfills our expectations, and far outdoes his obligations. A novel idea, but the policy seems a good one, for his subscription list swells yearly, and the gilded aristocracy and the art devotees, professional and amateur, are for once literally appreciative and generous in their recognition of his efforts.

The concert was of keen interest to Detroiters for various reasons. For one thing, the Apollo Club, which for two years had been disorganized, made its reappearance on this occasion, and in splendid style. The club is a male chorus of forty voices, under the very clever direction of Charles Stevens. The voices are fine, thoroughly trained, perfectly balanced, and the exquisite detail of their work, the artistic finish and freshness of their interpretations were refreshing.

I doubt if there is a finer club of the kind in the country. For one thing, the voices are all young, and Mr. Stevens possesses little short of genius in conducting. He communicates to those under him a spirit of wholesome enthusiasm, a warmth of interest which in itself might offer a satisfactory explanation for the club's success. The Apollos were heard in two groups and as many encores. I presume that next season they will figure conspicuously in musical circles. At least, so we all hope.

Innocente de Anna, the Italian baritone of Mapleson fame, was the foreign feature of the evening. His fame had preceded him; comparisons with Campanari were indulged in and interest waxed warm. De Anna more than sustained his reputation and was tendered a veritable ovation. Distinct and frequent "bravos" were heard from all parts of the house, and a pleasurable excitement prevailed everywhere. With such a quantity and quality of voice, such a range, such technic, De Anna should have the world at his feet. And still he is comparatively unknown. Is it his Italian temperament? If so, his present manager, the ever energetic Victor Thrane, will soon make good the void. There seems to be a general regret experienced in the choice of numbers. Something more modern, more versatile and varied in style might have been preferable; but the voice in itself was a veritable feast, so why not rest content?

Alfred Hofmann was heard in Piatti's delicious concerto, a Godard berceuse and Popper's awful technicality, the *Elfentanz*, and I have never heard him play better. His tone was rich, mellow and sympathetic. In style he is always graceful and artistic. There is a great deal in personality,

is known to-day as melodrama. The modern drama has gone on an entirely different tack. It is essentially a mixture of drama and criticism—the act and the comment. But the old Greek dramatist, like the modern melodramatist, gave no heed to analysis or ratiocination. He occupied himself only with the effect he aimed to make on the spectators. The complex drama, which occupies itself with the stage personages, rather than the spectators, has higher intellectual pretensions, but it can never supplant the old implex drama, the *Oedipus* or the *Hatchet of Horror*.

Now that melodrama is the vogue, we may—the Lord be thanked!—be at once modish and happy.

EVERY theatre, music hall and concert hall in the city which is not closed for the season is doing business without a license and may be closed by the police at any time, says the *Evening Sun*. A license for each one has been filled out in the mayor's office and the applications for renewals are all on file, and the delay is due to Superintendent Constable, of the building department.

The man who was driven from the presence of the mayor last week and told never to return, whether by accident, oversight or design does not appear, is holding up the license of every place of amusement in the city.

The law provides that the mayor shall receive from the superintendent of buildings a report as to whether or not theatres have complied with all the requirements of the building laws before he issues the annual license. Last year Mr. Constable reported adversely on several theatres and threatened to close some of them. Several theatres were compelled to make extensive alterations at that time, and finally it was understood that they had all complied with the building laws. As no new theatres have been opened since then it was not expected that there would be any delay in getting reports from Superintendent Constable this year. Clerk Burrows, of the mayor's office, who issues the licenses, said to-day that no reports from the building department had been received and no information as to when they would be ready. Mr. Burrows said:

"We are compelled to refuse to issue a license until we get Mr. Constable's report. As a matter of law and fact the theatres have all been doing business without license since May 1, and the police may close every one of them if they see fit to do so."

and Mr. Hofmann imbues his interpretations with an animation, individuality and spontaneity that are invaluable. The ease with which the *Elfentanz* was apparently played was positively amusing. The technicalities seemed mere playthings; it was delightfully airy, fantastic and sprite-like, and so dainty and fanciful that the effect was bewildering rather than startling.

We have been having a very unique "poster" concert, but of that anon.

LILLIAN APEL.

Music In Philadelphia.

903 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

May 1, 1887.

BY far the most important event of the week to music lovers was the Carreño recital in the Academy of Music on Tuesday afternoon. This brilliant performance was keenly enjoyed and long to be remembered, particularly for the fine reading of the Beethoven *Apasionata* Sonata. Madame Carreño will find enthusiastic admirers when she comes again.

The Mendelssohn Club, under W. W. Gilchrist, drew a large audience on Thursday evening to the new Horticultural Hall, and justified its reputation for good work in the following program:

Chorus—
First Day of Spring.....Mendelssohn
The Primrose.....
The Celebration of Spring.....
Soprano solo, *Gretchen am Spinnrade*.....Schubert
Chorus—
One Morn.....Corbin
New Songs of Love (waltzes).....Brahms
Duet—
Still wie die Nacht.....Goetze
I o't'amo Amalia.....Verdi
Chorus—
The Brook.....MacDowell
Slumber Song.....
Ave Maria.....Gilchrist
Soprano solo—
A une Fiancée.....Ferrari
L'Été.....Chaminade
Chorus—
Queen of Fresh Flowers.....King Hall
My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose.....Schumann
Wanderer's Song.....

The Mendelssohn numbers were finely given. Mrs. Corbin, the accompanist of the club, scored quite a success with her *a capella* chorus. *One Morn*, which was sung in a spirited manner and had to be repeated to satisfy the audience. The work of the club is strong and intelligent, and if any exception to this occurred on Thursday evening it was in the long and somewhat tedious Brahms' love songs. Even this number was sung with interest and feeling, but it is a strain on the voices, both on account of its length and character.

The MacDowell chorus was excellent, as was also the conductor's *Ave Maria*, the latter being much better rendered by the heartily interested members of the Mendelssohn Club than by the Manuscript Society earlier in the season. The singing of Agnes Thomson was most credit-

able, considering the poor acoustic properties of the hall. Mrs. Thomson has a very pleasing soprano and captured the audience with the *Spinning Song*. The duet, *Still wie die Nacht*, was not a very fortunate choice, but the Verdi duet made up for it, and an encore was demanded. Mr. Thomson announces a concert for May 3, with the assistance of Mrs. Thomson and a new pianist, Victor Beigel, under distinguished patronage. The program is good, and the friends already gained will assure success on that occasion.

I am sorry not to be able to chronicle quite such satisfactory results of the Treble Clef under Mr. Hermann, as shown in their concert on Friday night in Musical Fund Hall. There was all the advantage of the old hall, with its fine acoustic qualities, an enthusiastic audience and a beautiful array of flowers. In a good many points the program resembled that of the Eurydice mentioned last week, and so did the singing. The numbers were mostly light in character, and the conception rather weak, though never inharmonious. The best effect was produced in the piano passages, particularly in Rubinstein's *Water Nymph*, which was indeed well rendered.

The final afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra in the Academy of Fine Arts closed an interesting and successful season. The report is that the managers of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and of other art galleries, are contemplating a similar plan for popular concerts, and are consulting with the Academy as to ways and means.

Signor Rosa, at his operatic concert in the New Century Drawing Room was assisted by Del Puente, Giannini, the tenor; Robert Tempest, pianist; Misses Frankel and Katz, and Mrs. Natali, all of whom did their best in making the concert a success. Aside from Signor Rosa, the always welcome Del Puente was the principal figure. In spite of the bad weather, the participants proved to be so attractive that the hall was crowded.

Minton Pyne, the organist of St. Mark's, is giving Saturday recitals of a distinguished character.

In his final concert Mr. Van Gelder played a violin sonata of his own. The first and third movements are too orchestral; the second is good. Mrs. Van Gelder and Mr. Joseph C. Cousins were the pleasant assistants.

Concerning the coming Saengerfest, the prospects are already bright. The committee of the United Singers, consisting of Major Warwick and other distinguished gentlemen, are to visit Washington formally to invite the President and Vice-President to the festival, and they are confident of success in their mission. The weekly mass rehearsals are being conducted by the three festival directors—Carl Samaus, Samuel L. Hermann and Eugene Klée. There will be one male chorus of 5,000 voices and one mixed chorus of 1,800 voices, both of which will be heard in the reception concert to occur on Monday evening, June 21. The prize contest singing will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, with concerts in the evening, and the festival will end with a three days' picnic at Lier's Washington Park.

M. FLETCHER.

Position and Action In Singing.

BY EDMUND J. MYER.

A REVIEW of a book of this size (217 pages) cannot well be crowded into a column or two of our space; besides, the book itself furnishes us with usable and quotable material. What Mr. Myer has to say he says in a forcible manner, with no waste of words, interesting without. He falls upon the "local-effort school" in no uncertain manner.

The work is a radical denial of the claims of these "local-effort" folk; it is diametrically opposed to all local or direct effort in the study of form or control. It is based upon free, flexible automatic form and action.

It is divided into two parts: Part 1, Fundamentals; a study of the foundation principles of singing. Part 2, Devices; a practical study of the means used to develop and apply the fundamental principles in the use of the voice; the first dealing with evolution, conditions, position and action, and tone-character; the second, mechanical, mental and emotional. He says in the beginning:

The old Italians taught the art of singing pure and simple. Later, when the science of voice was understood, numerous teachers formulated their theories based upon what they called the science. They sought, by direct local effort, to do that which Nature alone can do in a free, flexible, automatic way. They endeavored, by direct local effort, to compel the phenomena of voice, instead of studying the conditions which let them occur. Result—hard, muscular voice.

This work teaches directly the opposite. We know that the phenomena of voice (form, action, adjustment and control), to be right, must be automatic and spontaneous; must be secured and developed, indirectly, by a study of free, flexible movements; by a study of the conditions which allow the voice to reveal itself. Result—free, beautiful, sympathetic tone.

The old Italian masters knew little or nothing of the science of voice. Time passed on, and study and research, principally by scientists, not vocalists, gave us that which is known as the science of voice. Immediately there sprang up numerous teachers and writers who formulated their methods and theories based upon that which they called the science of voice. These systems have been passed along and added to, until to-day they should be called, as a whole, that which they really are, the modern local effort school of singing.

I heard quite recently through one of my pupils of a lady friend of hers who was studying with a New York teacher, and who was compelled to practice a long time each day, rolling her tongue and rotating her head with a cork in her mouth.

Another lady said she was compelled to practice for the first six months constantly with a spatula or a spoon in her mouth holding down her tongue. And yet another who was taught to fix, form or locally adjust her lips for every vowel sound, and when she sang there was constant face effort, contortion and interference:

Teachers resort to these things because they are their stock in trade, often being the only things they know how to do, and they must earn their fee, you know. But why do not singers and students use a little common sense? Rolling the tongue, rotating the head, puckering and adjusting the lips, singing with a spoon or a cork in the mouth—think of it—does anyone ever succeed in singing at their best in this way.

A fundamental principle upon which all agree is that tone is the result of form and adjustment, but just what correct form and adjustment are and how secured, are questions upon which there is the widest difference of opinion. One teacher or writer insists that the larynx must be low; another that it must be high. Again, there are those who insist that it must be movable, and others that it must be set or fixed. But the worst of all is that many teach local effort to control it, to put it and keep it where, in their opinion, it should be.

Again we are told that the soft palate must be up or that the soft palate must be down; or that it must move up and down, and exercises are given to locally train and control it. So it is with the tongue, with the lips, the jaw, the chest, the diaphragm, the abdominal muscles, &c. Each and every part must be adjusted and the pupil is taught to locally pull or push the parts into place. Think of singing or trying to learn to sing in this local, muscular, unnatural, artificial way! And yet that it is largely the prevailing way is a self-evident truth to those who have eyes and ears and use them.

A prominent New York teacher once said to the author: "I like many of your ideas in your books, but object to others. Why do you use exercise No. — in the way you do?" He replied: "Because it does the work for which it is intended better than anything they yet found." He said: "But it is against the rules." "What rules?" was asked. "The well-known rules of singing, the traditions of singing," said he. "Who made these rules?" He could not tell. The author assured him that if he could find something better he would drop the exercise at once.

He further continues: A lady came to my studio a few

years ago, a pupil of a prominent New York teacher of the physiological school of singing, and asked me to try her voice. I asked her to sing a tone. She straightened up and began to go through a number of queer and painful looking throat and face contortions. I asked her what she was trying to do. She replied that she was trying to adjust all the parts in order to produce the tone as she had been taught. After she had succeeded in thus locally adjusting all the parts the tone refused to come; but finally when it did come it was something awful; it was more like the sound of a calliope than of a human voice. This lady knew much about the muscles of the throat, the larynx, &c., according to teachings of the physiological school of singing of which she was a pupil; but she could not in that way sing one musical sound.

All the prevailing systems of study (with a few notable exceptions) teach voluntary or localized breath-taking and breath control. They breathe to expand. We expand to breathe. They control locally by voluntary effort. We control automatically through correct position and action.

Scattered through Part II., beginning at Mechanical, are some seventeen rules, which the author modestly terms "remarks." Of these we give several:

REMARK I.—Never breathe up and sing down. Always breathe down (or deep) and sing up. This refers, of course, entirely to the movement of the body. To breathe up and sing down means to raise the body while breathing, and to depress or drop it when singing, which is always wrong.

REMARK III.—Never locally and directly fix, set, adjust or move any part of the body during the act of singing. Such effort will always result in stiff, set, local throat effort. There is a wonderful sympathy between the body and the throat and face muscles. Remember that we do not sing because we do certain things, but we do certain things because we sing.

REMARK IX.—Do not try or attempt to learn to sing by a study of anatomy. The physiological school of singing never made a singer and never will.

REMARK XI.—Artistic tone production is always the result of flexible position and action, and never of local effort. Correct position and action is the result of will impulse or will power, controlled by right thought; hence the pupil should strive to think aright. Never use throat effort to control in ascending; make the body through flexible position take care of the tone. Sing from the body through the throat and never with the throat.

There are twelve short "studies," the last one, contained in the chapter devoted to emotional expression, tone color and tone character, a phrase based on the tonic chord of C, to be sung to these widely contrasting sentiments:

I love—a song.
I love—my love.
My love—is dead.
My love—is false.

Perusal and study of the book is recommended to all interested, and an interview with Mr. Myer would prove beneficial to those concerned in this problem.

Lohse to Europe.—Otto Lohse, the conductor, leaves for Europe on May 15, to be gone about three months. Ella Russell has been studying the Siegfried *Brünnhilde* with him.

Clarence Eddy on His Way to Europe.—

Clarence Eddy gave a delightful organ recital at the First Lutheran Church last night. The general character of the program was modern, with a touch of the classic and of melody rather than of technic, although the Bach fugue and one or two other numbers demanded considerable agility in both the manuals and pedals. Mr. Eddy is always musically, and at the same time entertaining. He caters to popular as well as scholarly tastes, but without offense to either. Mr. Eddy is on his way East to New York, from whence he will sail for Europe in May. He is engaged for a concert or two in the Paris Trocadero.—*Kansas City Star*.

Signor Farini's Annual Concert.—This grand operatic affair occurred in Carnegie Hall last Friday evening, when the audience seemed to hugely enjoy the various extraordinary features of the program, not the least of which was the wonderful piano playing of the professor himself, who, when at the piano, was assisted by the following brilliant array of talent: Mme. Rose Linde, prima donna contralto; Mme. Elizabeth Young, soprano; Miss Lucy Wood, soprano; Miss Kate Vreeland, soprano; Miss Ella Bruce Nicholson, mezzo soprano; Miss Camille Wagner, mezzo soprano; Mr. Wm. A. Xanten, tenor; Mr. Franklin D. Seward, tenor; Mr. Walter Williams, baritone; Mr. Norman Dingwall, basso; Miss Eva May Nicholson, pianist; Mr. Jaques Friedberger, accompanist.

The evening closed with the following numbers from *Traviata*: *Violetta*, Mme. Elizabeth Young; *Alfredo*, Mr. Wm. Xanten; duetto and *A Fors e Lui* first act; octette and finale, second act; duetto and solo, last act.

With the exception of the professionals whose names appear above, names easily recognizable, the singers were all pupils of the eminent baritone, pianist and vocal instructor A. Farini, and they did themselves proud. There were flowers galore for the singers and glory by the yard for the chief instigator, whose annual pupils' subscription concert now ranks with the unique affairs of the city of New York.

New York College of Music.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

THE annual commencement and concert of the New York College of Music (Alexander Lambert director) will be held Saturday night, May 8, in the college hall. Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, the distinguished lawyer and president of the college, will at the conclusion of the concert award the diplomas and medals.

Truly yours,

ARNOLD STIEFEL,

Business Manager.

Edmund J. Myer.—A well known Boston teacher, writes:

"I have many times been interested in your writings on the subject of voice training and have felt that your methods were truthful in regard to producing pure, easy, sweet tone.—R. W. C."

This is also from Boston:

"I have read your book, *Voice*, from a Practical Stand-point, and your articles from time to time and have always found them so very helpful.—E. E."

Here follows a short excerpt from Dundas, Minn.:

"No one's writings are so clear to me as yours. I have been so puzzled by being told not to feel or do anything when I sang. My one idea, gotten from your first book, had always been of firm, flexible motion of the whole body. I am sure position and action will do great good, I hope every one will feel it.—P. M."

New England Conservatory of Music Troubles.—

Boston, April 30—There is more trouble at the New England Conservatory of Music. As a result Director Carl Faelten, whose term will expire in June, may be asked to withdraw at once. Two or three months ago the trustees elected George W. Chadwick to the directorship, to take effect at the beginning of the next school year. Mr. Faelten immediately took steps toward the establishment of a school of his own, in which work he was assisted by his brother, Reinhold Faelten, who is also an instructor at the conservatory. Richard A. Dana, chairman of the trustees, considered that in being so active in their own behalf the Faeltens were not loyal to the conservatory, so he called upon them to cease their work. An open rupture is very likely to follow.

[There has been trouble for years past in the New England Conservatory of Music—ever since the Otto Bendix episode—but the courtesy of the press has been most lenient toward the establishment.—ED. MUSICAL COURIER.]

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